MARVEL
7th May 88
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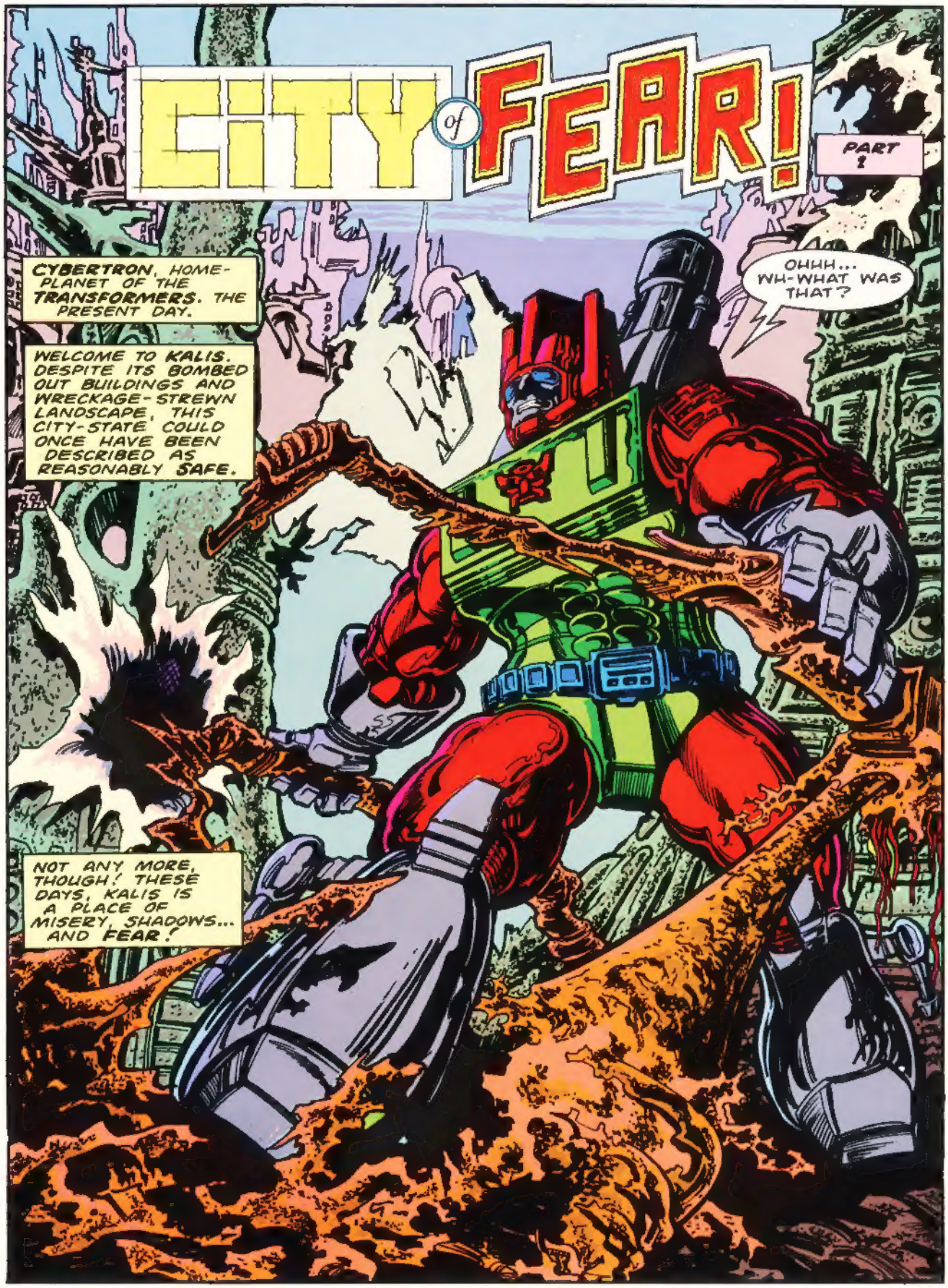
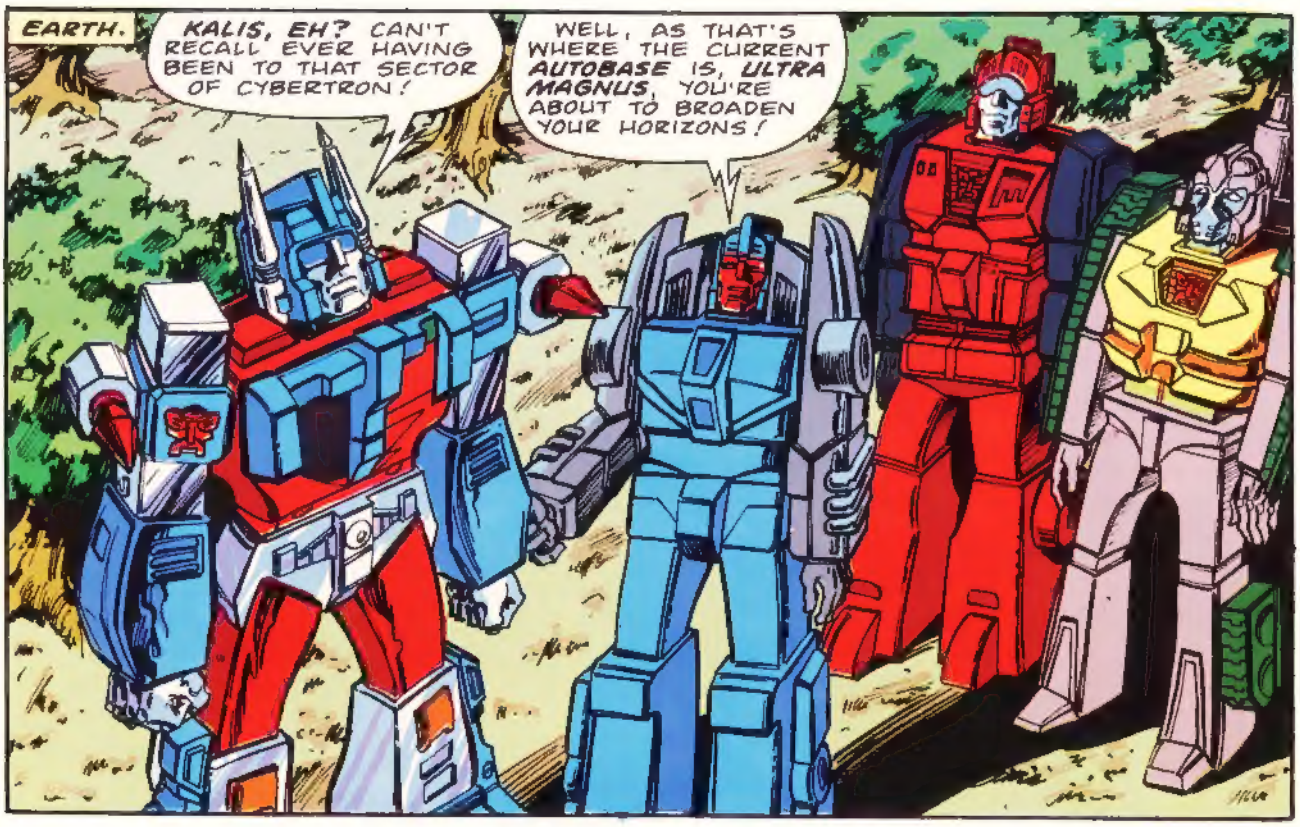
THE TRANSFORMERS
and
ACTION FORCE
FACE IT, SPARKLERS NO-ONE'S HOME!

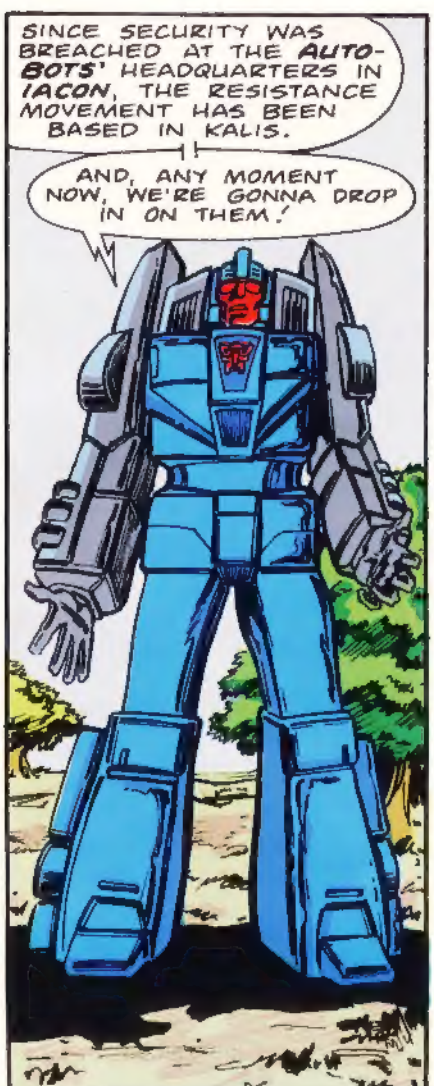
TRANSFORMERS™


CITY of FEAR!
PART 1
CYBERTRON, HOME-PLANET OF THE TRANSFORMERS. THE PRESENT DAY.
WELCOME TO KALIS. DESPITE ITS BOMBED OUT BUILDINGS AND WRECKAGE-STREWN LANDSCAPE, THIS CITY-STATE COULD ONCE HAVE BEEN DESCRIBED AS REASONABLY SAFE.
NOT ANY MORE, THOUGH! THESE DAYS, KALIS IS A PLACE OF MISERY, SHADOWS... AND FEAR!
OHHH... WH-WHAT WAS THAT?

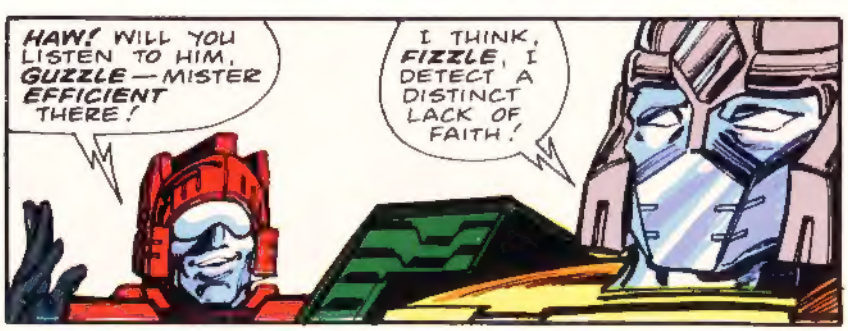
Script SIMON FURMAN ■ Art: DAN REED ■ Letters ANNIE HALFACREE ■ Colour EUAN PETERS

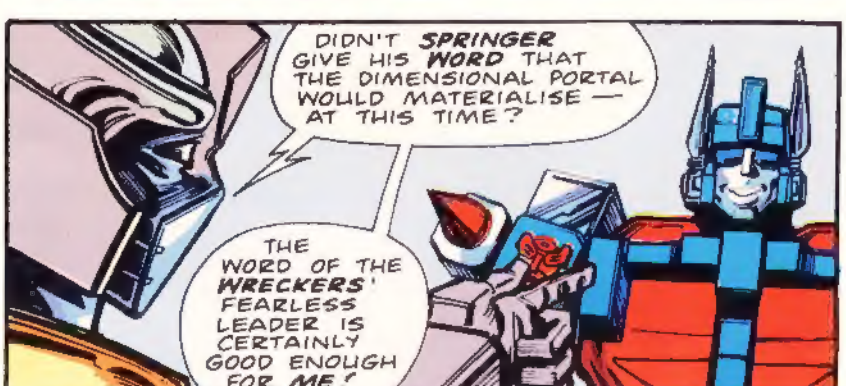
B-BY THE PRIME MATRIX ITSELF... WHY DIDN'T I HEED J'MUK'S WORDS AND STAY HIDDEN?
WITH ALL THAT'S BEEN HAPPENING RECENTLY, I'LL BE LUCKY TO--
HUUH! N-NO! WHO-WHO'S THERE? SHOW YOURSELF...
AUTOBOT?
AAAH! OH MY--
SHEEAAK!
SKATCH
KALIS-A PLACE OF MISERY, SHADOWS, FEAR...
...AND DEATH!

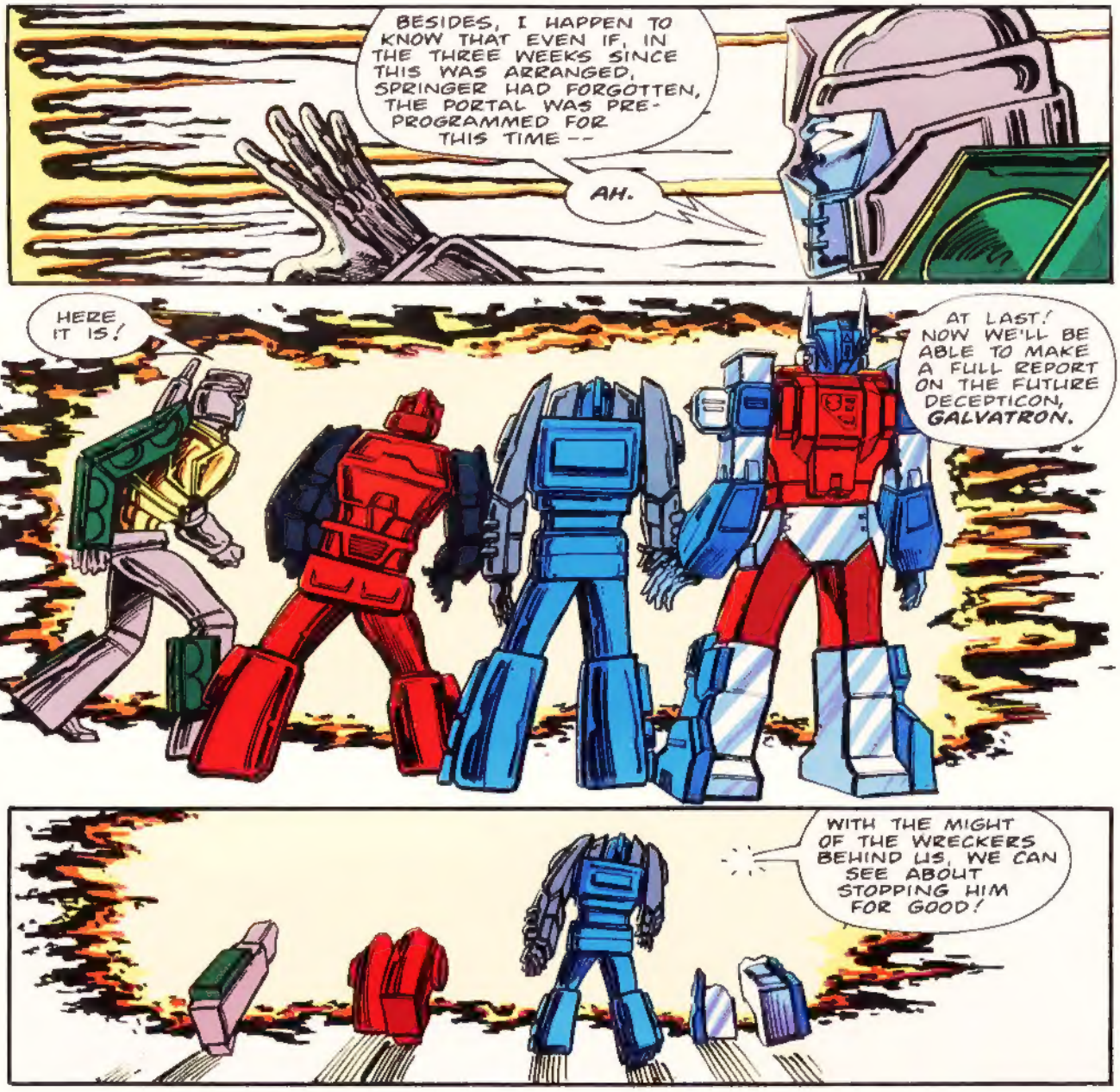

EARTH.
KALIS, EH? CAN'T RECALL EVER HAVING BEEN TO THAT SECTOR OF CYBERTRON!
WELL, AS THAT'S WHERE THE CURRENT AUTOBASE IS, ULTRA MAGNUS, YOU'RE ABOUT TO BROADEN YOUR HORIZONS!

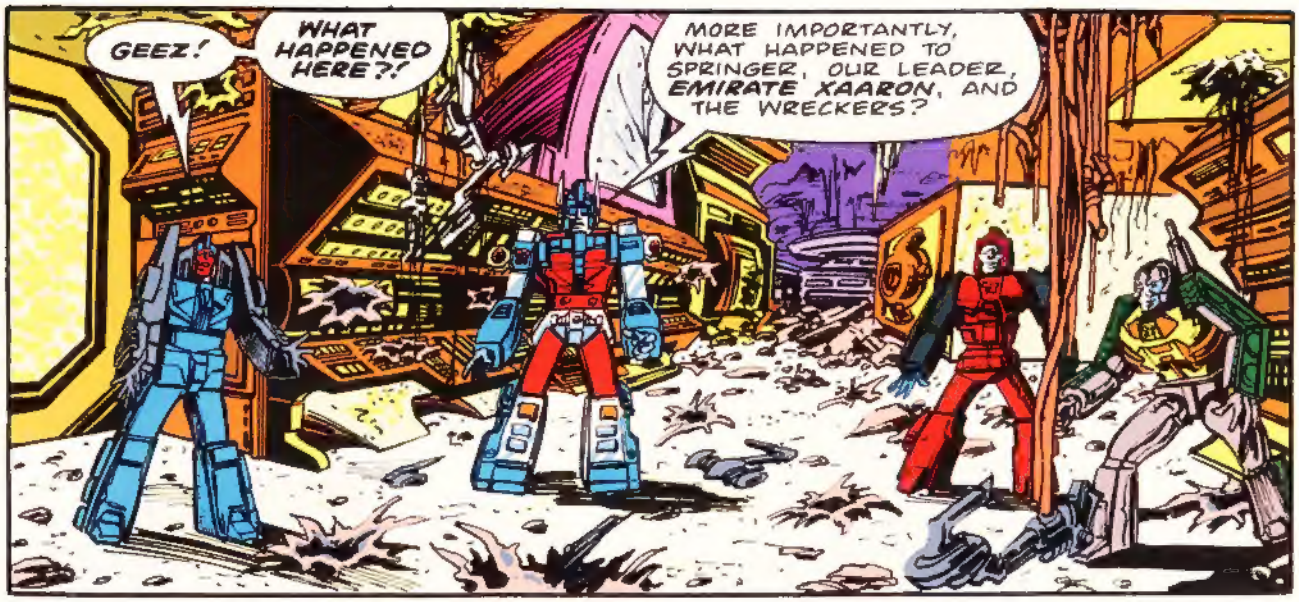

SINCE SECURITY WAS BREACHED AT THE AUTO-BOTS' HEADQUARTERS IN IACON, THE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT HAS BEEN BASED IN KALIS.
AND, ANY MOMENT NOW, WE'RE GONNA DROP IN ON THEM!

PERHAPS NOT, SIZZLE. THE DIMENSIONAL PORTAL SHOULD HAVE OPENED BY NOW.
I SEE STANDARDS HAVE SLIPPED SINCE I WAS LAST ON CYBERTRON!

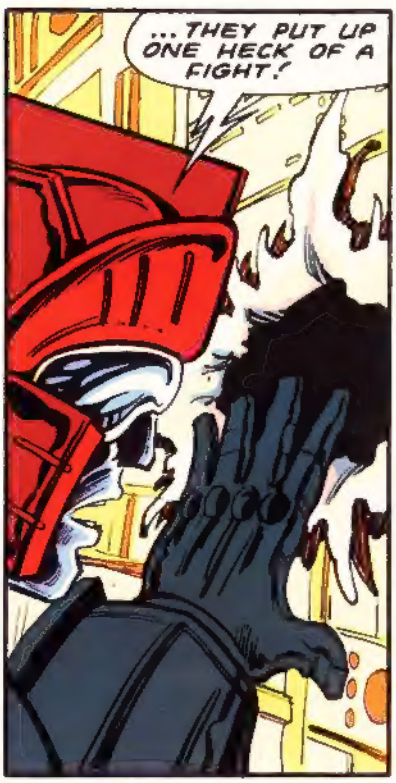

HAW! WILL YOU LISTEN TO HIM, GUZZLE — MISTER EFFICIENT THERE!
I THINK, FIZZLE, I DETECT A DISTINCT LACK OF FAITH!


DIDN'T SPRINGER GIVE HIS WORD THAT THE DIMENSIONAL PORTAL WOULD MATERIALISE — AT THIS TIME?
THE WORD OF THE WRECKERS' FEARLESS LEADER IS CERTAINLY GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!


BESIDES, I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT EVEN IF, IN THE THREE WEEKS SINCE THIS WAS ARRANGED, SPRINGER HAD FORGOTTEN, THE PORTAL WAS PRE-PROGRAMMED FOR THIS TIME --
AH.
HERE IT IS!
AT LAST! NOW WE'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE A FULL REPORT ON THE FUTURE DECEPTICON, GALVATRON.
WITH THE MIGHT OF THE WRECKERS BEHIND US, WE CAN SEE ABOUT STOPPING HIM FOR GOOD!
WELL, GOODBYE FOR NOW, EARTH!
HEH — I'LL NEVER GET USED TO HOW YOU COVER BILLIONS OF LIGHT YEARS IN ONE STEP BY TRAVELLING THROUGH SUB-DIMENSIONAL SPACE.
UNNH — AND I'LL NEVER GET USED TO HOW PAINFUL IT IS!
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR TRAVELLING SECOND CLASS!
IF ONLY WE HAD A PROPER SPACE BRIDGE, LIKE THE DECEPTICONS, AND NOT A PROTOTYPE...

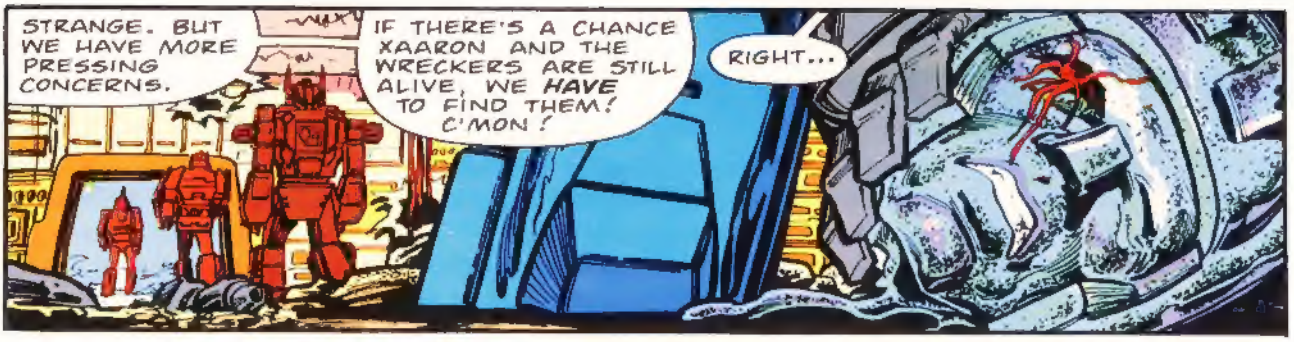

GEEZ!
WHAT HAPPENED HERE?!
MORE IMPORTANTLY, WHAT HAPPENED TO SPRINGER, OUR LEADER, EMIRATE XAARON, AND THE WRECKERS?

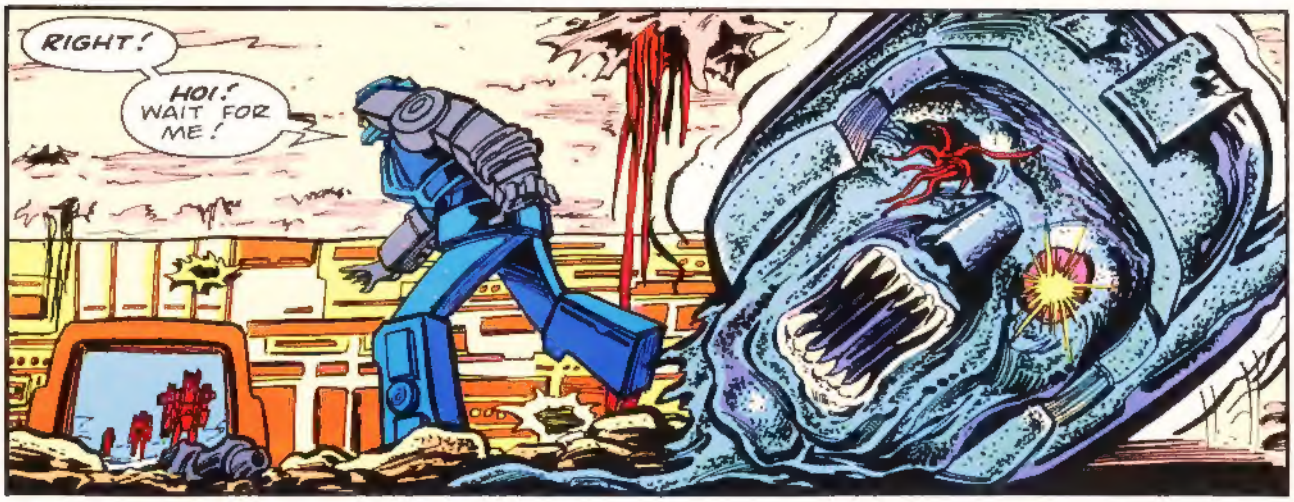
THE WRECKERS WERE THE AUTOBOTS' ELITE COMMANDO UNIT! WHO COULD'VE GOT PAST THEM?
ONE THING'S FOR SURE...

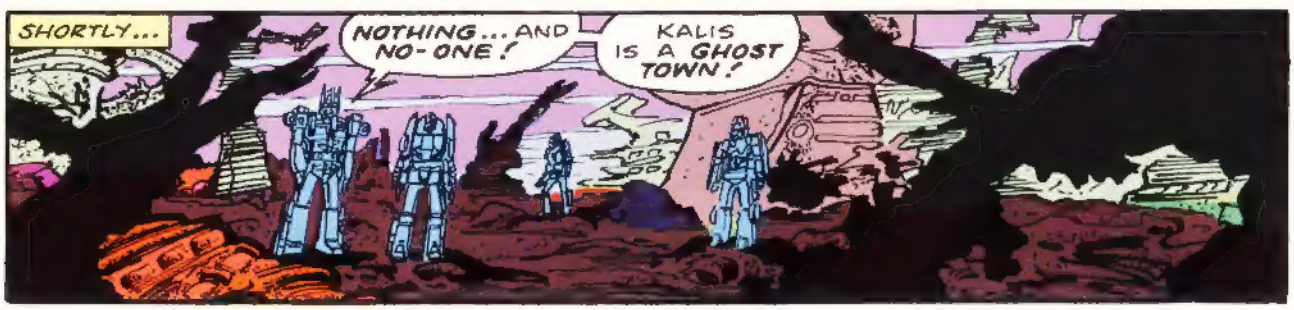

...THEY PUT UP ONE HECK OF A FIGHT!

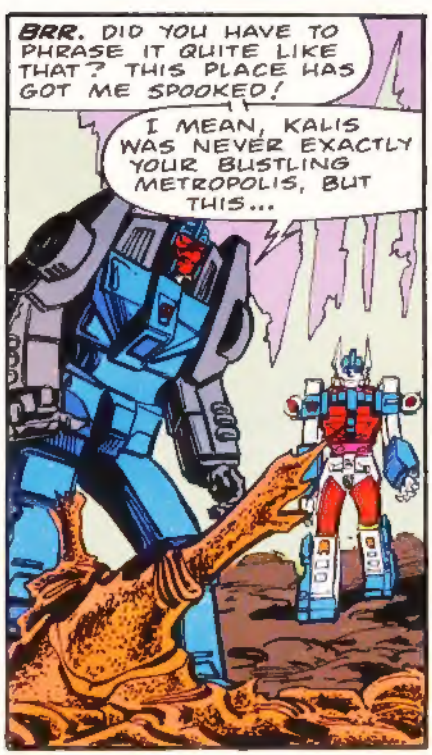
BUT—BUT IF XAARON AND THE WRECKERS ARE DEAD, THEN THE DECEPTICONS HAVE AS GOOD AS WON!
EASY, MAGNUS. WE DON'T KNOW THEY'RE DEAD. I CAN'T SEE ANY CORPSES AT ALL!

HEY!
I'VE FOUND ONE, BUT IT'S OLD... VERY OLD!
AND YET... THE BLASTER DAMAGE LOOKS RECENT!


STRANGE. BUT WE HAVE MORE PRESSING CONCERNS.
IF THERE'S A CHANCE XAARON AND THE WRECKERS ARE STILL ALIVE, WE *HAVE* TO FIND THEM! C'MON!
RIGHT...






BRR. DID YOU HAVE TO PHRASE IT QUITE LIKE THAT? THIS PLACE HAS GOT ME SPOOKED!
I MEAN, KALIS WAS NEVER EXACTLY YOUR BUSTLING METROPOLIS, BUT THIS...

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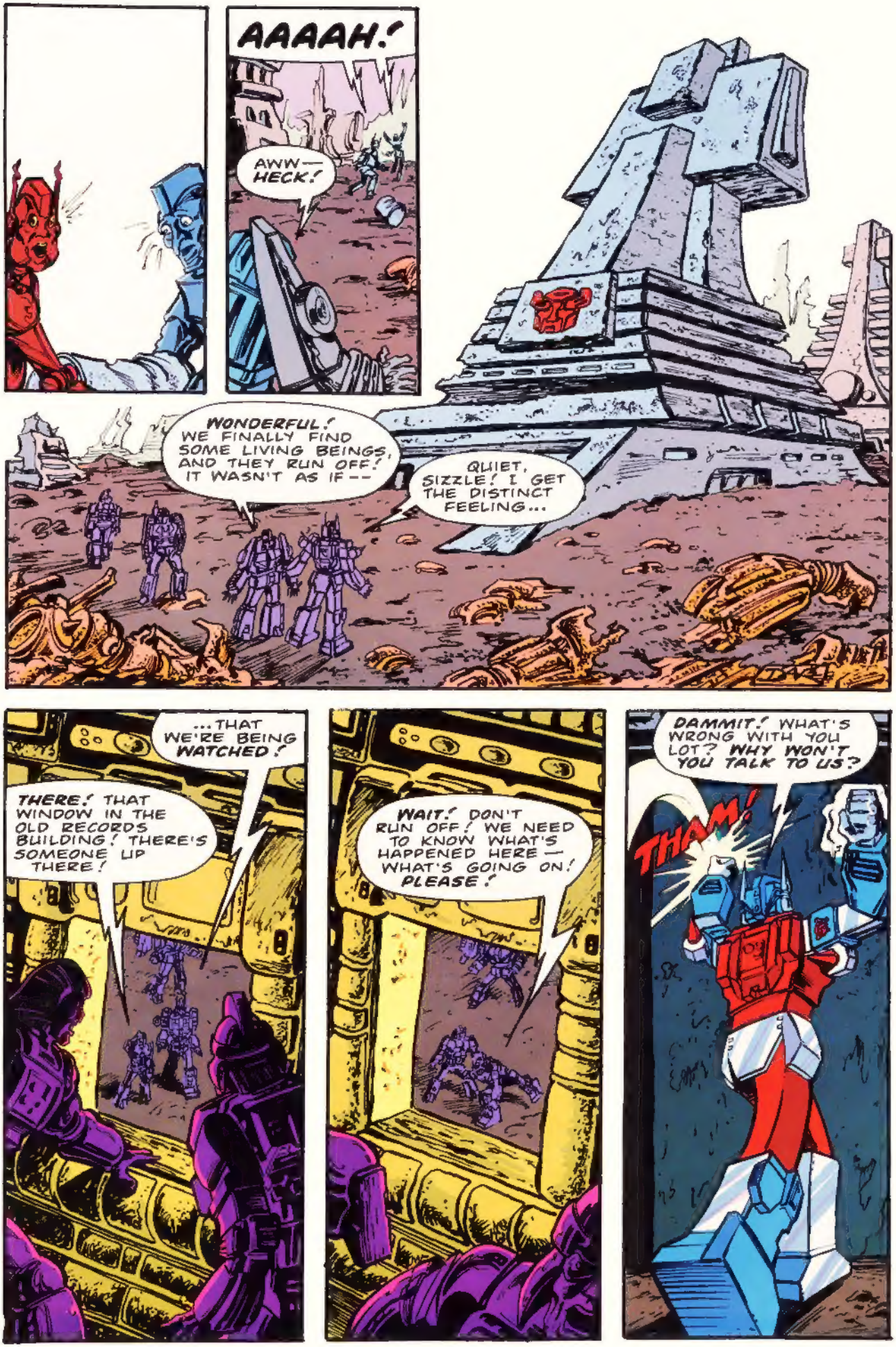
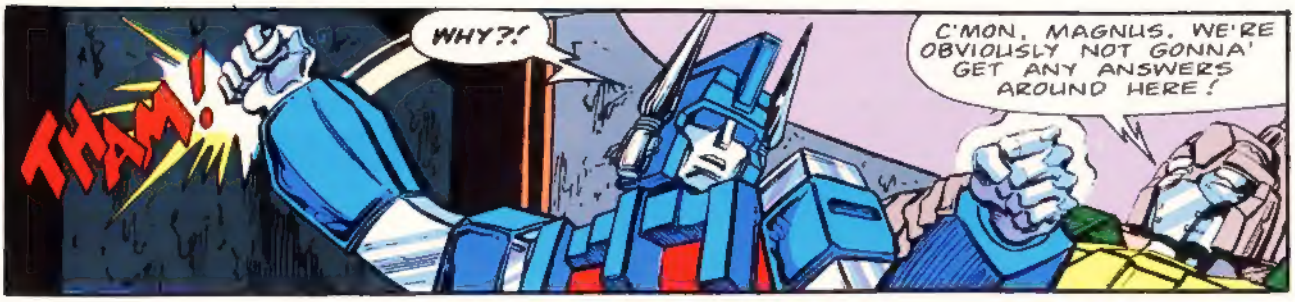
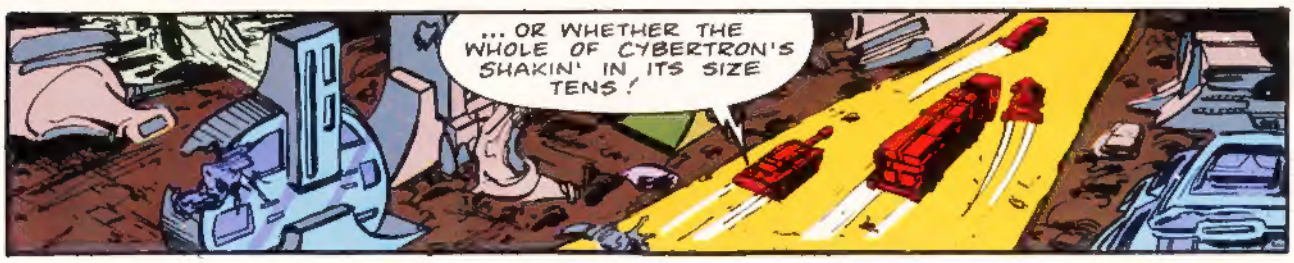
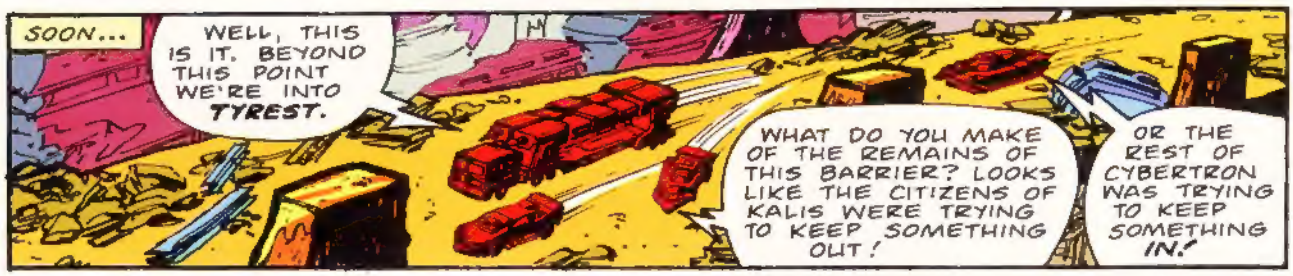
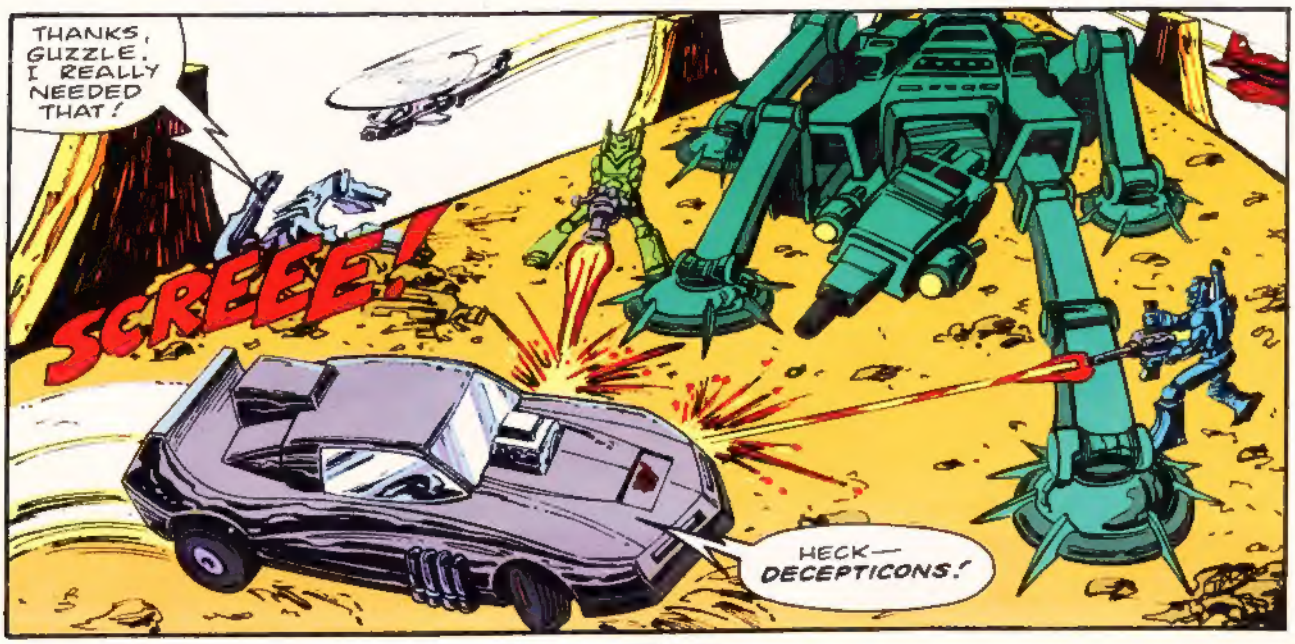

AAAAH!
AWW— HECK!
WONDERFUL! WE FINALLY FIND SOME LIVING BEINGS, AND THEY RUN OFF! IT WASN'T AS IF --
QUIET, SIZZLE! I GET THE DISTINCT FEELING...
...THAT WE'RE BEING WATCHED!
THERE! THAT WINDOW IN THE OLD RECORDS BUILDING! THERE'S SOMEONE UP THERE!
WAIT! DON'T RUN OFF! WE NEED TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE— WHAT'S GOING ON! PLEASE!
DAMMIT! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU LOT? WHY WON'T YOU TALK TO US?
THAM!

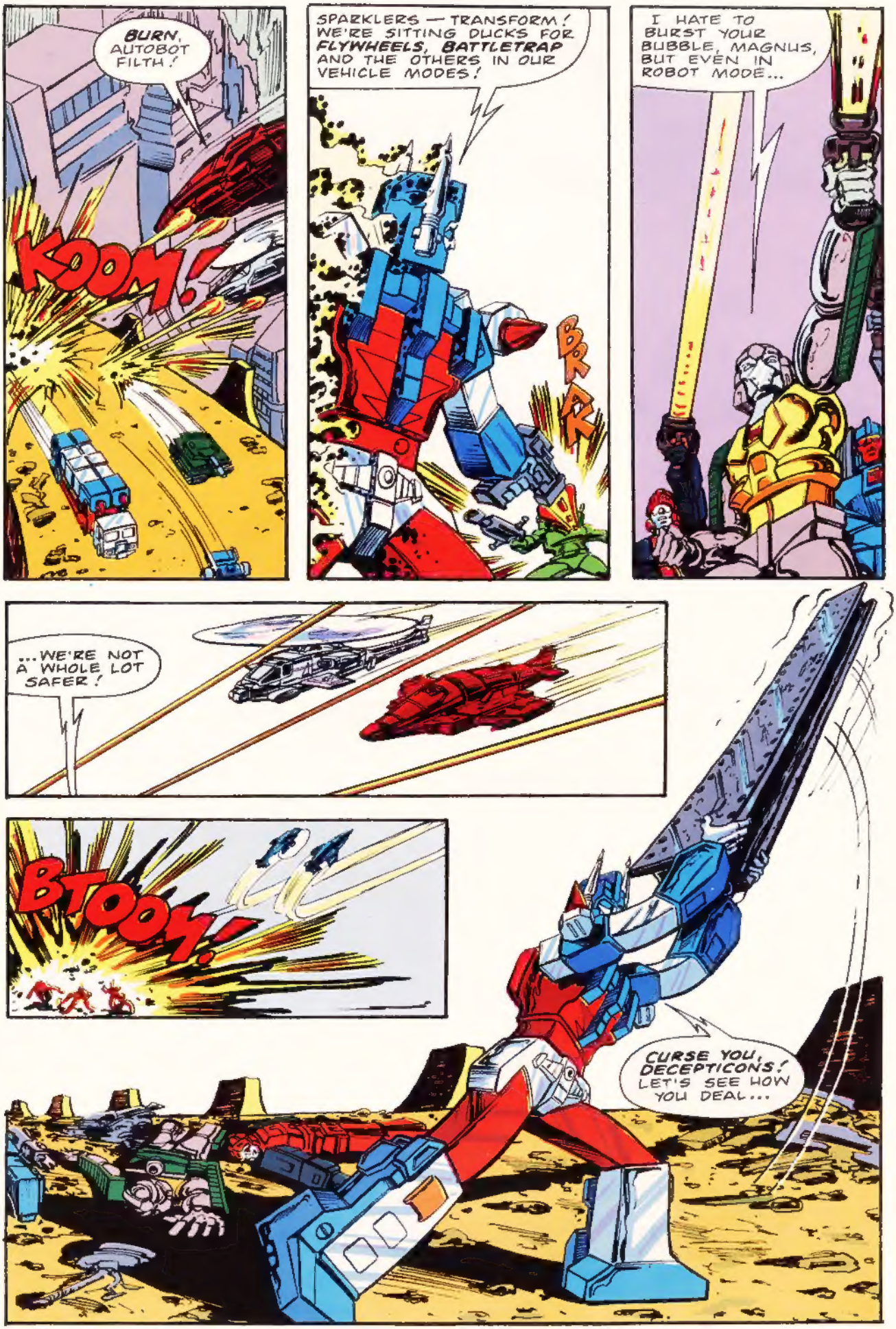

THAM!
WHY?!
C'MON, MAGNUS. WE'RE OBVIOUSLY NOT GONNA' GET ANY ANSWERS AROUND HERE!

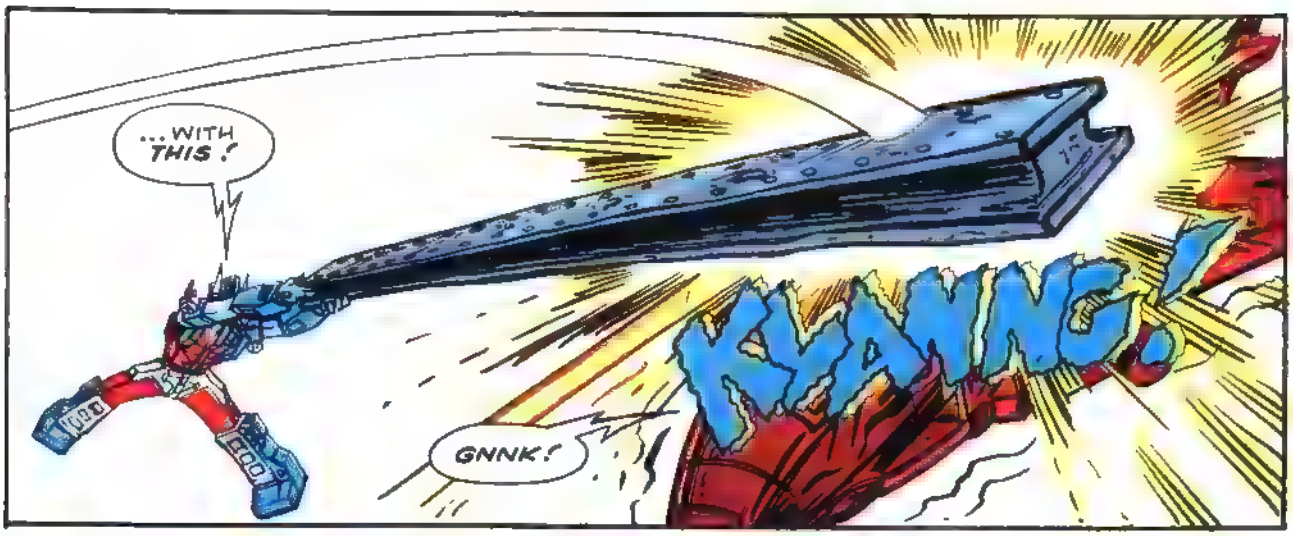
LET'S TRANSFORM AND GET CLEAR OF THE KALIS CITY LIMITS.
IT'S TIME WE FOUND OUT IF THIS MADNESS IS LOCALISED...

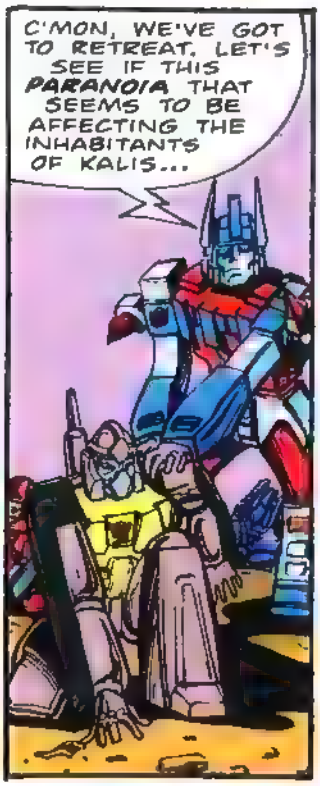

... OR WHETHER THE WHOLE OF CYBERTRON'S SHAKIN' IN ITS SIZE TENS!


SOON...
WELL, THIS IS IT. BEYOND THIS POINT WE'RE INTO TYREST.
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THE REMAINS OF THIS BARRIER? LOOKS LIKE THE CITIZENS OF KALIS WERE TRYING TO KEEP SOMETHING OUT!
OR THE REST OF CYBERTRON WAS TRYING TO KEEP SOMETHING IN!


THANKS, GUZZLE. I REALLY NEEDED THAT!
SCREEE!
HECK— DECEPTICONS!

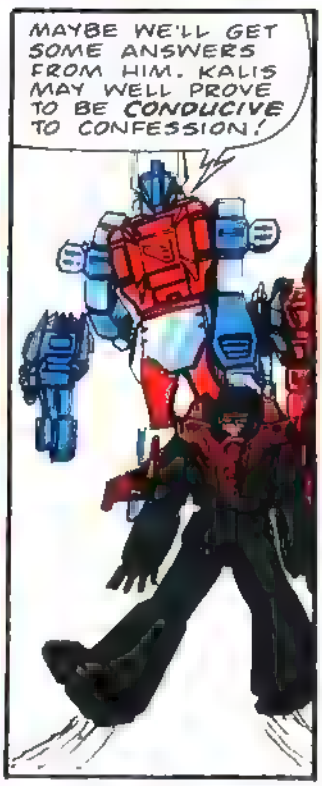

BURN, AUTOBOT FILTH!
KOOM!
SPARKLERS — TRANSFORM! WE'RE SITTING DUCKS FOR FLYWHEELS, BATTLETRAP AND THE OTHERS IN OUR VEHICLE MODES!
BRRR
I HATE TO BURST YOUR BUBBLE, MAGNUS, BUT EVEN IN ROBOT MODE...
...WE'RE NOT A WHOLE LOT SAFER!
BTOOM!
CURSE YOU, DECEPTICONS! LET'S SEE HOW YOU DEAL...


...WITH THIS!
KYANNG!
GNNK!

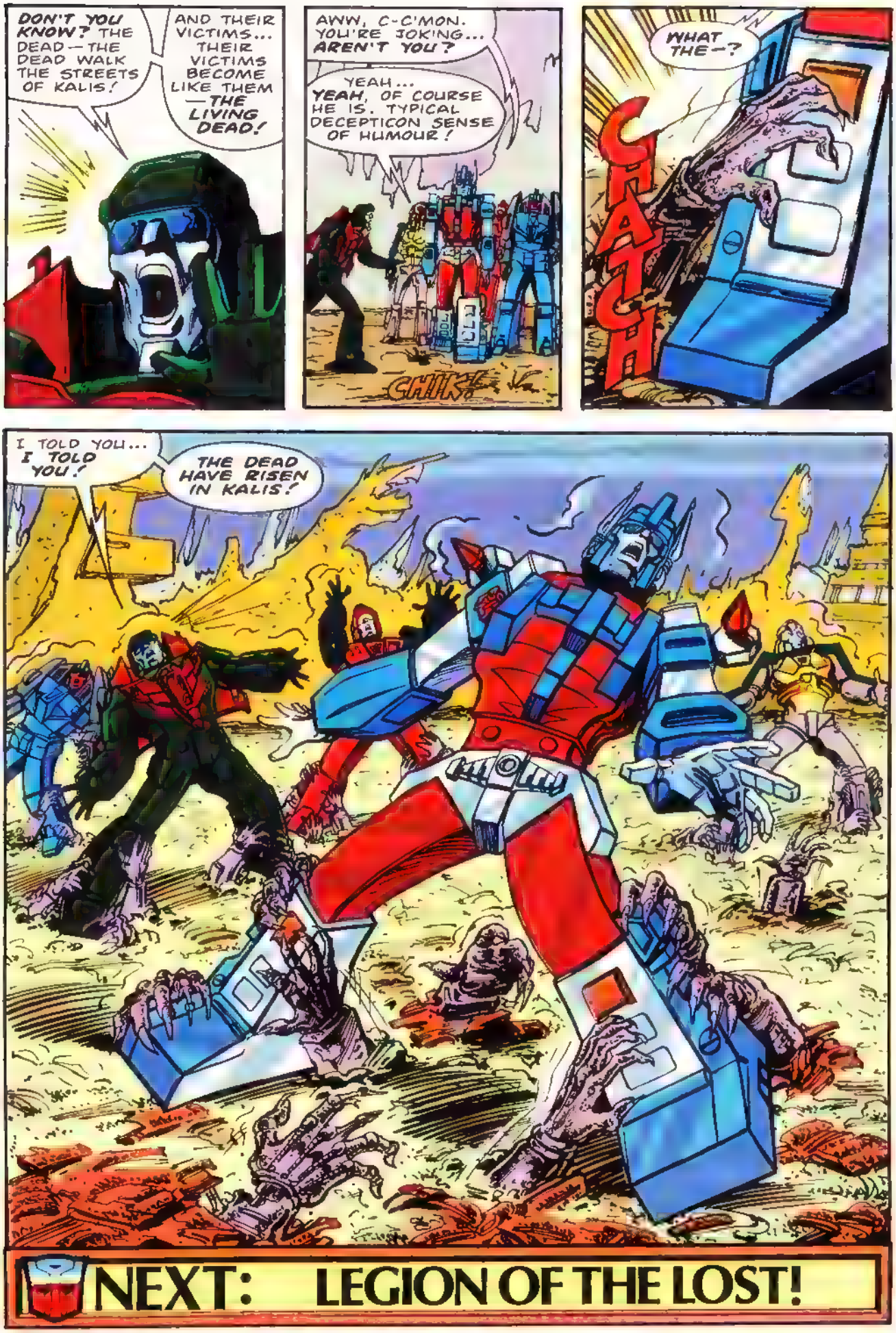

C'MON, WE'VE GOT TO RETREAT. LET'S SEE IF THIS PARANOIA THAT SEEMS TO BE AFFECTING THE INHABITANTS OF KALIS...

...EXTENDS TO DECEPTICONS!
YEP. LOOKS LIKE THIS IS A NO-GO AREA!

NOT FOR THIS ONE! YOU KNOCKED FLYWHEELS BACK INTO ROBOT MODE —AND BACK INTO KALIS!
GOOD.

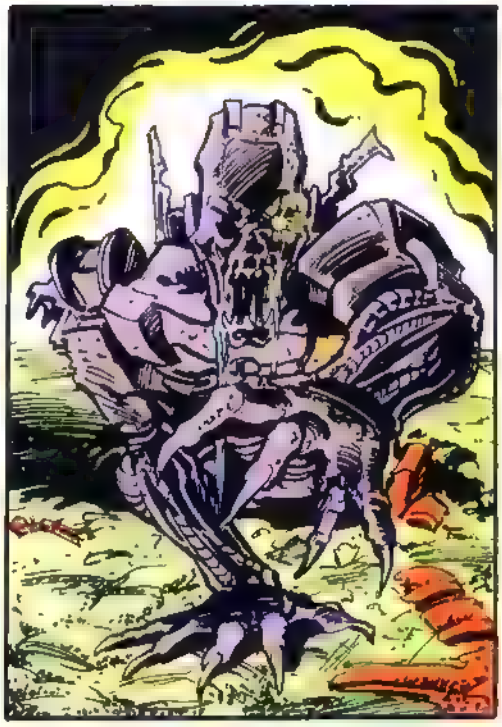

MAYBE WE'LL GET SOME ANSWERS FROM HIM. KALIS MAY WELL PROVE TO BE CONDUCIVE TO CONFESSION!

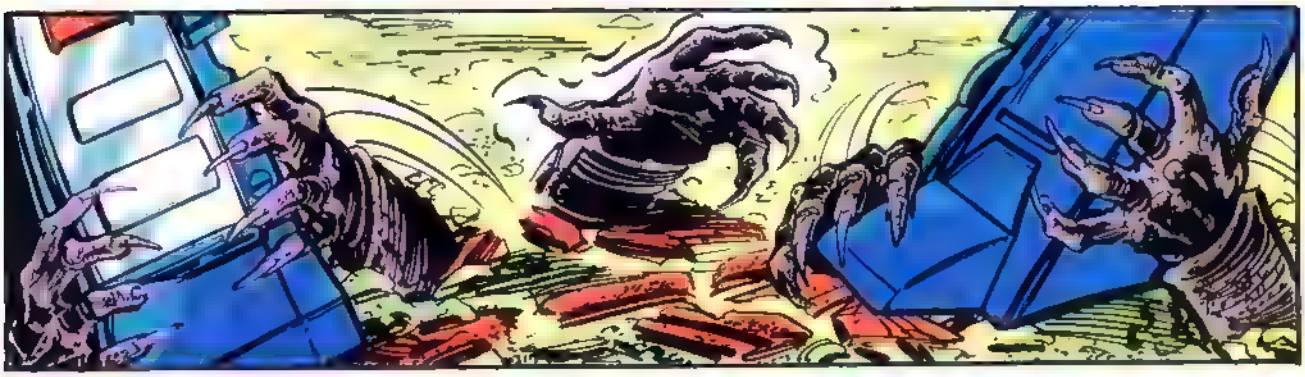
AND, MOMENTS LATER...
RIGHT, DECEPTICON. TELL US WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING HERE IN KALIS!
HUH? WHA—? KALIS—YOU'VE BROUGHT ME INTO KALIS?!
WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST KILL ME BACK THERE?

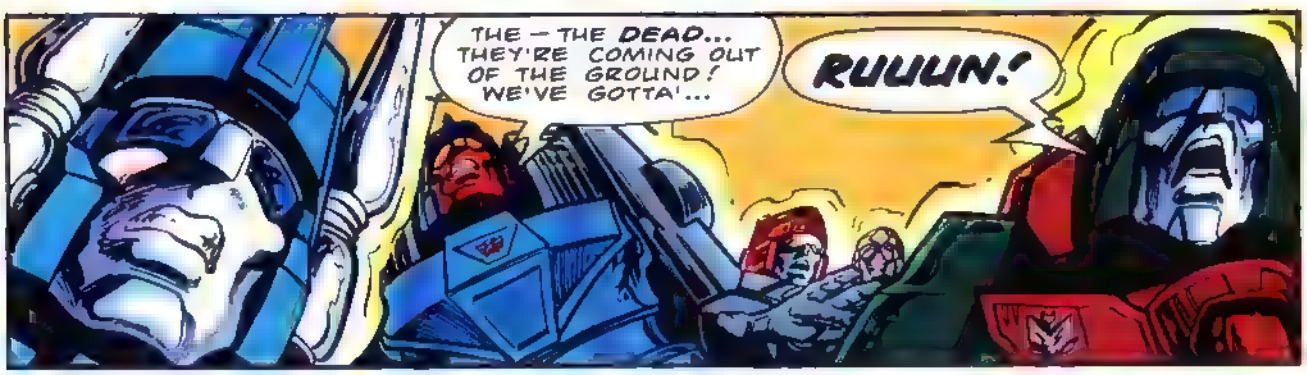

DON'T YOU KNOW? THE DEAD — THE DEAD WALK THE STREETS OF KALIS!
AND THEIR VICTIMS... THEIR VICTIMS BECOME LIKE THEM — THE LIVING DEAD!
AWW, C-C'MON. YOU'RE JOKING... AREN'T YOU?
YEAH... YEAH, OF COURSE HE IS. TYPICAL DECEPTICON SENSE OF HUMOUR!
CHIRP
WHAT THE —?
CATCH
I TOLD YOU... I TOLD YOU!
THE DEAD HAVE RISEN IN KALIS!
NEXT: LEGION OF THE LOST!

MARVEL
THE TRANSFORMERS
and
ACTION FORCE
NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD!

BY THE CELESTIAL SPIRES!
OO ECK!

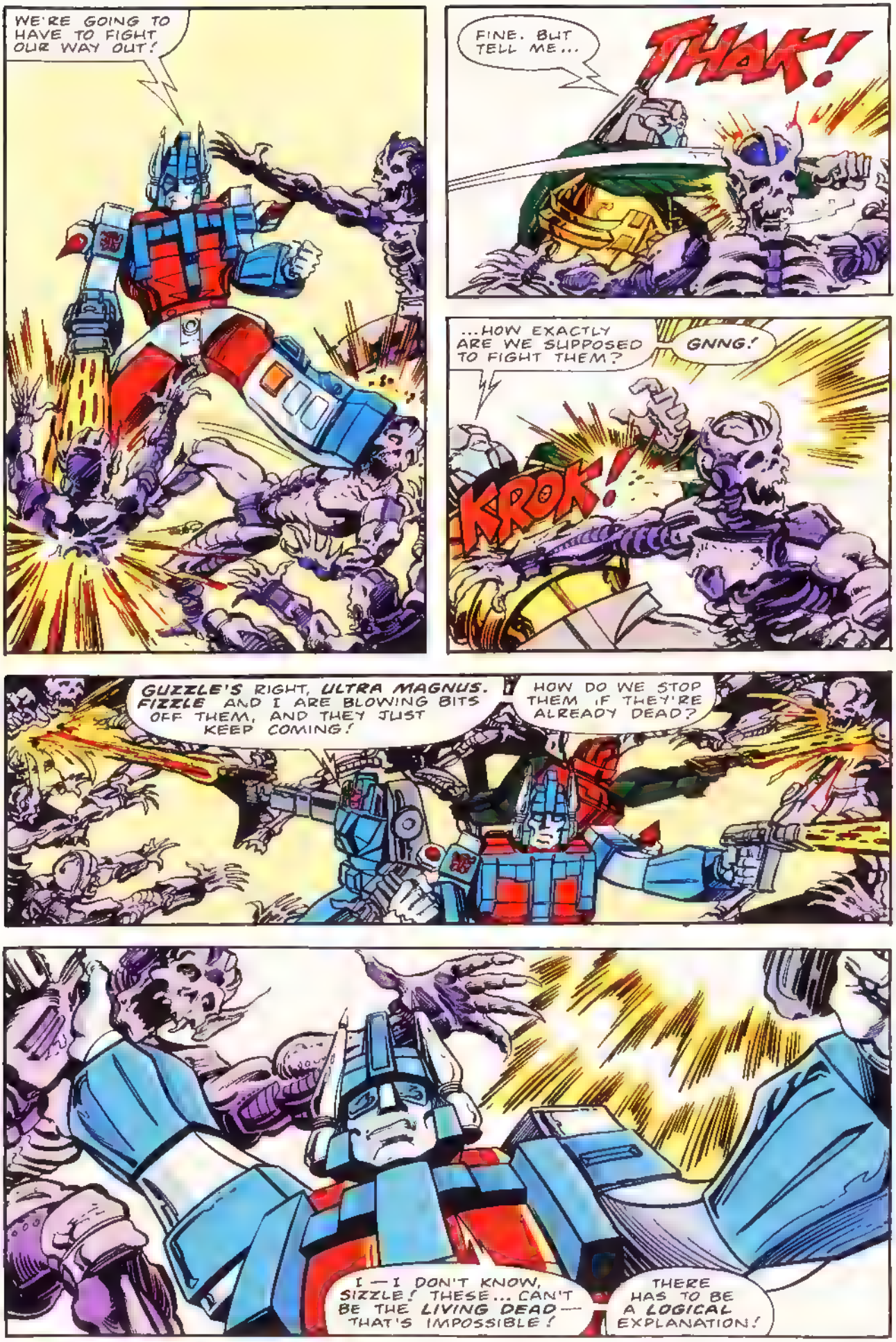


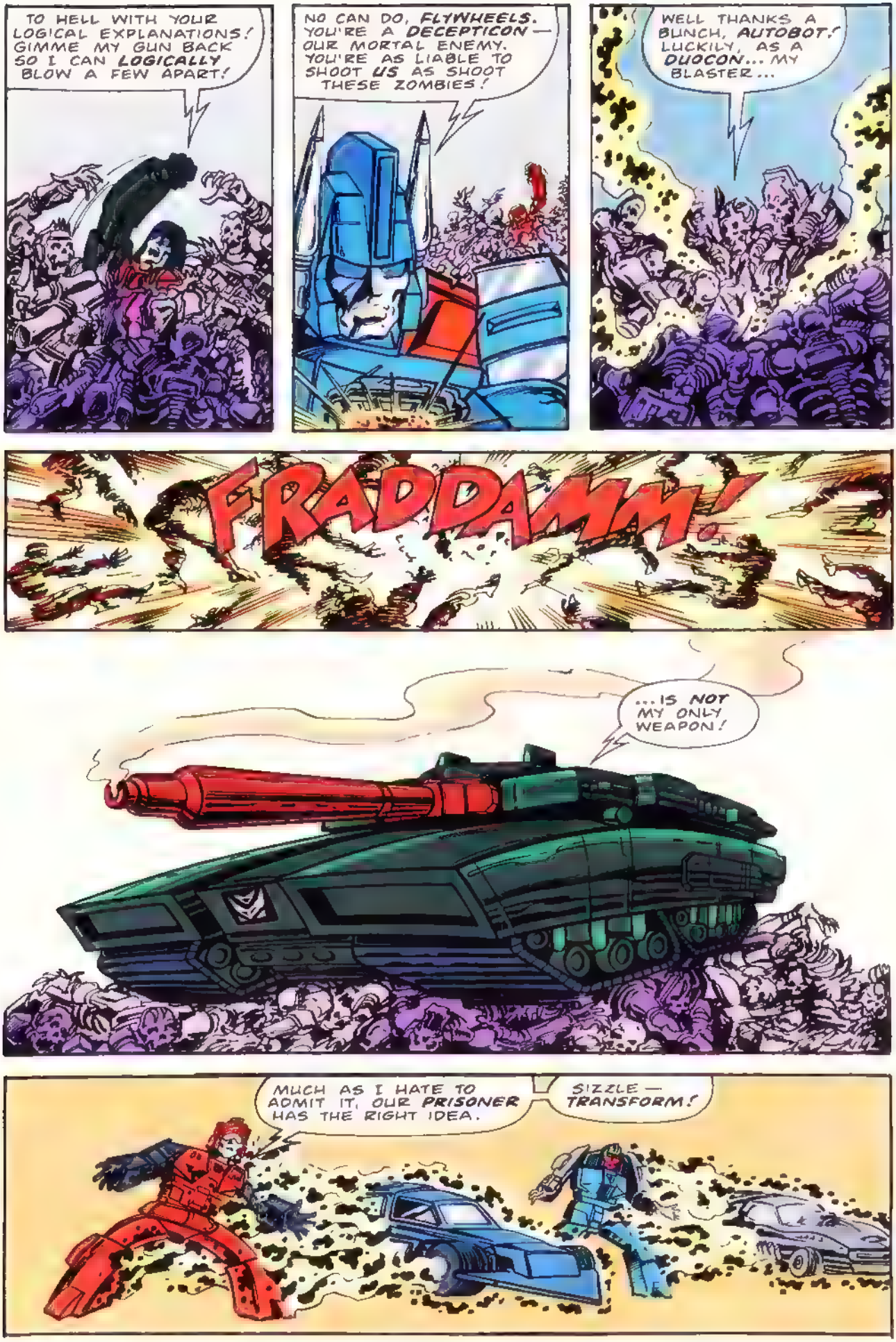



THE — THE DEAD... THEY'RE COMING OUT OF THE GROUND! WE'VE GOTTA'...
RUUUN!

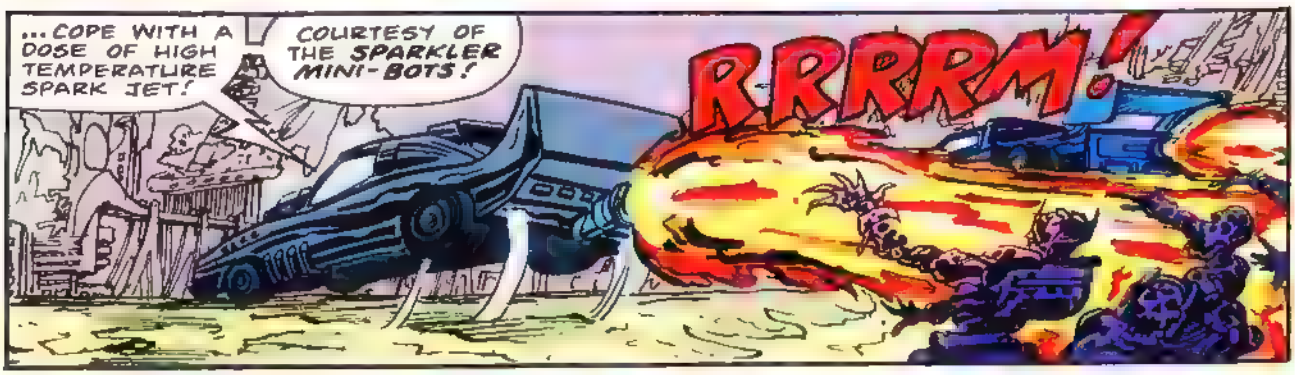
CITY of FEAR!
PART 2
CYBERTRON, HOMEWORLD OF THE TRANSFORMERS — THE CITY STATE OF KALIS.
I THINK... WE MAY HAVE LEFT IT A LITTLE TOO LATE FOR THAT!

Script SIMON FURMAN ■ Art: DAN REED ■ Letters ANNIE HALFACREE ■ Colour EUAN PETERS

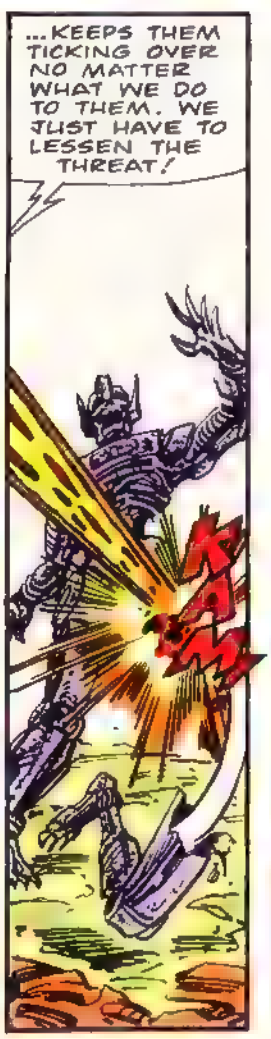

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO FIGHT OUR WAY OUT!
FINE. BUT TELL ME...
THAK!
...HOW EXACTLY ARE WE SUPPOSED TO FIGHT THEM?
GNNG!
KROK!
GUZZLE'S RIGHT, ULTRA MAGNUS. FIZZLE AND I ARE BLOWING BITS OFF THEM, AND THEY JUST KEEP COMING!
HOW DO WE STOP THEM IF THEY'RE ALREADY DEAD?
I — I DON'T KNOW, SIZZLE! THESE... CAN'T BE THE LIVING DEAD — THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
THERE HAS TO BE A LOGICAL EXPLANATION!

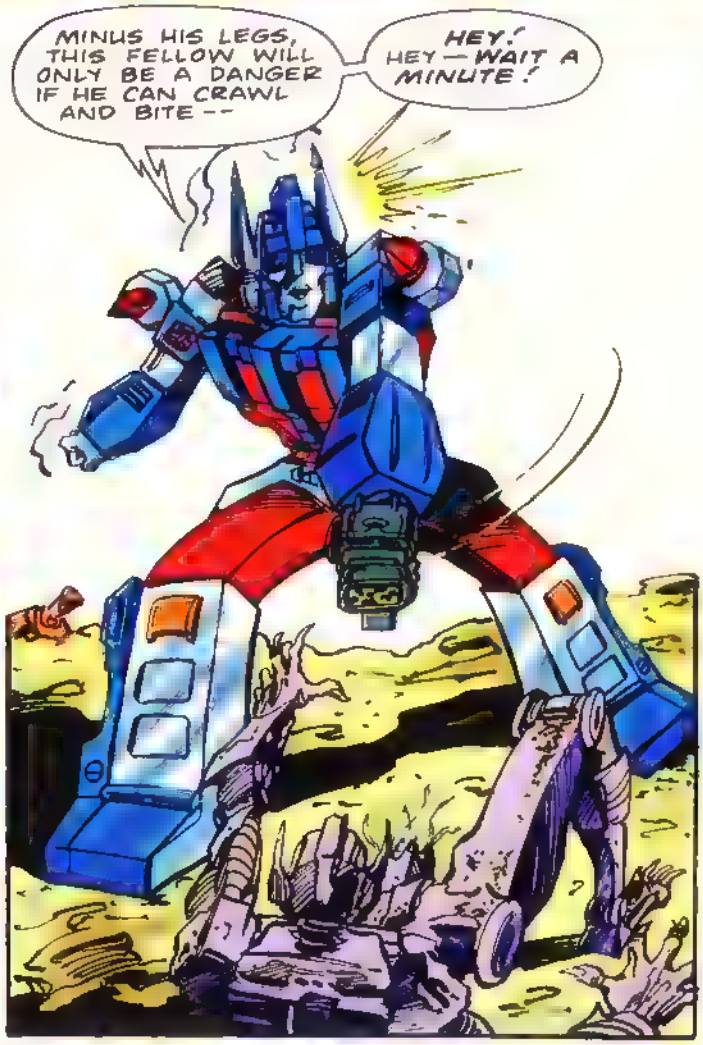

TO HELL WITH YOUR LOGICAL EXPLANATIONS! GIMME MY GUN BACK SO I CAN LOGICALLY BLOW A FEW APART!
NO CAN DO, FLYWHEELS. YOU'RE A DECEPTICON — OUR MORTAL ENEMY. YOU'RE AS LIABLE TO SHOOT US AS SHOOT THESE ZOMBIES!
WELL THANKS A BUNCH, AUTOBOT! LUCKILY, AS A DUOCON... MY BLASTER...
FRADDAMM!
...IS NOT MY ONLY WEAPON!
MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT, OUR PRISONER HAS THE RIGHT IDEA.
SIZZLE — TRANSFORM!

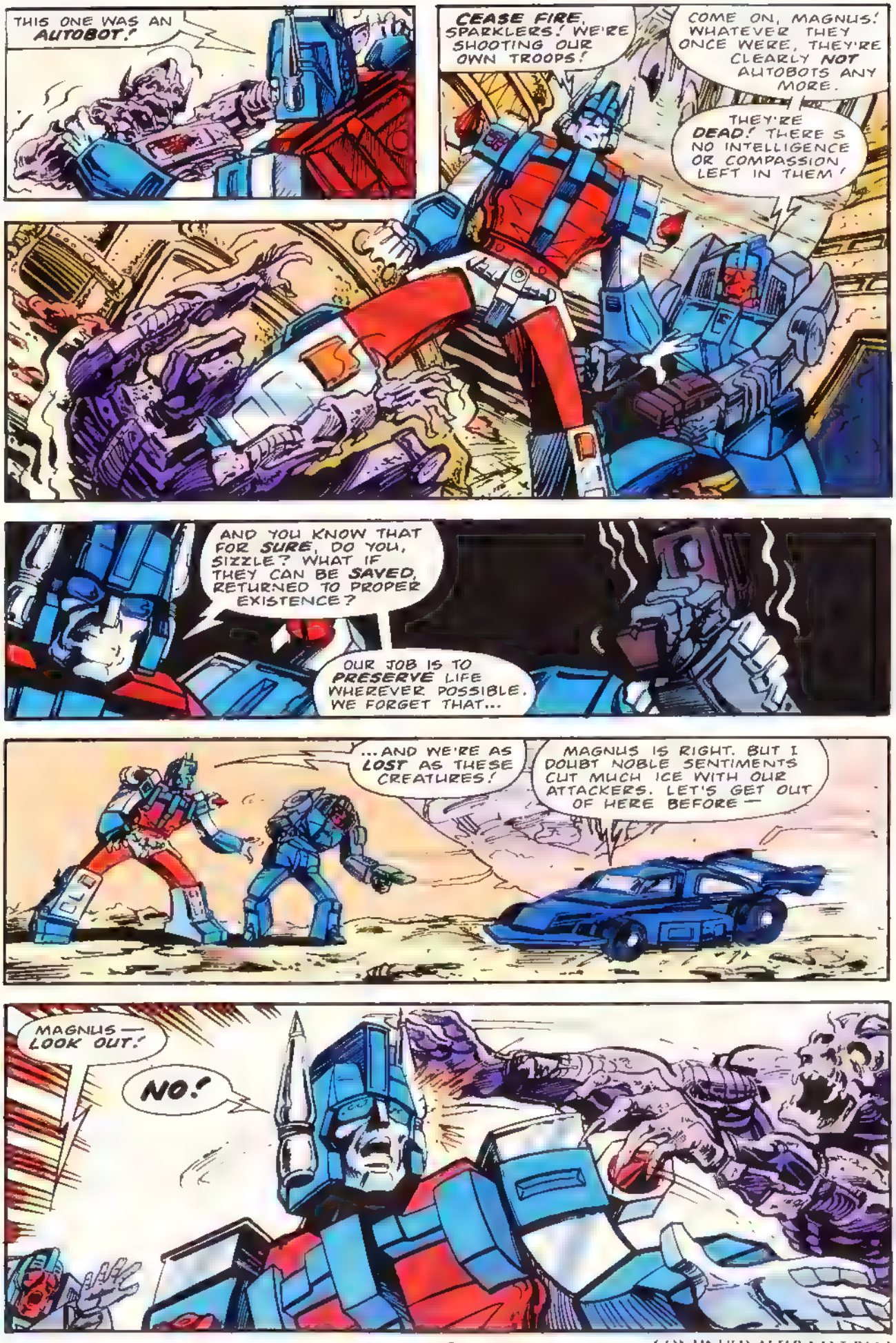
YEAH, LET'S SEE HOW THESE REFUGEES FROM THE LATE NIGHT MOVIE...


...COPE WITH A DOSE OF HIGH TEMPERATURE SPARK JET!
COURTESY OF THE SPARKLER MINI-BOTS!
RRRRM!

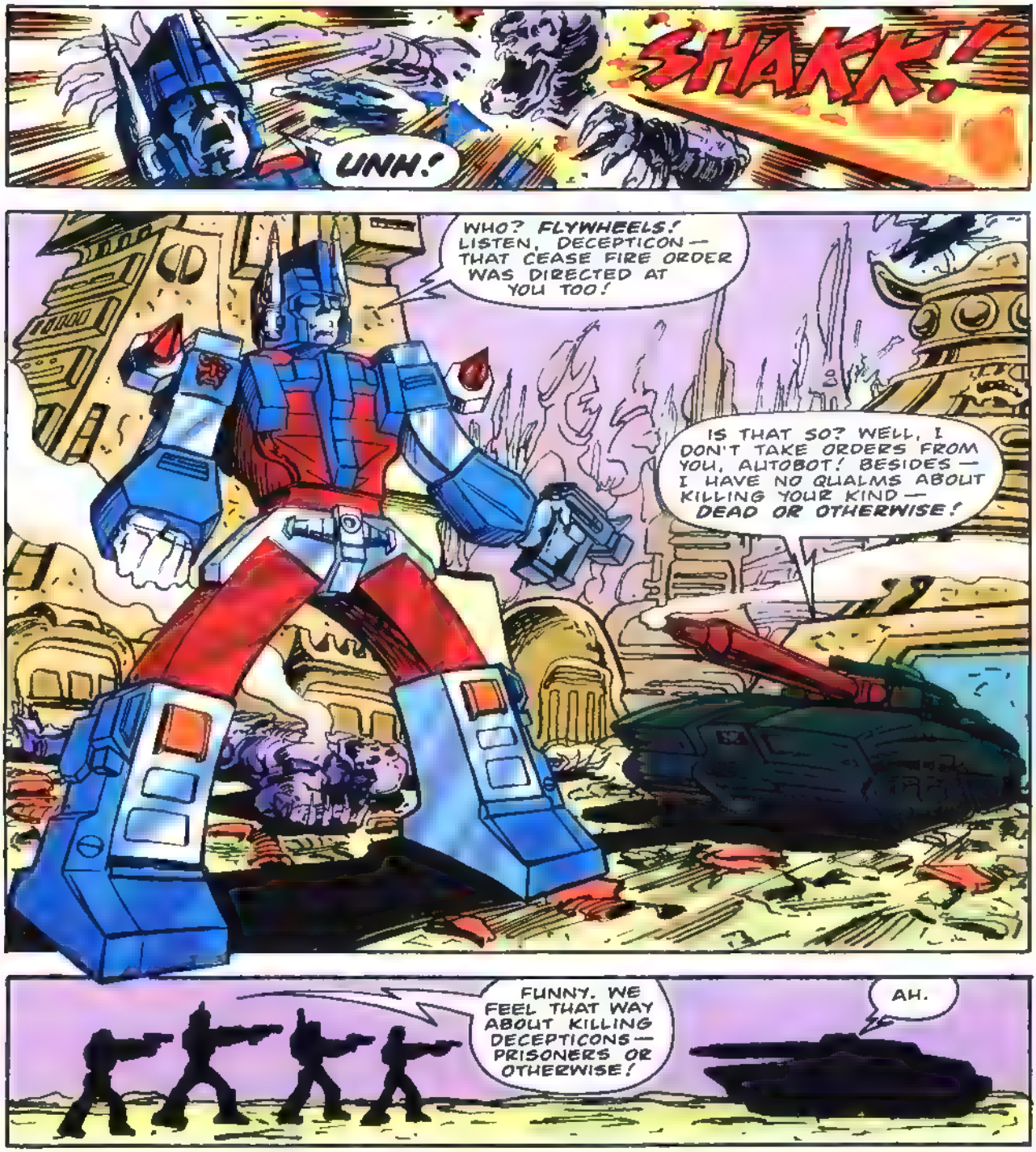
THAT'S THE WAY. THE TRICK SEEMS TO BE TO IMMOBILISE THEM. WHATEVER'S ANIMATING THEM— BE IT SUPERNATURAL OR OTHERWISE...

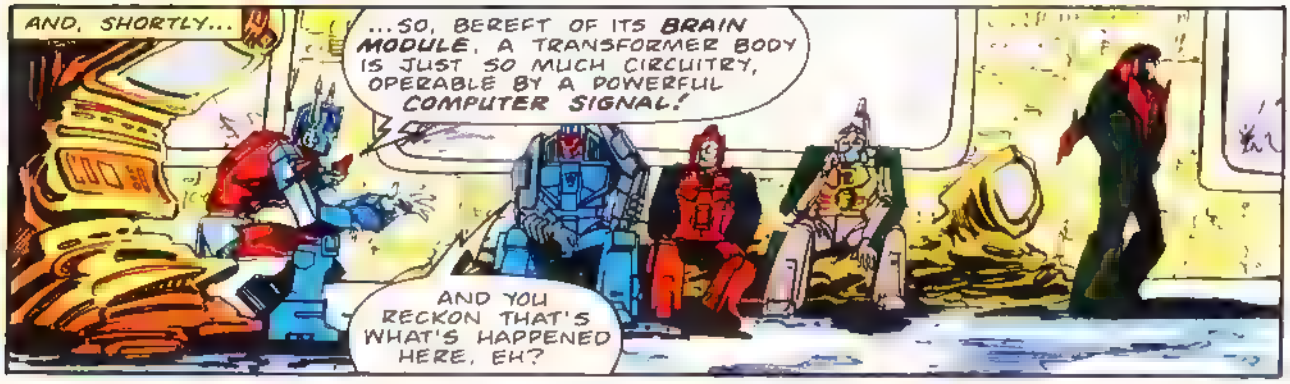

...KEEPS THEM TICKING OVER NO MATTER WHAT WE DO TO THEM. WE JUST HAVE TO LESSEN THE THREAT!
KAM

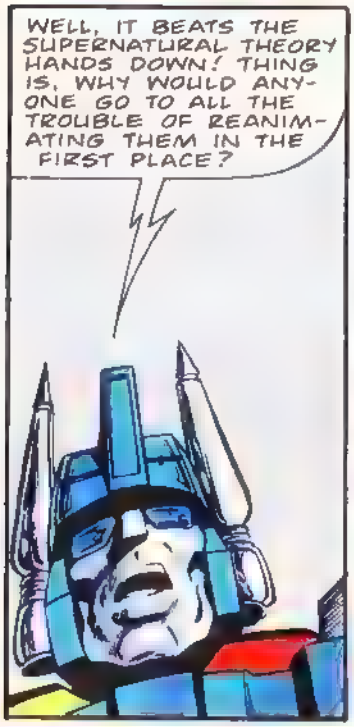

MINUS HIS LEGS, THIS FELLOW WILL ONLY BE A DANGER IF HE CAN CRAWL AND BITE --
HEY! HEY— WAIT A MINUTE!

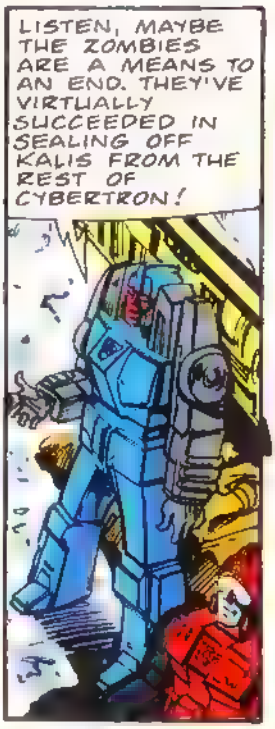

THIS ONE WAS AN AUTOBOT!
CEASE FIRE, SPARKLERS! WE'RE SHOOTING OUR OWN TROOPS!
COME ON, MAGNUS! WHATEVER THEY ONCE WERE, THEY'RE CLEARLY NOT AUTOBOTS ANY MORE.
THEY'RE DEAD! THERE'S NO INTELLIGENCE OR COMPASSION LEFT IN THEM!
AND YOU KNOW THAT FOR SURE, DO YOU, SIZZLE? WHAT IF THEY CAN BE SAVED, RETURNED TO PROPER EXISTENCE?
OUR JOB IS TO PRESERVE LIFE WHEREVER POSSIBLE. WE FORGET THAT...
...AND WE'RE AS LOST AS THESE CREATURES!
MAGNUS IS RIGHT. BUT I DOUBT NOBLE SENTIMENTS CUT MUCH ICE WITH OUR ATTACKERS. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE —
MAGNUS — LOOK OUT!
NO!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE


UNH!
SHAKK!
WHO? FLYWHEELS! LISTEN, DECEPTICON — THAT CEASE FIRE ORDER WAS DIRECTED AT YOU TOO!
IS THAT SO? WELL, I DON'T TAKE ORDERS FROM YOU, AUTOBOT! BESIDES — I HAVE NO QUALMS ABOUT KILLING YOUR KIND — DEAD OR OTHERWISE!
FUNNY. WE FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT KILLING DECEPTICONS — PRISONERS OR OTHERWISE!
AH.
WELL, SINCE YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT...
PERHAPS WE SHOULD SHOW THESE POOR CREATURES SOME MERCY!
GOOD. NOW LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

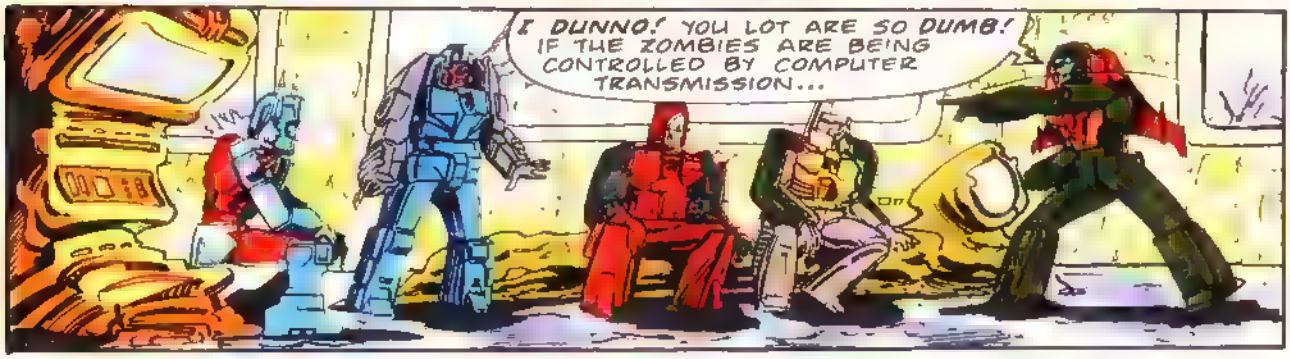

AND, SHORTLY...
...SO, BEREFT OF ITS BRAIN MODULE, A TRANSFORMER BODY IS JUST SO MUCH CIRCUITRY, OPERABLE BY A POWERFUL COMPUTER SIGNAL!
AND YOU RECKON THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE, EH?

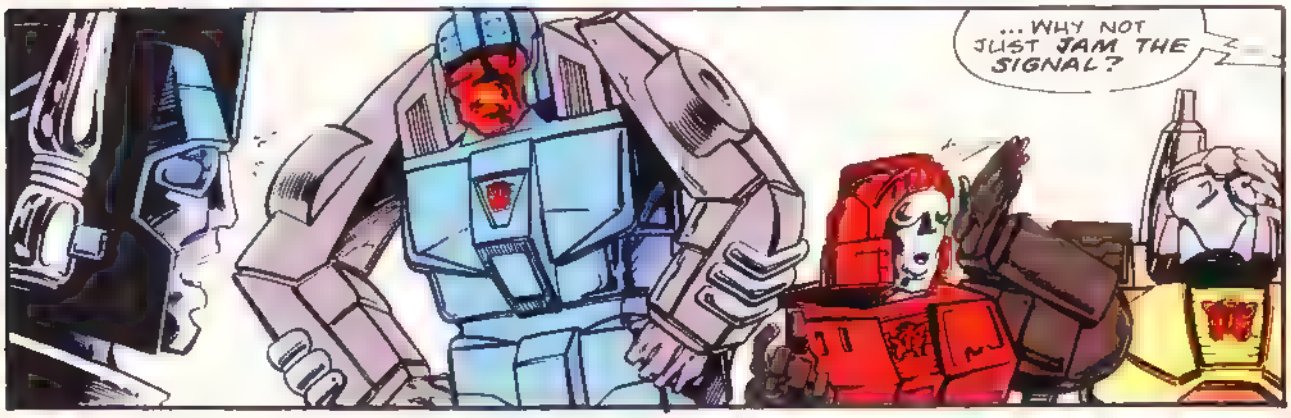

WELL, IT BEATS THE SUPERNATURAL THEORY HANDS DOWN! THING IS, WHY WOULD ANYONE GO TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF REANIMATING THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE?

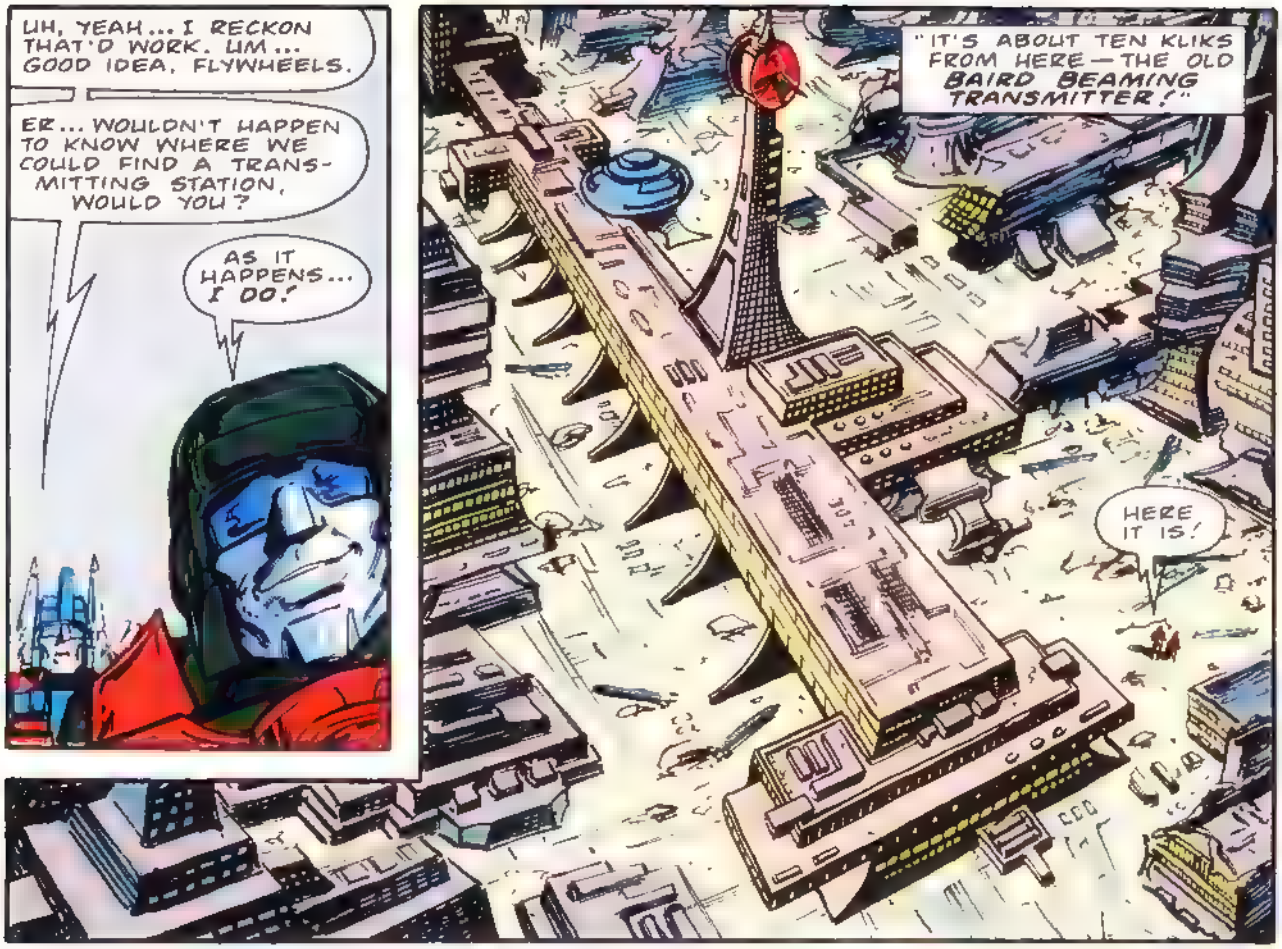

LISTEN, MAYBE THE ZOMBIES ARE A MEANS TO AN END. THEY'VE VIRTUALLY SUCCEEDED IN SEALING OFF KALIS FROM THE REST OF CYBERTRON!

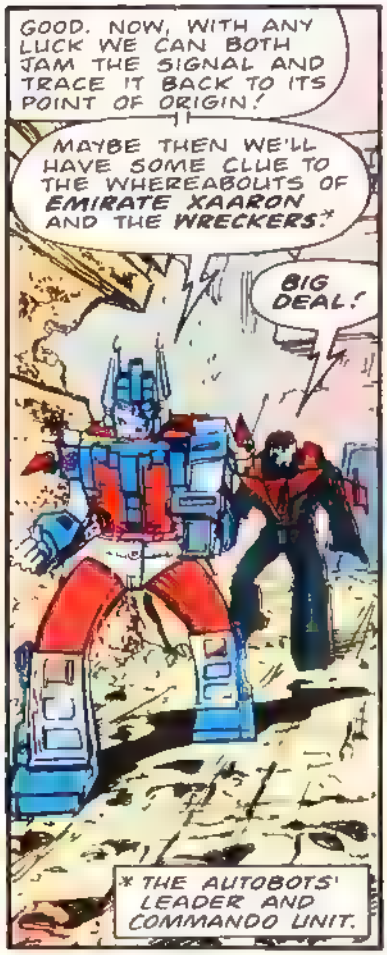
YEAH, THAT'S IT! THEY'RE GUARDS, KEEPING PEOPLE AWAY FROM... SOMETHING!

OKAY, I CAN BUY THAT. BUT WE'VE STILL NO IDEA WHAT THAT SOMETHING IS, OR HOW TO STOP THE ZOMBIES!

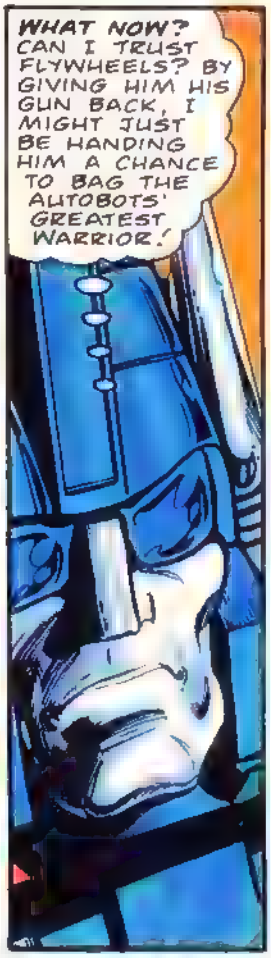

I DUNNO! YOU LOT ARE SO DUMB! IF THE ZOMBIES ARE BEING CONTROLLED BY COMPUTER TRANSMISSION...


...WHY NOT JUST JAM THE SIGNAL?


UH, YEAH... I RECKON THAT'D WORK. UM... GOOD IDEA, FLYWHEELS.
ER... WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW WHERE WE COULD FIND A TRANSMITTING STATION, WOULD YOU?
AS IT HAPPENS... I DO!
"IT'S ABOUT TEN KLIKS FROM HERE — THE OLD BAIRD BEAMING TRANSMITTER!"
HERE IT IS!

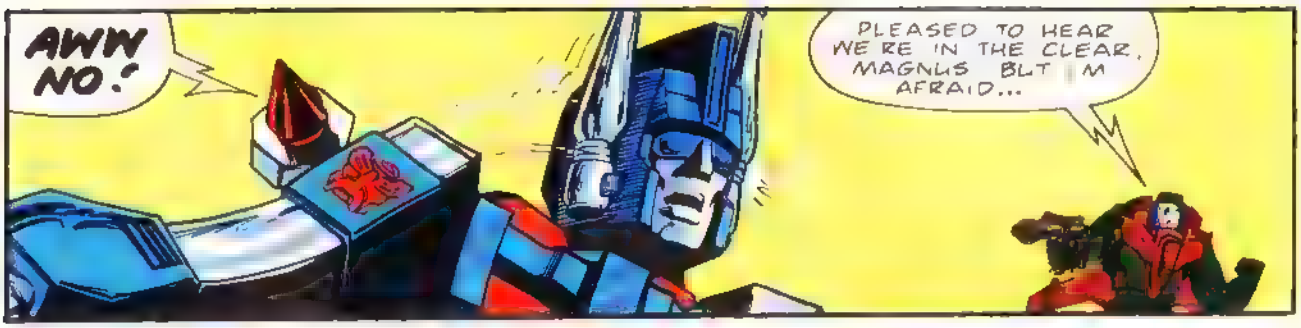

GOOD. NOW, WITH ANY LUCK WE CAN BOTH JAM THE SIGNAL AND TRACE IT BACK TO ITS POINT OF ORIGIN!
MAYBE THEN WE'LL HAVE SOME CLUE TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF EMIRATE XAARON AND THE WRECKERS.*
BIG DEAL!
* THE AUTOBOTS' LEADER AND COMMANDO UNIT.

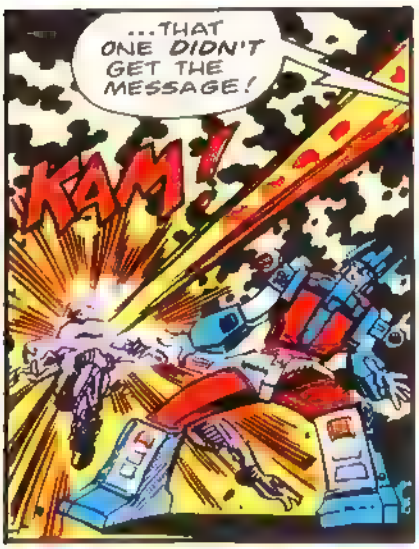
LOOK, MAGNUS WHAT AM I GOING TO DO IF WE FIND ZOMBIES IN THERE? YELL AT THEM?
IF I'M SUPPOSED TO STAND GUARD I NEED MY GUN!

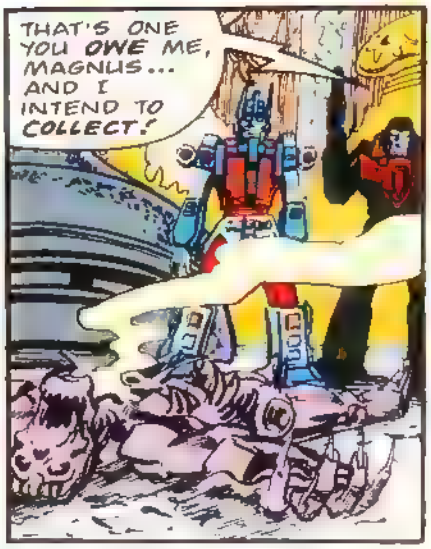

WHAT NOW? CAN I TRUST FLYWHEELS? BY GIVING HIM HIS GUN BACK, I MIGHT JUST BE HANDING HIM A CHANCE TO BAG THE AUTOBOTS' GREATEST WARRIOR!

WHAT'S TO STOP HIM LETTING ME JAM THE SIGNAL — THEREBY REMOVING THE MUTUAL DANGER — AND THEN SHOOTING ME IN THE BACK?
NOTHING. BUT I NEED HIS HELP!

OKAY, YOU'VE GOT IT!
I JUST HOPE I DON'T GET IT!
MEANWHILE...
OKAY, SPARKLERS, WE'VE DONE OUR BIT!
WE'VE GOT THE ZOMBIES TO FOLLOW US, LEAVING IT CLEAR FOR MAGNUS. LET'S HOPE HE MANAGES TO JAM THE SIGNAL...
...BEFORE THIS LOT TEAR US APART!
AT THE TRANSMITTER...
C'MON, MAGNUS, C'MON!
HURRY!
I'M HURRYING! I JUST CAN'T RUSH THIS. I'VE GOT TO ISOLATE THE TRANSMITTING FREQUENCY, CHANNEL IT THROUGH MY RECEIVING AERIALS, AND--
GOT IT! I JAMMED IT, FLYWHEELS, I--

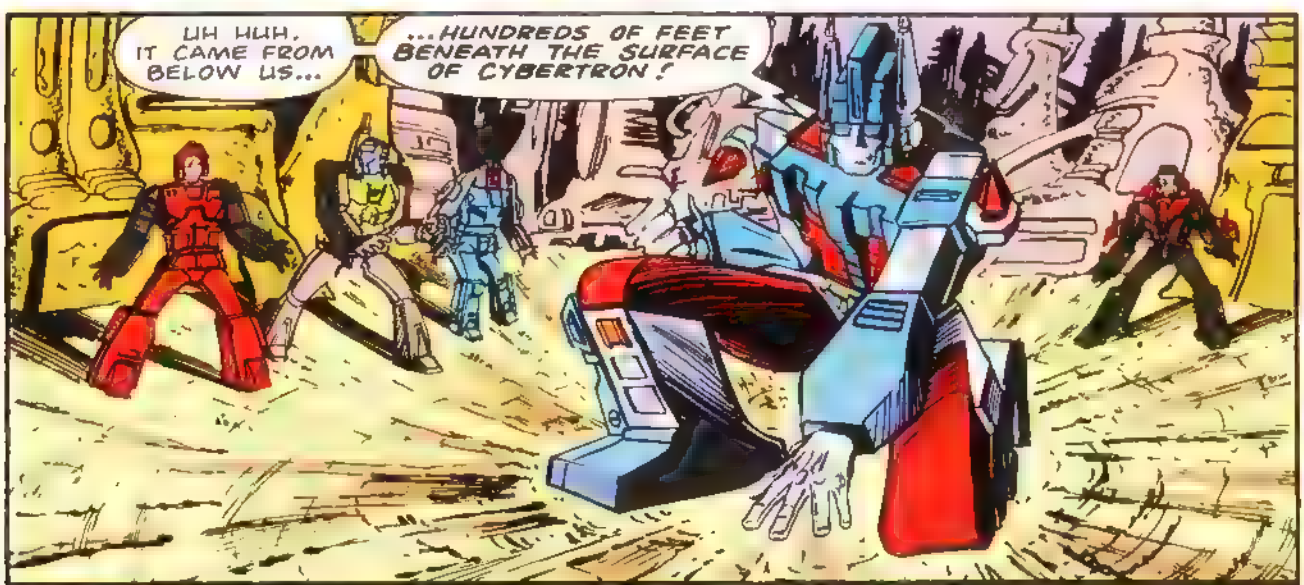






LATER...
NICE TIMING, MAGNUS. ANY LATER AND WE'D HAVE NEEDED REANIMATING!
THEN IT'S OVER? THE DEAD HAVE BEEN LAID TO REST ONCE MORE?

YEAH. THEY'RE JUST STATISTICS AGAIN. HOPE THEY'RE HAPPIER THAT WAY.
WHAT ABOUT YOU? WE KNOW YOU JAMMED THE SIGNAL, BUT DID YOU FIND OUT WHERE IT ORIGINATED FROM?



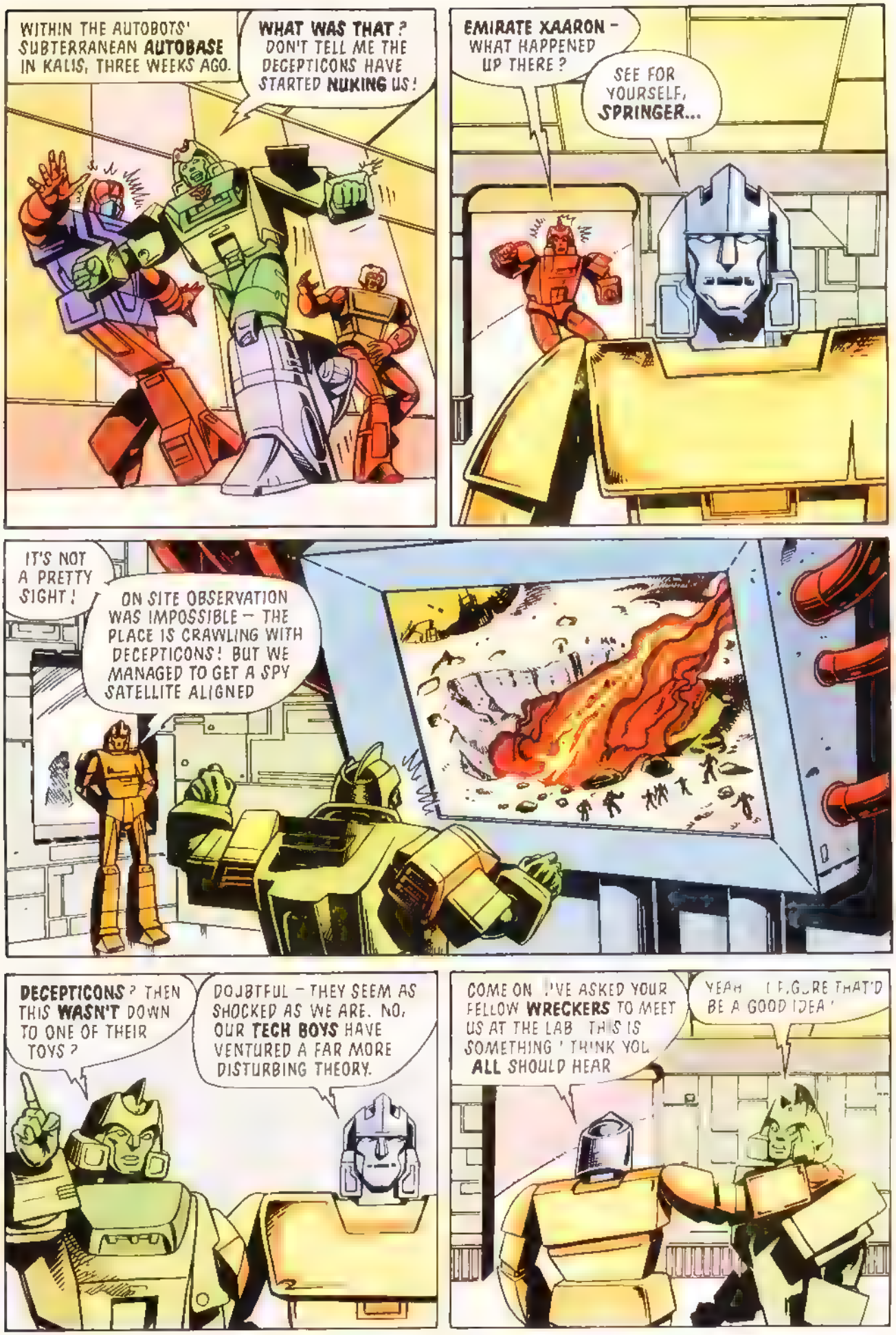
NEXT: LEGION OF THE LOST!

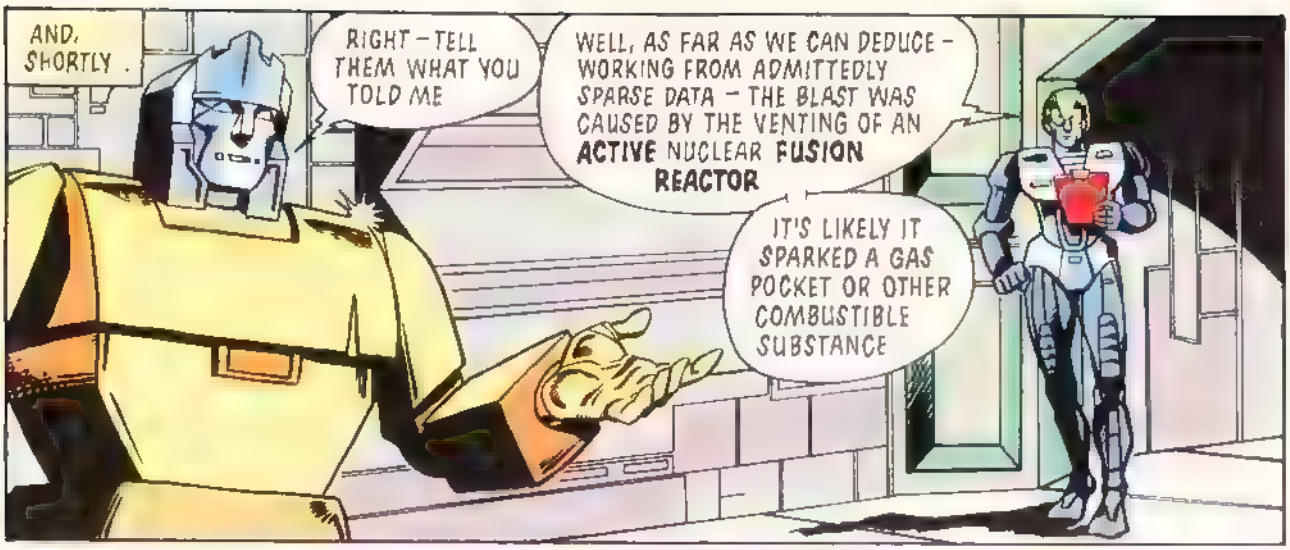
MARVEL
21st May 88
No166 32p
U.S.$1.35 CAN.$1.75
THE TRANSFORMERS
and
ACTION FORCE
THE END?

THEY STUMBLE ABOUT LIKE LOST CHILDREN, THEIR HOMEWORLD – CYBERTRON – HAS BECOME A STRANGER TO THEM!
THEY HAVE DISCOVERED SO MUCH, THEY HAVE EVEN MANAGED TO RENDER MY TOPSIDE TROOPS INOPERATIVE.
"AND YET STILL, NONE OF THEM ARE ANY THE WISER!"
"...NOT THE DECEPT.CON FLYWHEELS..."
"NOT ULTRA MAGNUS..."
"...AND NOT THE SPARKLER MINI-BOTS; FIZZLE, SIZZLE AND GUZZLE!"
"NONE OF THEM HAVE COME CLOSE TO REALISING THE SCOPE OF MY PLAN. BUT THEN, HOW COULD THEY?"
"WHEN I HAVE LEFT NO-ONE ALIVE WHO COULD TELL THEM!"
EMIRATE XAARON – YES, HE COULD TELL THEM.. IF HE WERE STILL AT LIBERTY TO DO SO!

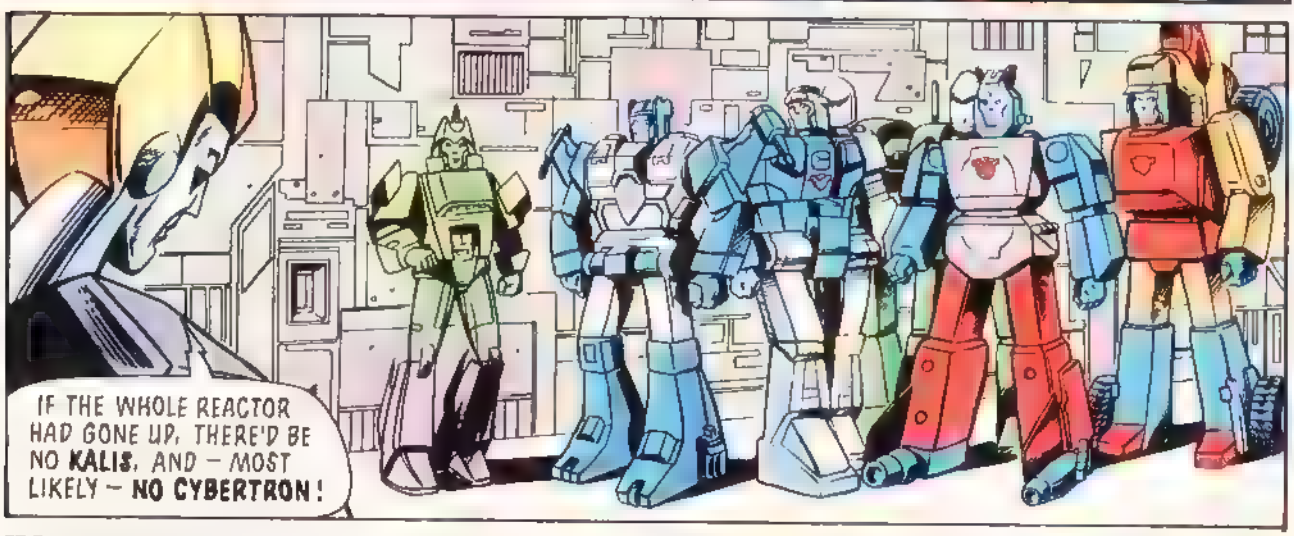
TO THINK, JUST THREE SHORT WEEKS AGO, NO-ONE KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON HERE – BENEATH THEIR VERY FEET!
NO-ONE EVEN SUSPECTED...
...UNTIL THE EXPLOSION!
KRAKA-DOOM!
LEGION of the LOST!
PART 1

Script SIMON FURMAN ■ Pencils JEFF ANDERSON ■ Inks DAVE ELLIOTT ■ Letters TOM FRAME ■ Colour EUAN PETERS

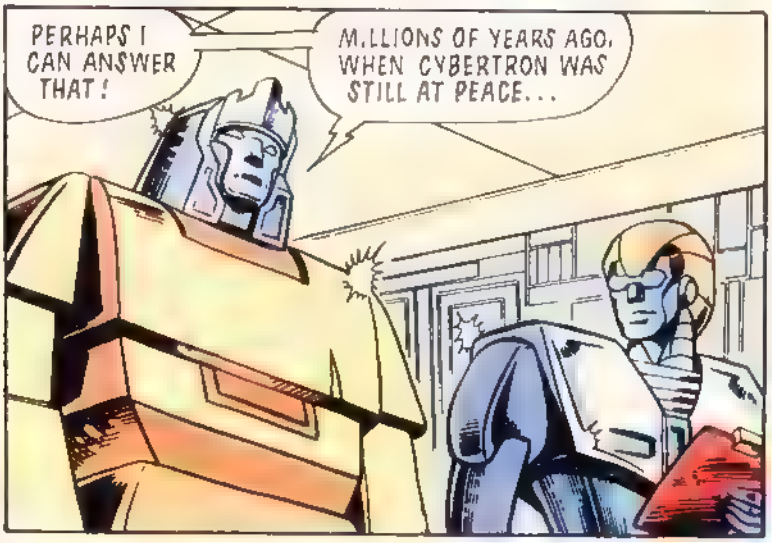

WITHIN THE AUTOBOTS' SUBTERRANEAN AUTOBASE IN KALIS, THREE WEEKS AGO.
WHAT WAS THAT? DON'T TELL ME THE DECEPTICONS HAVE STARTED NUKING US!
EMIRATE XAARON – WHAT HAPPENED UP THERE?
SEE FOR YOURSELF, SPRINGER...
IT'S NOT A PRETTY SIGHT!
ON SITE OBSERVATION WAS IMPOSSIBLE – THE PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH DECEPTICONS! BUT WE MANAGED TO GET A SPY SATELLITE ALIGNED
DECEPTICONS? THEN THIS WASN'T DOWN TO ONE OF THEIR TOYS?
DOUBTFUL – THEY SEEM AS SHOCKED AS WE ARE. NO, OUR TECH BOYS HAVE VENTURED A FAR MORE DISTURBING THEORY.
COME ON I'VE ASKED YOUR FELLOW WRECKERS TO MEET US AT THE LAB THIS IS SOMETHING I THINK YOU ALL SHOULD HEAR
YEAH I FIGURE THAT'D BE A GOOD IDEA!

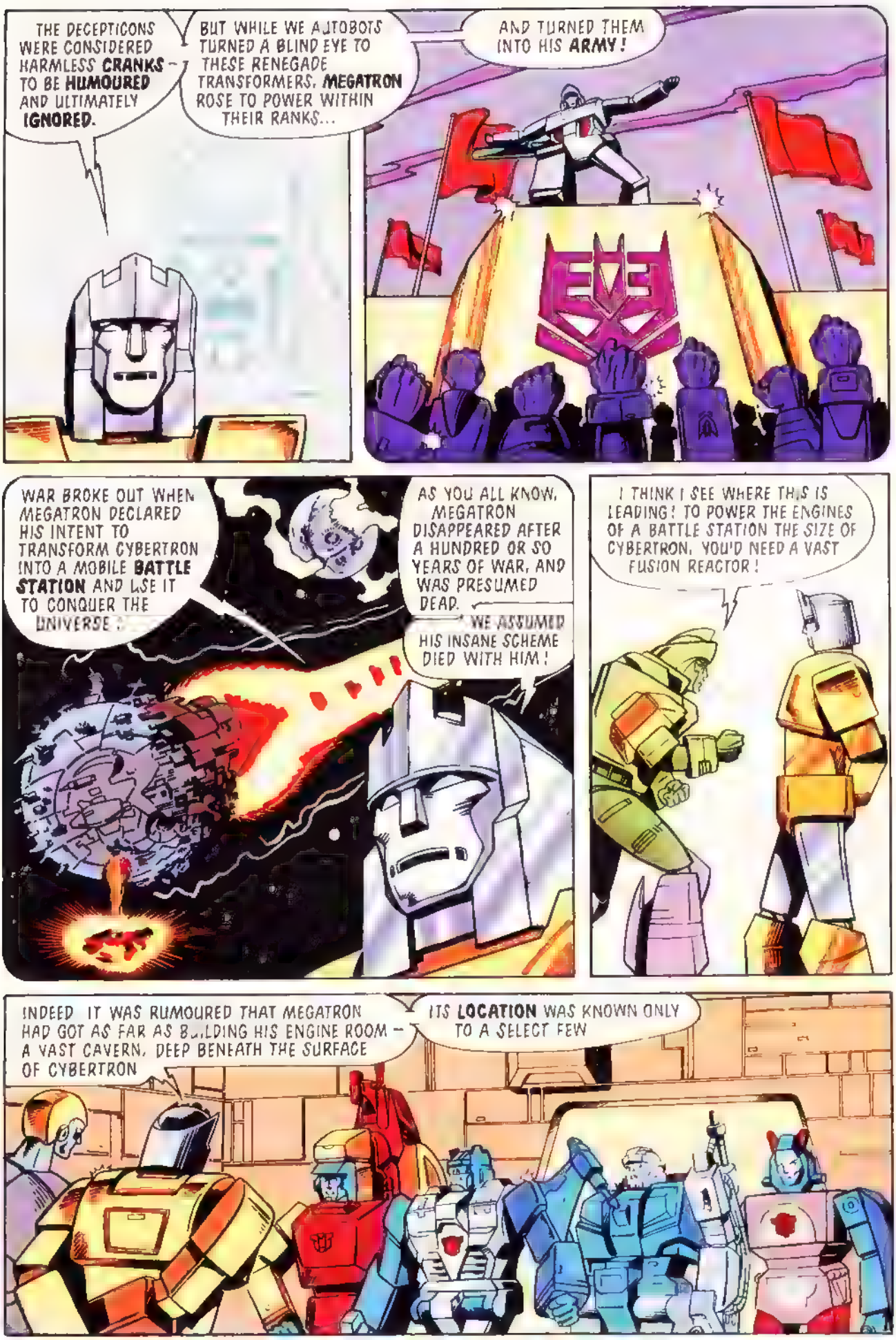

AND, SHORTLY .
RIGHT – TELL THEM WHAT YOU TOLD ME
WELL, AS FAR AS WE CAN DEDUCE – WORKING FROM ADMITTEDLY SPARSE DATA – THE BLAST WAS CAUSED BY THE VENTING OF AN **ACTIVE** NUCLEAR **FUSION REACTOR**
IT'S LIKELY IT SPARKED A GAS POCKET OR OTHER COMBUSTIBLE SUBSTANCE

THE BLAST WAS SMALL – RELATIVELY SPEAKING ABOUT **ONE POINT FIVE MEGATONS.**
THE DAMAGED PART MUST HAVE BEEN SEALED OFF ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, PREVENTING A CHAIN REACTION

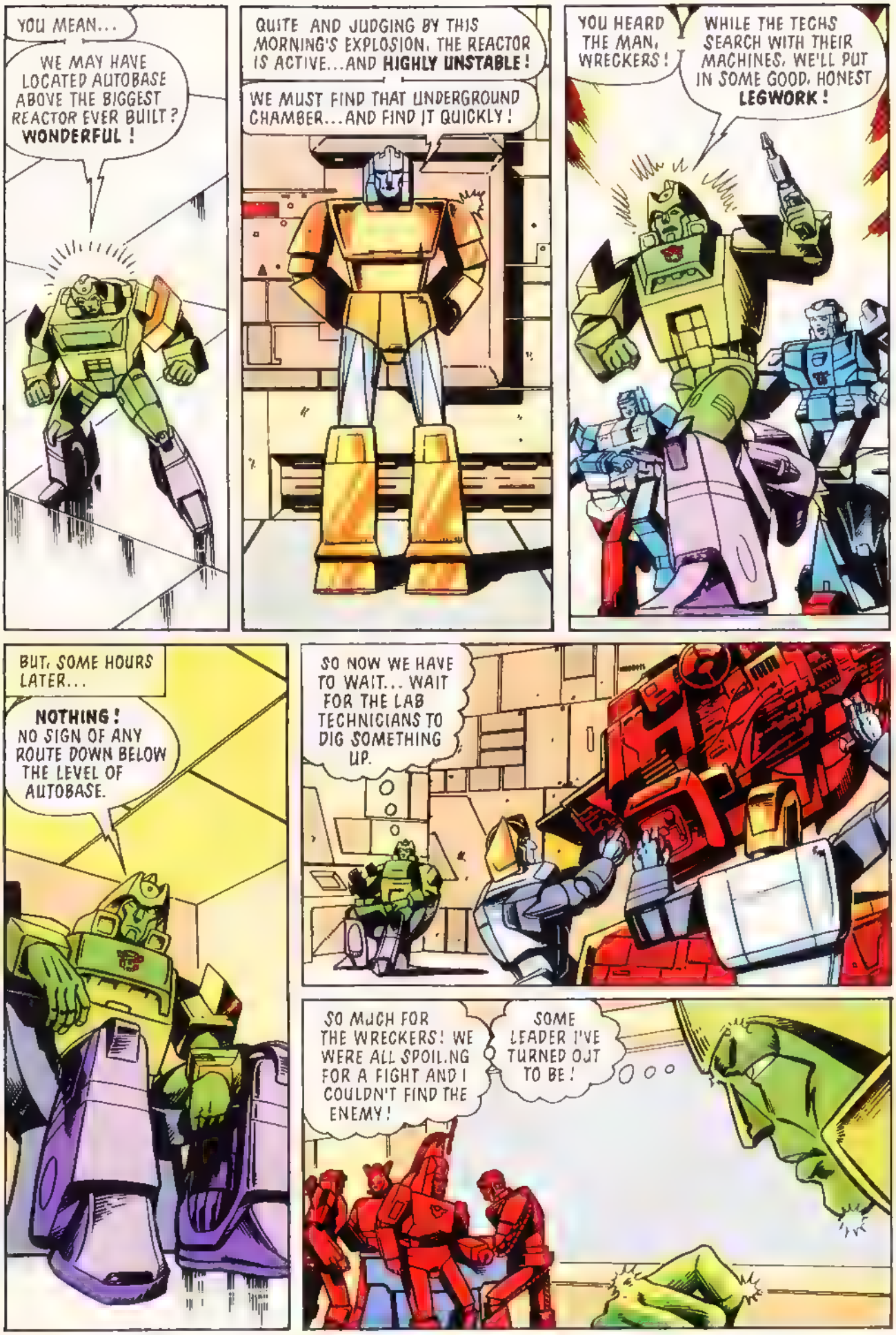

IF THE WHOLE REACTOR HAD GONE UP, THERE'D BE NO **KALIS**, AND – MOST LIKELY – **NO CYBERTRON!**

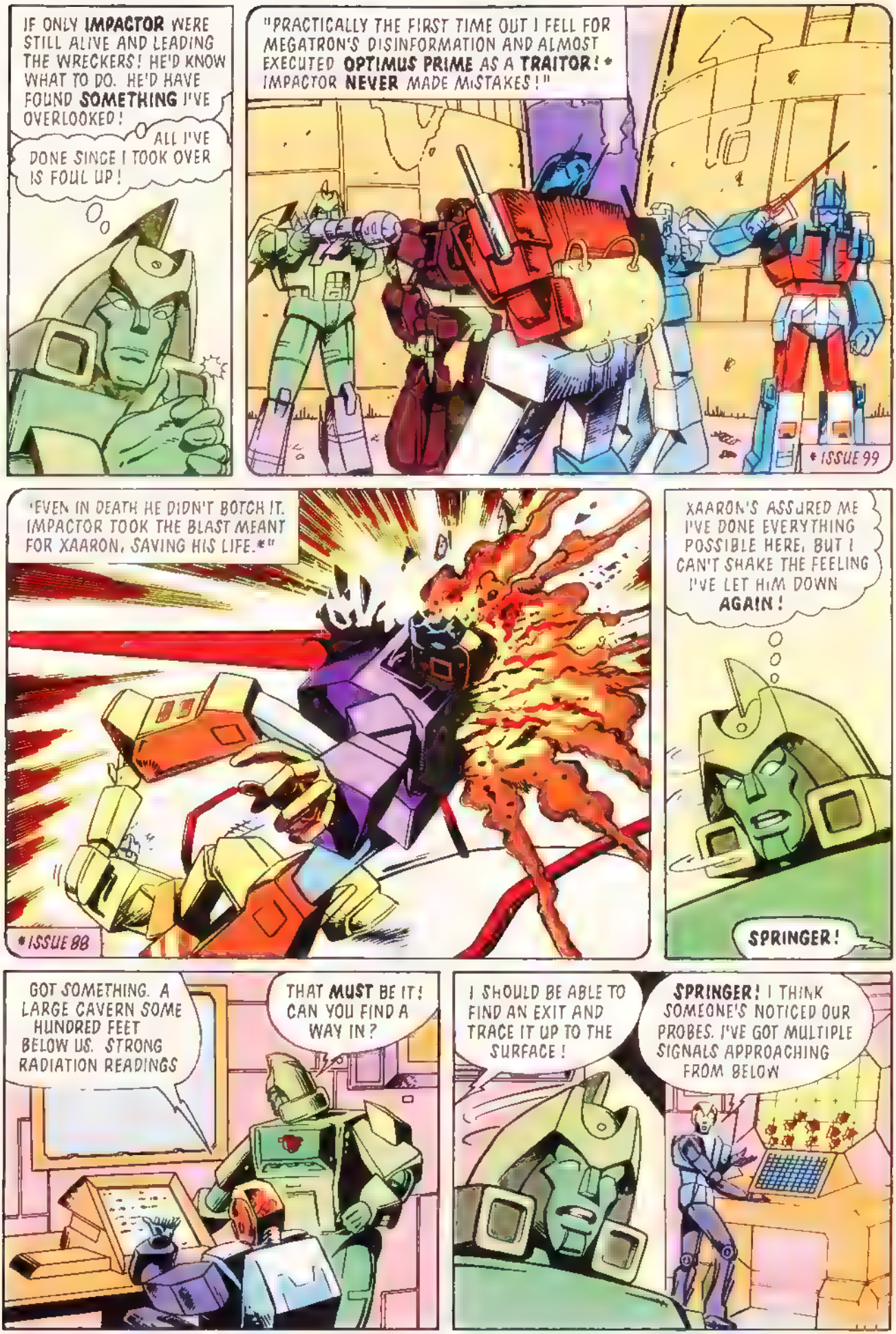
HOW CAN THIS BE? THERE ARE NO SUBTERRANEAN REACTORS OF THE SIZE YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

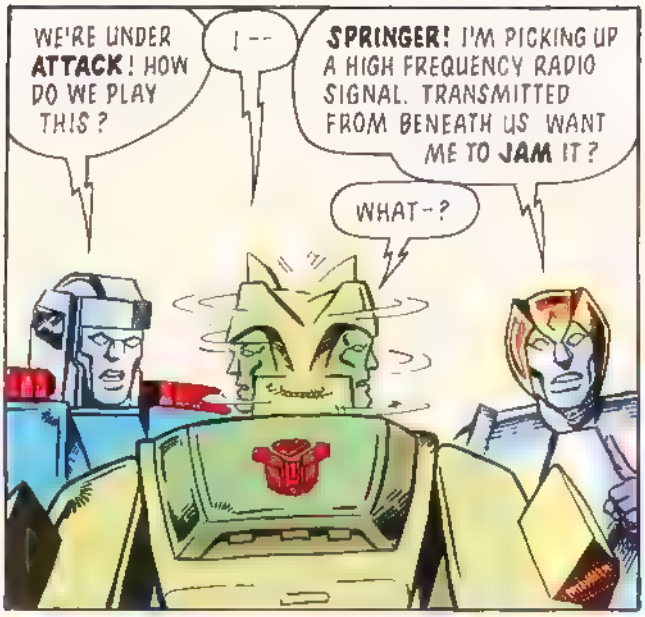

PERHAPS I CAN ANSWER THAT!
MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO, WHEN CYBERTRON WAS STILL AT PEACE...


THE DECEPTICONS WERE CONSIDERED HARMLESS CRANKS – TO BE HUMOURED AND ULTIMATELY IGNORED.
BUT WHILE WE AUTOBOTS TURNED A BLIND EYE TO THESE RENEGADE TRANSFORMERS, MEGATRON ROSE TO POWER WITHIN THEIR RANKS...
AND TURNED THEM INTO HIS ARMY!
WAR BROKE OUT WHEN MEGATRON DECLARED HIS INTENT TO TRANSFORM CYBERTRON INTO A MOBILE BATTLE STATION AND USE IT TO CONQUER THE UNIVERSE!
AS YOU ALL KNOW, MEGATRON DISAPPEARED AFTER A HUNDRED OR SO YEARS OF WAR, AND WAS PRESUMED DEAD.
WE ASSUMED HIS INSANE SCHEME DIED WITH HIM!
I THINK I SEE WHERE THIS IS LEADING! TO POWER THE ENGINES OF A BATTLE STATION THE SIZE OF CYBERTRON, YOU'D NEED A VAST FUSION REACTOR!
INDEED IT WAS RUMOURED THAT MEGATRON HAD GOT AS FAR AS BUILDING HIS ENGINE ROOM – A VAST CAVERN, DEEP BENEATH THE SURFACE OF CYBERTRON
ITS LOCATION WAS KNOWN ONLY TO A SELECT FEW

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

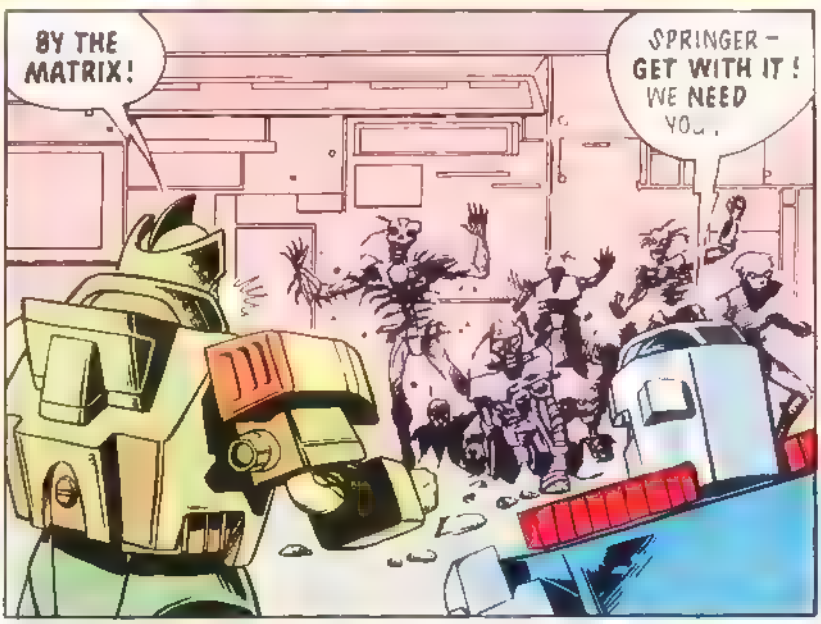

YOU MEAN...
WE MAY HAVE LOCATED AUTOBASE ABOVE THE BIGGEST REACTOR EVER BUILT? WONDERFUL!
QUITE AND JUDGING BY THIS MORNING'S EXPLOSION, THE REACTOR IS ACTIVE...AND HIGHLY UNSTABLE!
WE MUST FIND THAT UNDERGROUND CHAMBER...AND FIND IT QUICKLY!
YOU HEARD THE MAN, WRECKERS!
WHILE THE TECHS SEARCH WITH THEIR MACHINES, WE'LL PUT IN SOME GOOD, HONEST LEGWORK!
BUT, SOME HOURS LATER...
NOTHING! NO SIGN OF ANY ROUTE DOWN BELOW THE LEVEL OF AUTOBASE.
SO NOW WE HAVE TO WAIT... WAIT FOR THE LAB TECHNICIANS TO DIG SOMETHING UP.
SO MUCH FOR THE WRECKERS! WE WERE ALL SPOILING FOR A FIGHT AND I COULDN'T FIND THE ENEMY!
SOME LEADER I'VE TURNED OUT TO BE!


IF ONLY IMPACTOR WERE STILL ALIVE AND LEADING THE WRECKERS! HE'D KNOW WHAT TO DO. HE'D HAVE FOUND SOMETHING I'VE OVERLOOKED!
ALL I'VE DONE SINCE I TOOK OVER IS FOUL UP!
"PRACTICALLY THE FIRST TIME OUT I FELL FOR MEGATRON'S DISINFORMATION AND ALMOST EXECUTED OPTIMUS PRIME AS A TRAITOR!* IMPACTOR NEVER MADE MISTAKES!"
* ISSUE 99
"EVEN IN DEATH HE DIDN'T BOTCH IT. IMPACTOR TOOK THE BLAST MEANT FOR XAARON, SAVING HIS LIFE.*"
* ISSUE 88
XAARON'S ASSURED ME I'VE DONE EVERYTHING POSSIBLE HERE, BUT I CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING I'VE LET HIM DOWN AGAIN!
SPRINGER!
GOT SOMETHING. A LARGE CAVERN SOME HUNDRED FEET BELOW US. STRONG RADIATION READINGS
THAT MUST BE IT! CAN YOU FIND A WAY IN?
I SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND AN EXIT AND TRACE IT UP TO THE SURFACE!
SPRINGER! I THINK SOMEONE'S NOTICED OUR PROBES. I'VE GOT MULTIPLE SIGNALS APPROACHING FROM BELOW


WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! HOW DO WE PLAY THIS?
I--
SPRINGER! I'M PICKING UP A HIGH FREQUENCY RADIO SIGNAL. TRANSMITTED FROM BENEATH US. WANT ME TO JAM IT?
WHAT--?

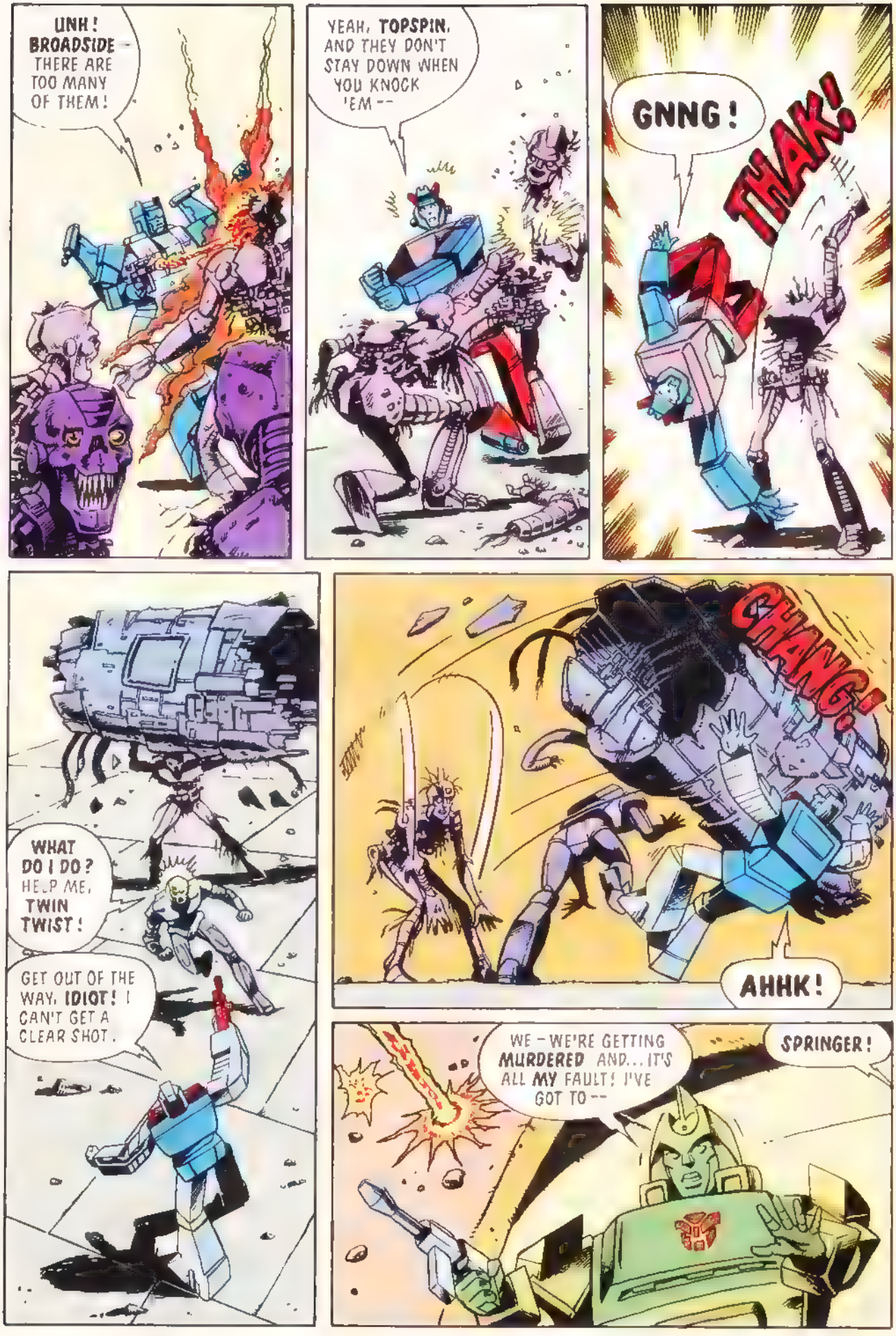
SHOULD WE USE STANDARD LASER FIRE OR HIGH EXPLOSIVE?
LOOK, IF THERE'S GOING TO BE FIGHTING, DON'T YOU THINK WE TECHNICIANS SHOULD GET OUT OF HERE?
I... DON'T KNOW...

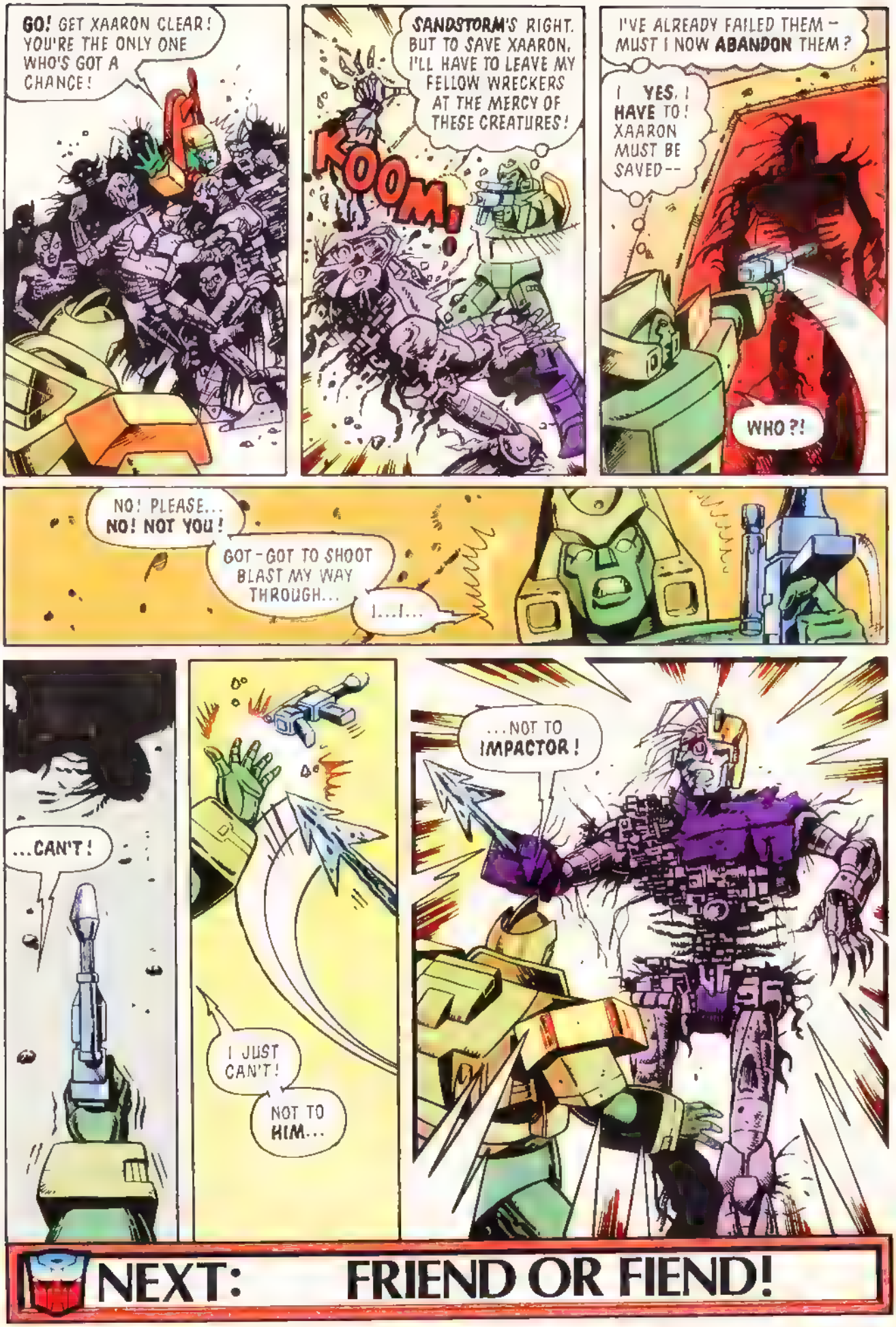
KATCH!


BY THE MATRIX!
SPRINGER - GET WITH IT! WE NEED YOU.

TH.NK, MAN! THEY'RE OLD, DEAD TRANSFORMERS - MAYBE REACTIVATED BY COMPUTER SIGNAL THAT TRANSMISSION WE PICKED UP...
YES! TECH - LOCK ONTO THAT SIGNAL AND --

OH NO!
AAK--
RIKT!


UNH! BROADSIDE – THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM!
YEAH, TOPSPIN, AND THEY DON'T STAY DOWN WHEN YOU KNOCK 'EM --
GNNG!
THAK!
WHAT DO I DO? HELP ME, TWIN TWIST!
GET OUT OF THE WAY, IDIOT! I CAN'T GET A CLEAR SHOT.
CHANG!
AHHK!
WE – WE'RE GETTING MURDERED AND... IT'S ALL MY FAULT! I'VE GOT TO --
SPRINGER!

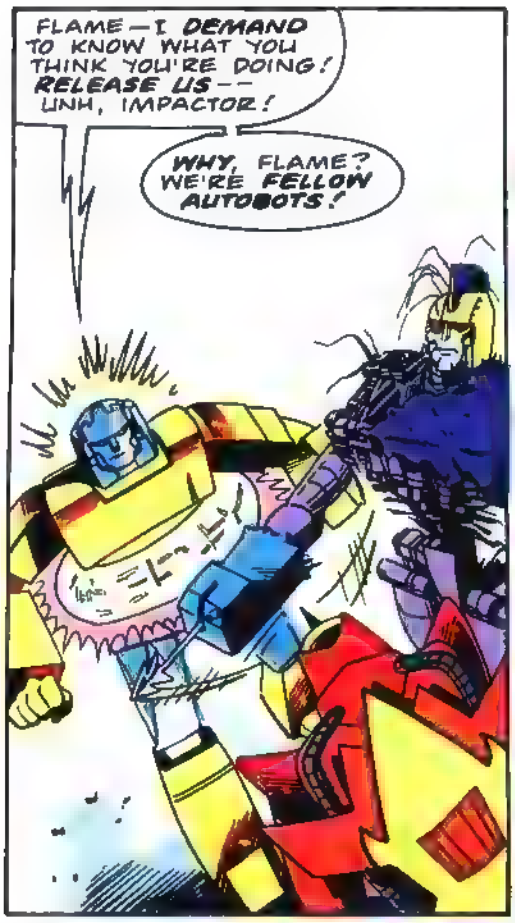

GO! GET XAARON CLEAR! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO'S GOT A CHANCE!
KOOM!
SANDSTORM'S RIGHT. BUT TO SAVE XAARON, I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE MY FELLOW WRECKERS AT THE MERCY OF THESE CREATURES!
I'VE ALREADY FAILED THEM — MUST I NOW ABANDON THEM?
I YES, I HAVE TO! XAARON MUST BE SAVED--
WHO?!
NO! PLEASE... NO! NOT YOU!
GOT - GOT TO SHOOT BLAST MY WAY THROUGH...
I...I...
...CAN'T!
I JUST CAN'T!
NOT TO HIM...
...NOT TO IMPACTOR!
NEXT: FRIEND OR FIEND!

MARVEL
THE TRANSFORMERS™
and
ACTION FORCE
ACH! D-DOES THIS MEAN WE'RE NOT FRIENDS ANYMORE?

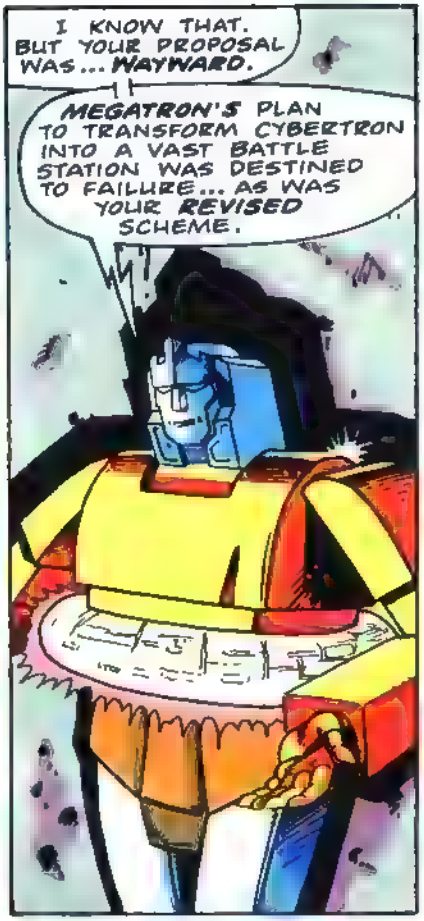
TRANSFORMERS™

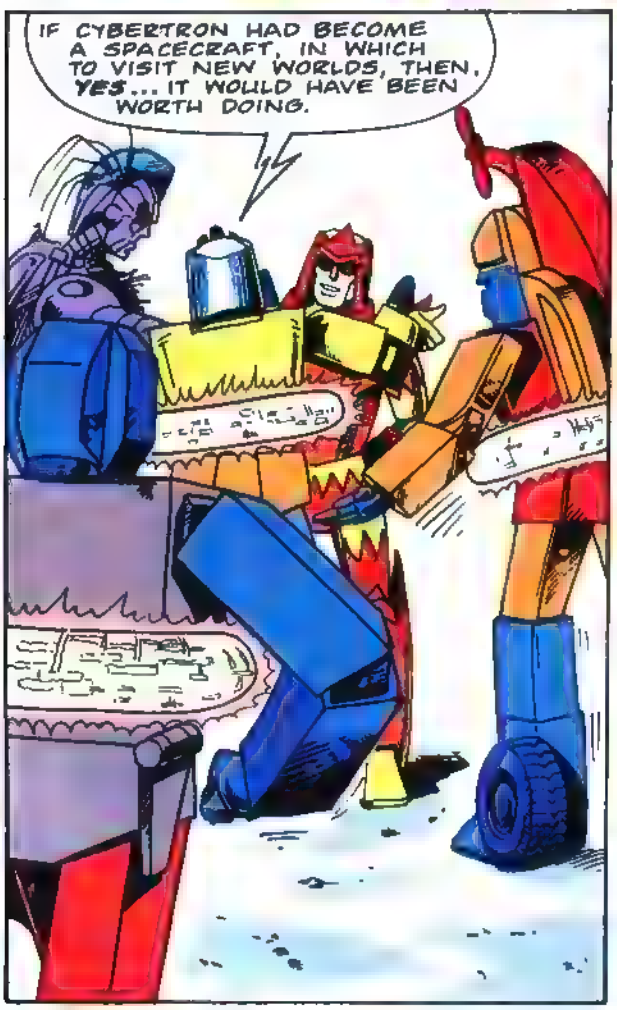
Script SIMON FURMAN ■ Pencils JEFF ANDERSON ■ Inks DAVE ELLIOTT ■ Letters ANNIE HALFACREE ■ Colour EUAN PETERS

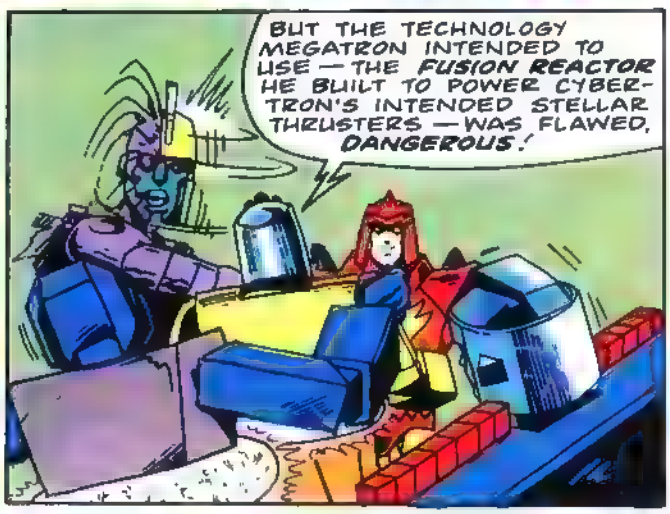
TELL ME YOU REMEMBER, OLD FRIEND. SHOW ME THERE'S SOME SPARK OF YOU LEFT ALIVE!
YOU'RE OUR ONLY HOPE!
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, EMIRATE XAARON! THAT'S NOT THE ONE TIME LEADER OF THE FEARLESS WRECKERS ANY MORE*.
* IMPACTOR—AS WAS—DIED IN ISSUE 88.
...THAT'S JUST A COLLECTION OF CIRCUITS AND METAL, ANIMATED BY MY COMPUTER!
FLAME?
BUT...BUT WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
THE REPORTS OF MY DEATH WERE GREATLY EXAGGERATED, AS THEY SAY. YOU KNOW, XAARON—I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW PLEASED I AM TO SEE YOU AGAIN...
...ESPECIALLY LIKE THIS! THE CHAIRMAN OF THE LUDICROUSLY POMPOUS COUNCIL OF AUTOBOT ELDERS, AND HIS FEARLESS COMMANDO UNIT, THE WRECKERS...
... ALL HELPLESS. ALL MY PRISONERS!


FLAME—I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING! RELEASE US—— UNH, IMPACTOR!
WHY, FLAME? WE'RE FELLOW AUTOBOTS!

IS THAT SO? IT DIDN'T SEEM THAT WAY WHEN WE WERE BOTH AT IACON'S ACADEMY OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY!
I SEEM TO REMEMBER IT WAS YOU WHO SPOKE OUT AGAINST MY PROPOSAL.

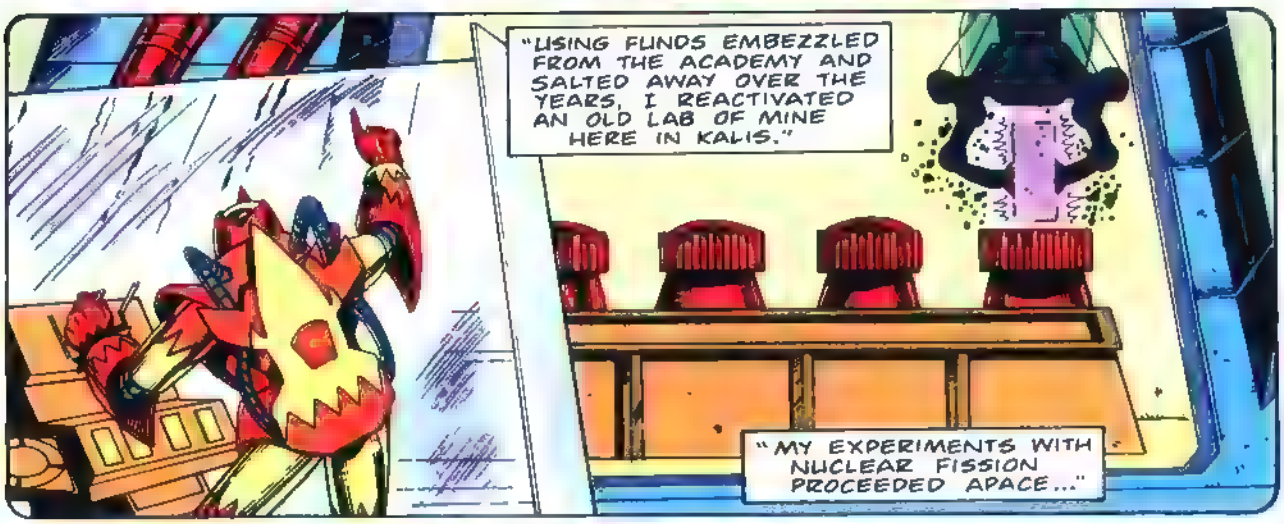

I KNOW THAT. BUT YOUR PROPOSAL WAS... WAYWARD.
MEGATRON'S PLAN TO TRANSFORM CYBERTRON INTO A VAST BATTLE STATION WAS DESTINED TO FAILURE... AS WAS YOUR REVISED SCHEME.

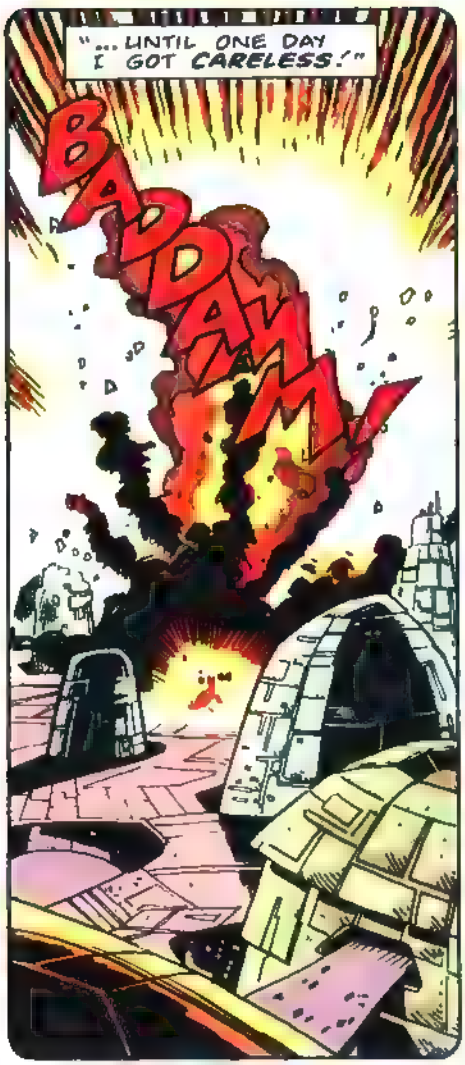

IF CYBERTRON HAD BECOME A SPACECRAFT, IN WHICH TO VISIT NEW WORLDS, THEN, YES... IT WOULD HAVE BEEN WORTH DOING.

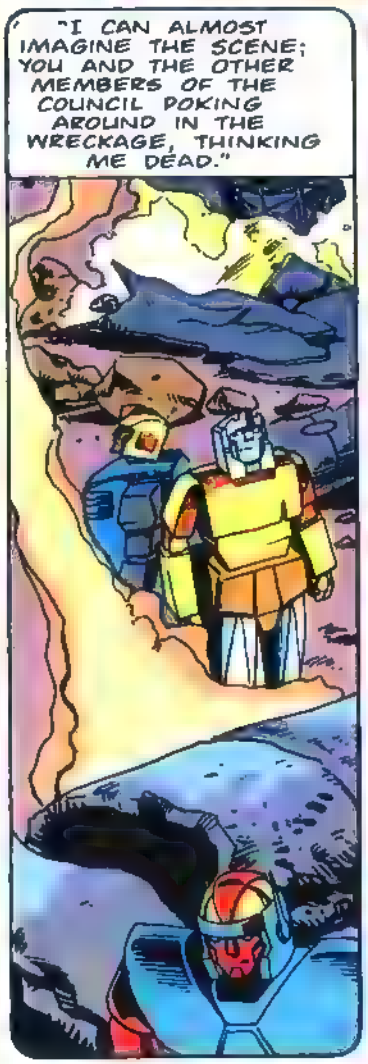

BUT THE TECHNOLOGY MEGATRON INTENDED TO USE — THE FUSION REACTOR HE BUILT TO POWER CYBERTRON'S INTENDED STELLAR THRUSTERS — WAS FLAWED, DANGEROUS!

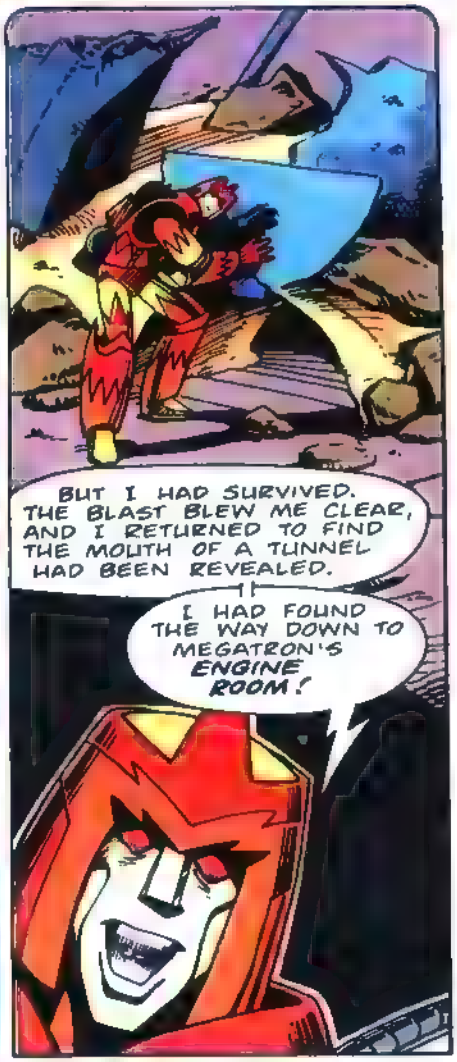
SO YOU SAID AT THE TIME.
YOU WERE WRONG THEN AND YOU'RE WRONG NOW!

BUT BECAUSE OF YOU I WAS CAST OUT OF THE ACADEMY AND DENIED THE FUNDS TO CONTINUE MY EXPERIMENTS OR SEARCH FOR MEGATRON'S REACTOR!
IT DIDN'T STOP ME!

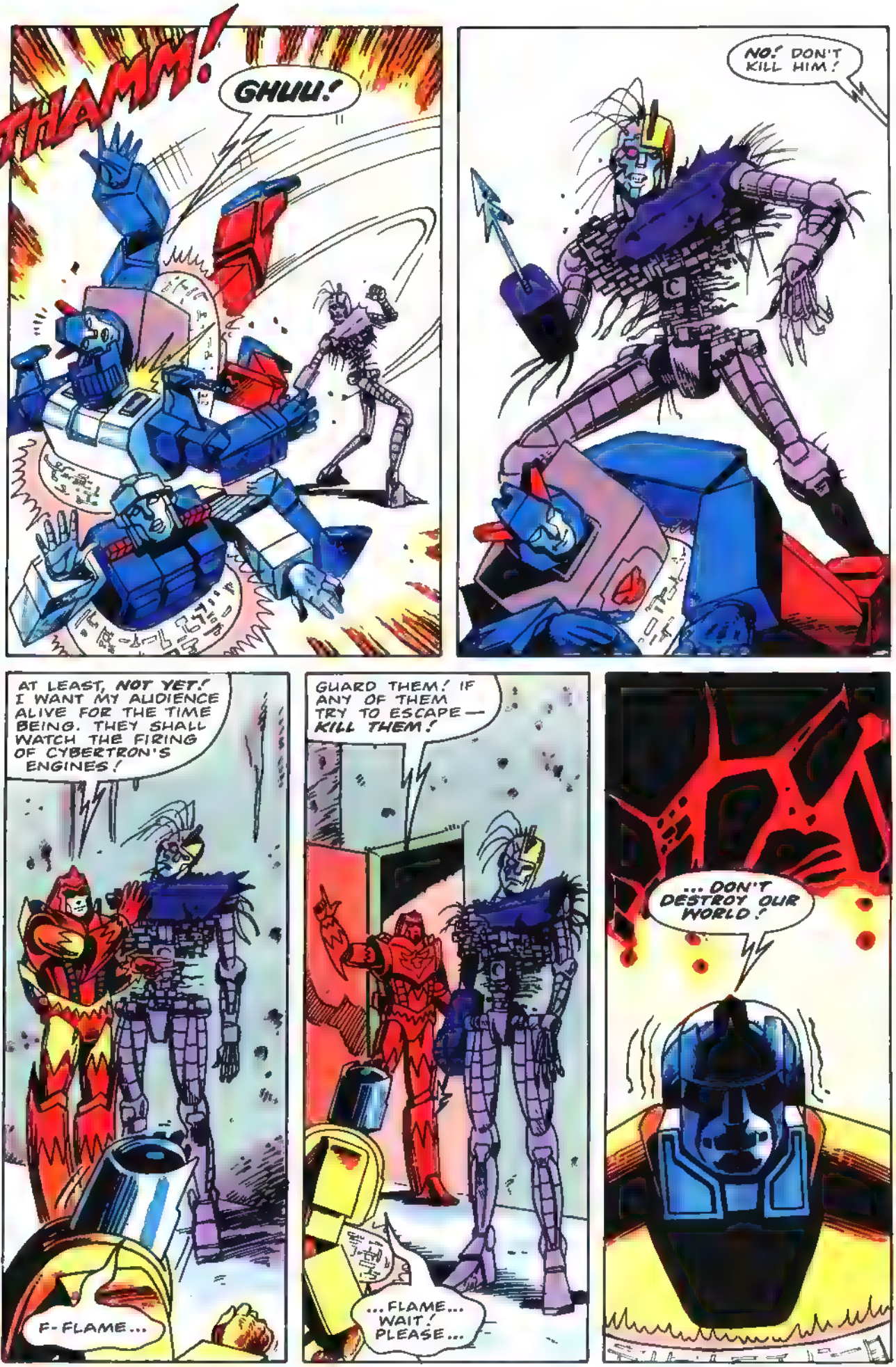

"USING FUNDS EMBEZZLED FROM THE ACADEMY AND SALTED AWAY OVER THE YEARS, I REACTIVATED AN OLD LAB OF MINE HERE IN KALIS."
"MY EXPERIMENTS WITH NUCLEAR FISSION PROCEEDED APACE..."


"...UNTIL ONE DAY I GOT CARELESS!"
BA-DA-DAH!!!


"I CAN ALMOST IMAGINE THE SCENE; YOU AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL POKING AROUND IN THE WRECKAGE, THINKING ME DEAD."


BUT I HAD SURVIVED. THE BLAST BLEW ME CLEAR, AND I RETURNED TO FIND THE MOUTH OF A TUNNEL HAD BEEN REVEALED.
I HAD FOUND THE WAY DOWN TO MEGATRON'S ENGINE ROOM!

SINCE THAT TIME, I'VE WORKED TO GET THE ENGINES READY FOR FIRING AND THE REACTOR PRIMED. I REPAIRED AND MODIFIED THE DECEPTICONS' COMPUTER...
...AND USED IT TO REACTIVATE AND CONTROL TRANSFORMERS KILLED IN THE WAR—MY LEGION OF THE LOST!
AND NOW, AT LAST, IT ALL COMES TOGETHER. THE ENGINES ARE READY FOR FIRING AND MY TROOPS HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO WITNESS IT!
NO! I WON'T ALLOW THIS!
CAN'T YOU SEE? THE REACTOR IS OLD, OUTMODED AND DANGEROUS! IT'LL DESTROY CYBERTRON!
DIDN'T THAT EXPLOSION THREE WEEKS AGO* TELL YOU ANYTHING? WON'T YOU LISTEN TO REASON?
HA, HA! IN A WORD...
* LAST ISSUE.
...NO!
UNNH!
CURSE YOU! IF YOU'VE HURT HIM, I'LL--


THAMM!
GHUU!
NO! DON'T KILL HIM!
AT LEAST, NOT YET! I WANT MY AUDIENCE ALIVE FOR THE TIME BEING. THEY SHALL WATCH THE FIRING OF CYBERTRON'S ENGINES!
F-FLAME...
GUARD THEM! IF ANY OF THEM TRY TO ESCAPE — KILL THEM!
...FLAME... WAIT! PLEASE...
... DON'T DESTROY OUR WORLD!

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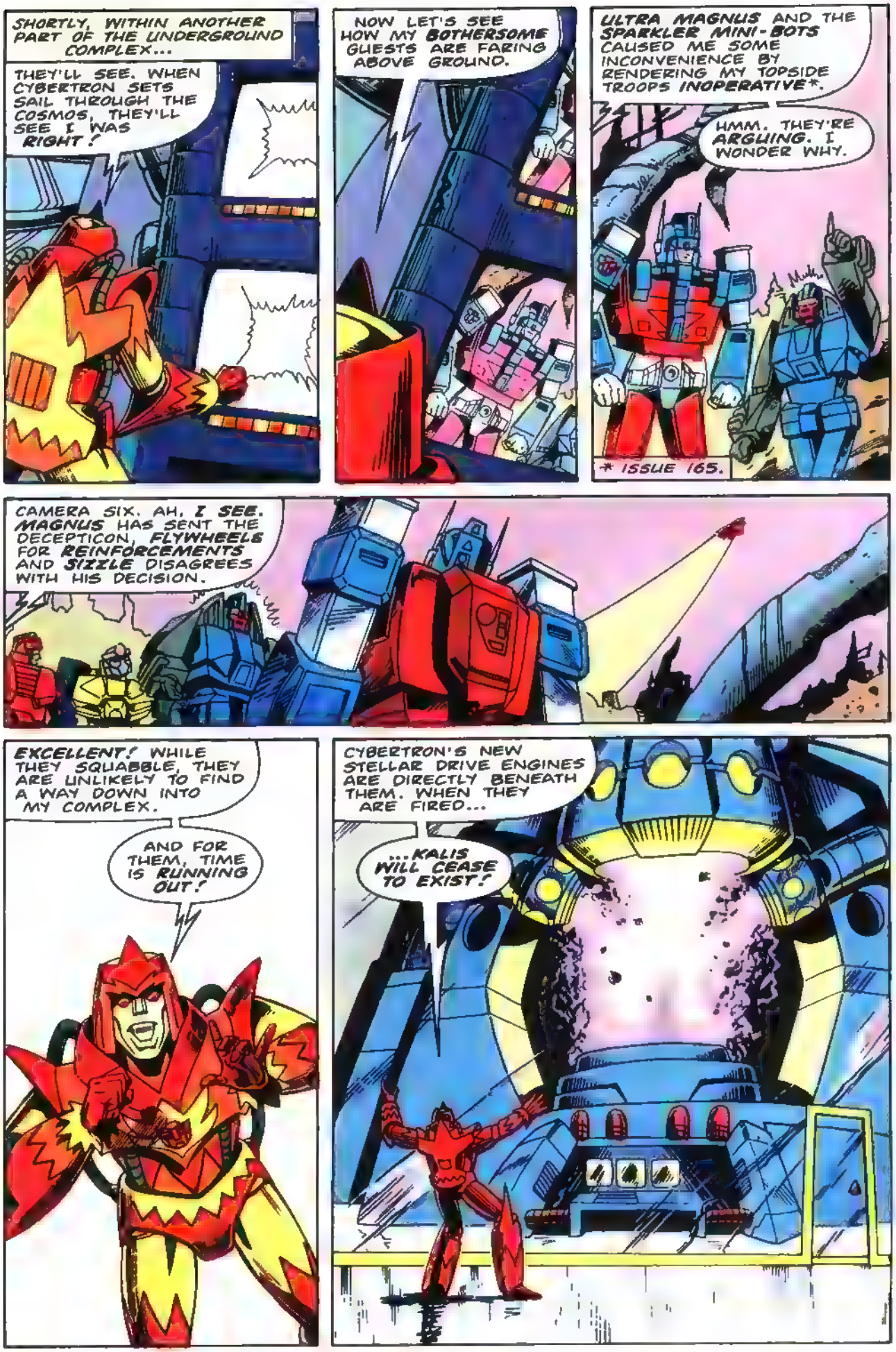
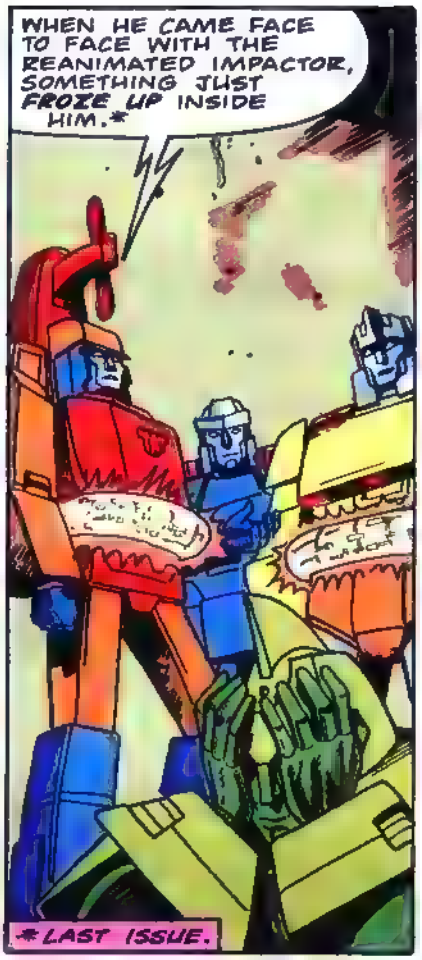
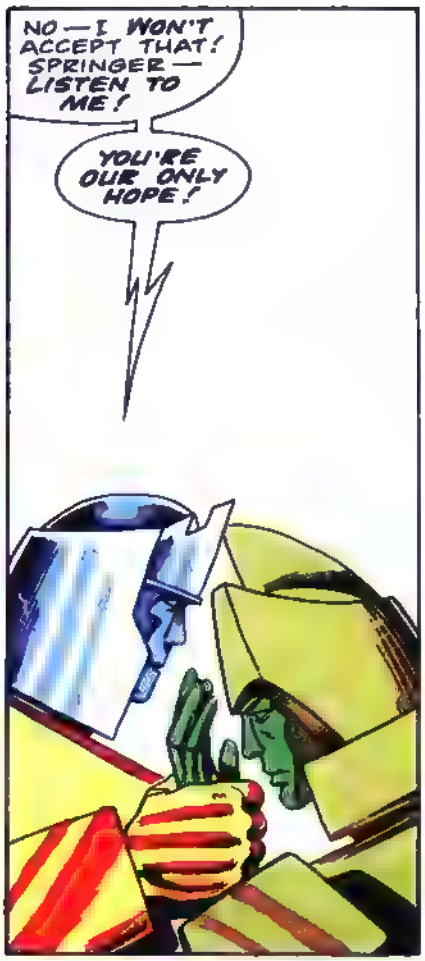
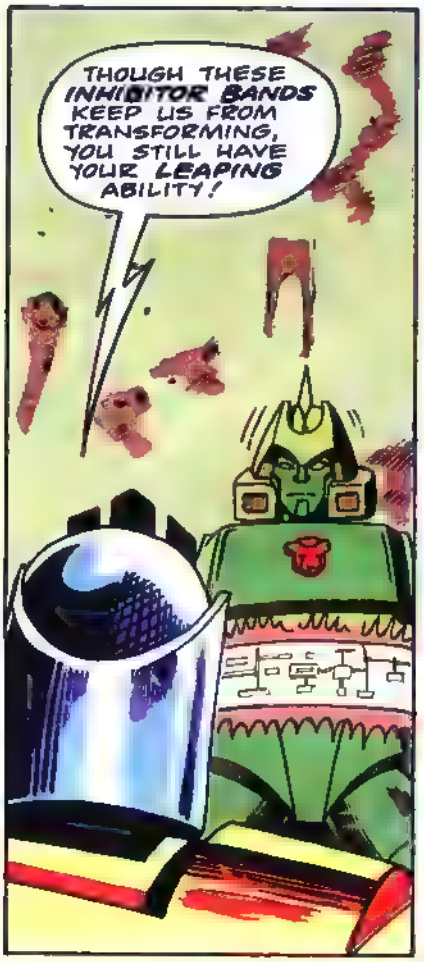
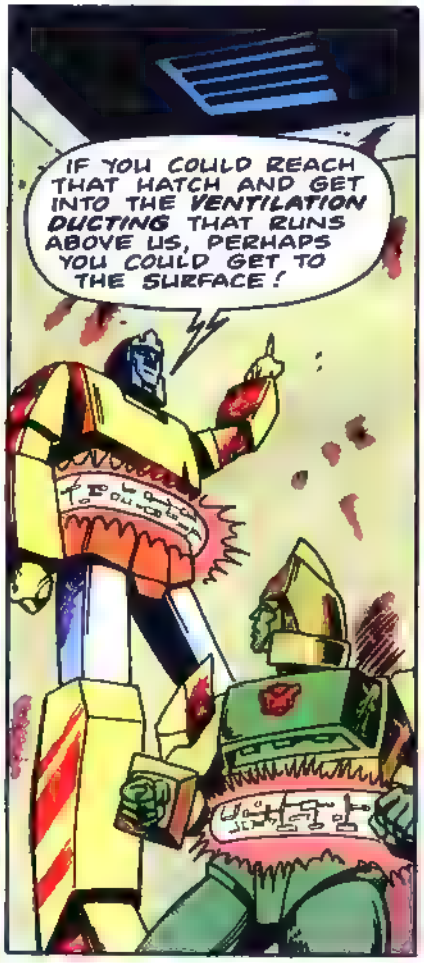

SHORTLY, WITHIN ANOTHER PART OF THE UNDERGROUND COMPLEX...
THEY'LL SEE. WHEN CYBERTRON SETS SAIL THROUGH THE COSMOS, THEY'LL SEE I WAS RIGHT!
NOW LET'S SEE HOW MY BOTHERSOME GUESTS ARE FARING ABOVE GROUND.
ULTRA MAGNUS AND THE SPARKLER MINI-BOTS CAUSED ME SOME INCONVENIENCE BY RENDERING MY TOPSIDE TROOPS INOPERATIVE*.
HMM. THEY'RE ARGUING. I WONDER WHY.
* ISSUE 165.
CAMERA SIX. AH, I SEE. MAGNUS HAS SENT THE DECEPTICON, FLYWHEELS FOR REINFORCEMENTS AND SIZZLE DISAGREES WITH HIS DECISION.
EXCELLENT! WHILE THEY SQUABBLE, THEY ARE UNLIKELY TO FIND A WAY DOWN INTO MY COMPLEX.
AND FOR THEM, TIME IS RUNNING OUT!
CYBERTRON'S NEW STELLAR DRIVE ENGINES ARE DIRECTLY BENEATH THEM. WHEN THEY ARE FIRED...
...KALIS WILL CEASE TO EXIST!

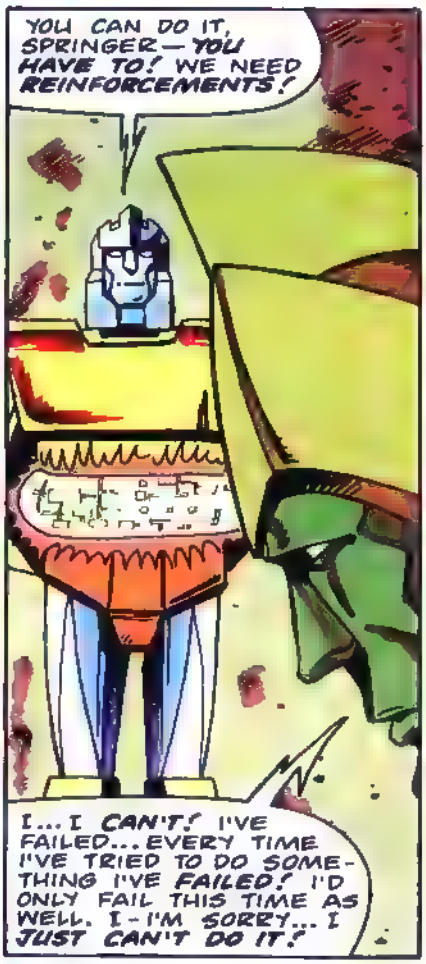
MEANWHILE...
IT'S NO GOOD! HE'S BEEN LIKE THIS SINCE THEY BROUGHT US IN HERE!
SPRINGER HAS GIVEN UP!

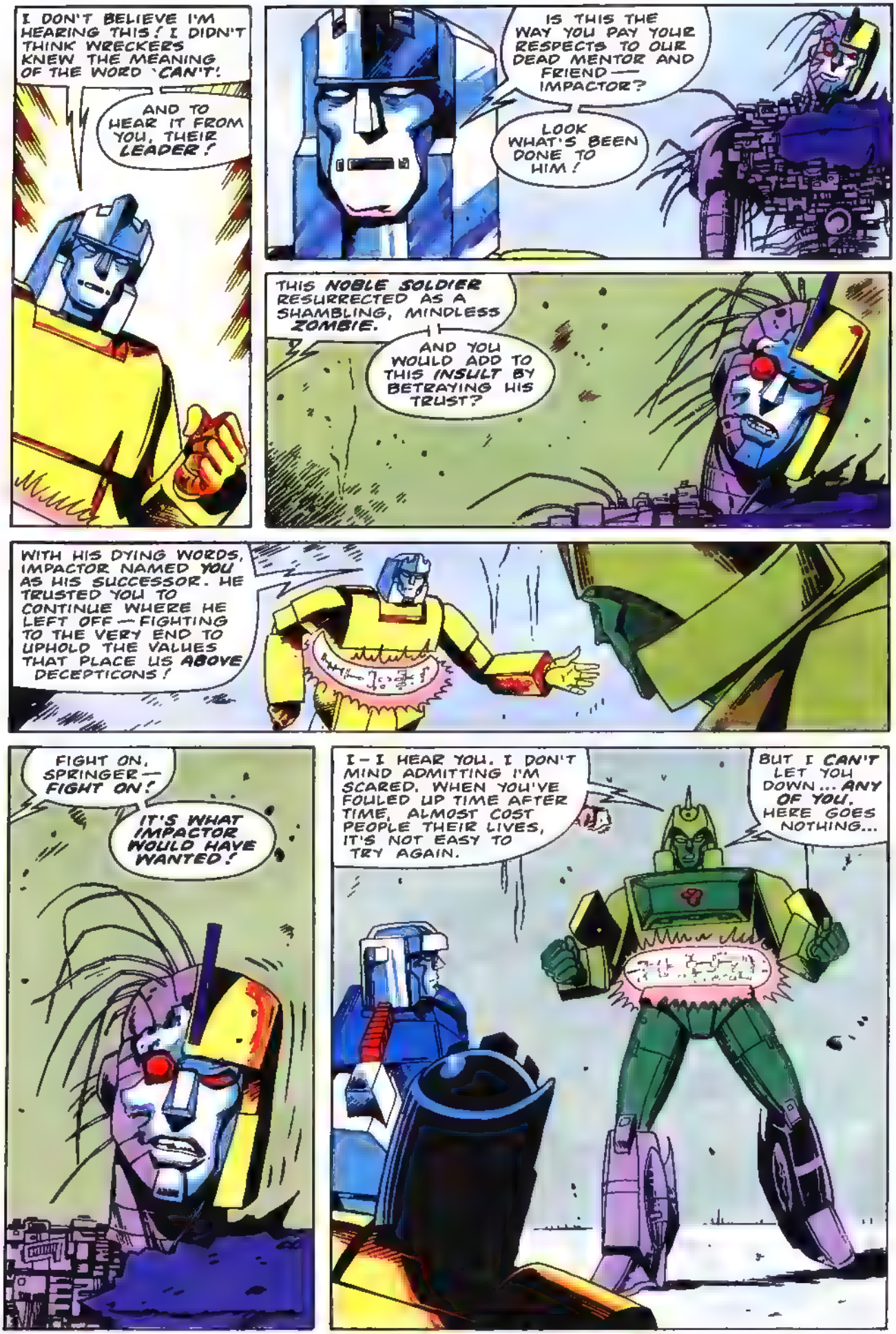

WHEN HE CAME FACE TO FACE WITH THE REANIMATED IMPACTOR, SOMETHING JUST FROZE UP INSIDE HIM.*
*LAST ISSUE.


NO—I WON'T ACCEPT THAT! SPRINGER—LISTEN TO ME!
YOU'RE OUR ONLY HOPE!

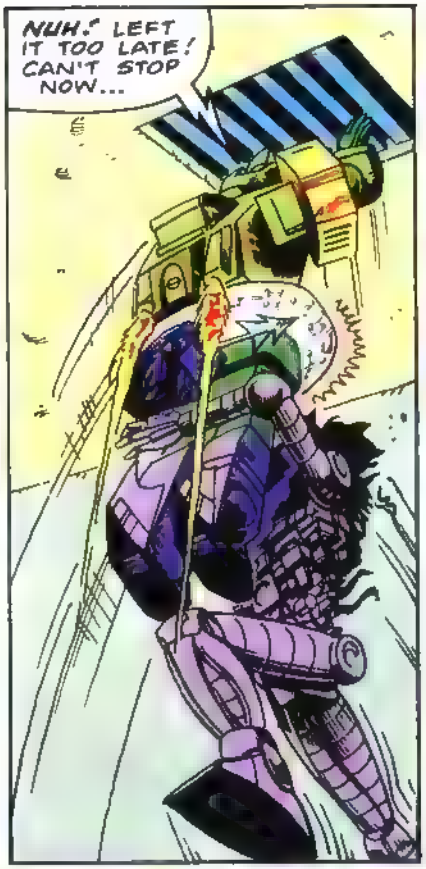

THOUGH THESE INHIBITOR BANDS KEEP US FROM TRANSFORMING, YOU STILL HAVE YOUR LEAPING ABILITY!

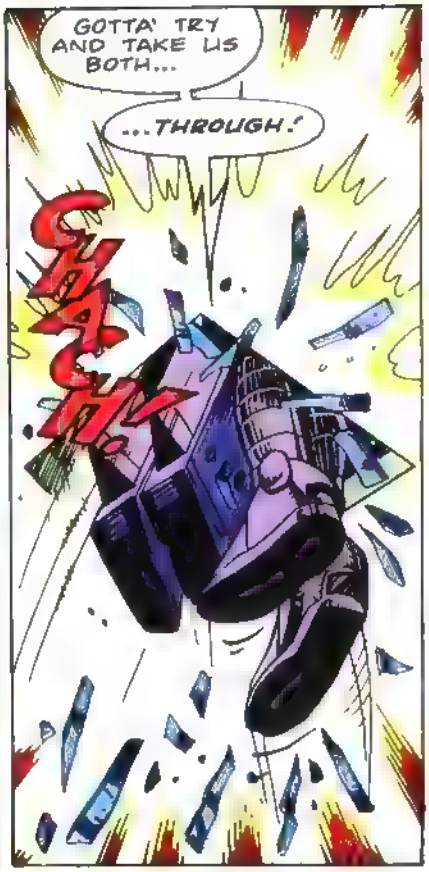

IF YOU COULD REACH THAT HATCH AND GET INTO THE VENTILATION DUCTING THAT RUNS ABOVE US, PERHAPS YOU COULD GET TO THE SURFACE!


YOU CAN DO IT, SPRINGER—YOU HAVE TO! WE NEED REINFORCEMENTS!
I...I CAN'T! I'VE FAILED...EVERY TIME I'VE TRIED TO DO SOMETHING I'VE FAILED! I'D ONLY FAIL THIS TIME AS WELL. I-I'M SORRY... I JUST CAN'T DO IT!

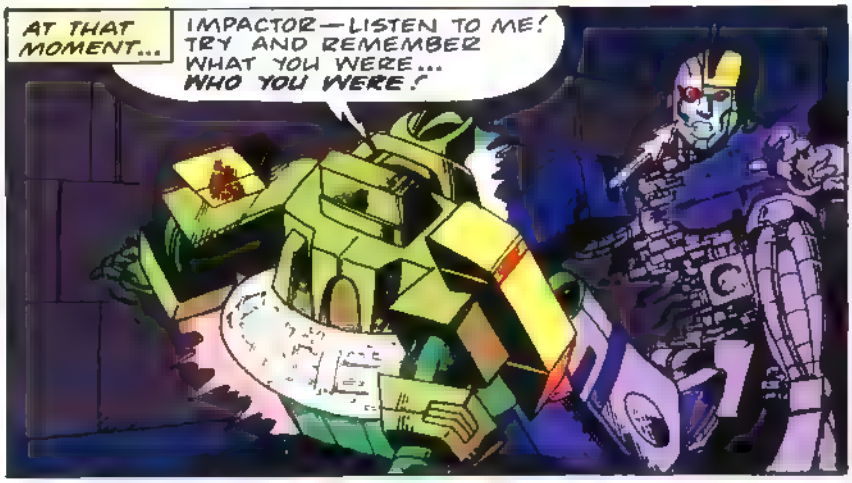

I DON'T BELIEVE I'M HEARING THIS! I DIDN'T THINK WRECKERS KNEW THE MEANING OF THE WORD 'CAN'T'.
AND TO HEAR IT FROM YOU, THEIR LEADER!
IS THIS THE WAY YOU PAY YOUR RESPECTS TO OUR DEAD MENTOR AND FRIEND — IMPACTOR?
LOOK WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO HIM!
THIS NOBLE SOLDIER RESURRECTED AS A SHAMBLING, MINDLESS ZOMBIE.
AND YOU WOULD ADD TO THIS INSULT BY BETRAYING HIS TRUST?
WITH HIS DYING WORDS, IMPACTOR NAMED YOU AS HIS SUCCESSOR. HE TRUSTED YOU TO CONTINUE WHERE HE LEFT OFF — FIGHTING TO THE VERY END TO UPHOLD THE VALUES THAT PLACE US ABOVE DECEPTICONS!
FIGHT ON, SPRINGER — FIGHT ON!
IT'S WHAT IMPACTOR WOULD HAVE WANTED!
I - I HEAR YOU. I DON'T MIND ADMITTING I'M SCARED. WHEN YOU'VE FOULED UP TIME AFTER TIME, ALMOST COST PEOPLE THEIR LIVES, IT'S NOT EASY TO TRY AGAIN.
BUT I CAN'T LET YOU DOWN... ANY OF YOU. HERE GOES NOTHING...

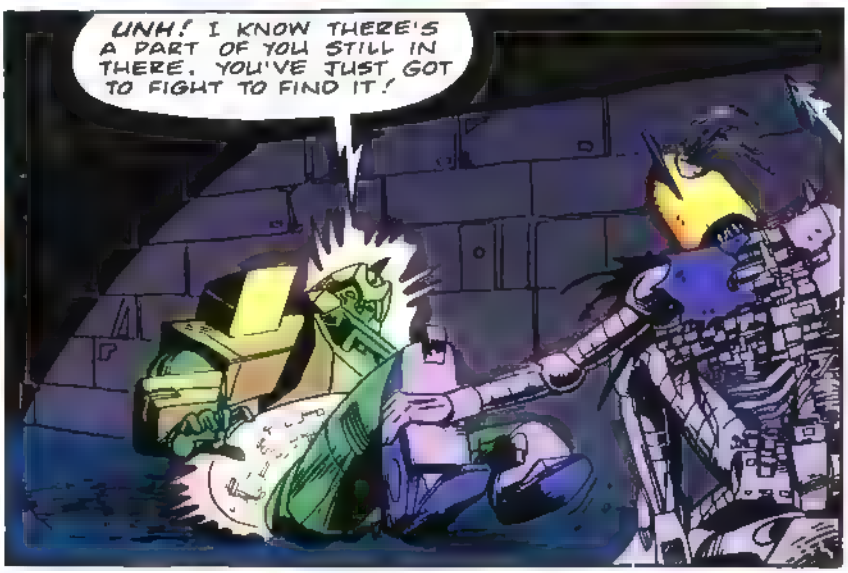
FOR A MOMENT THERE IS HESITATION. FOR A MOMENT THERE IS THOUGHT. BUT THEN IT'S GONE, AND A COMPUTER SIGNAL TAKES OVER...


NUH! LEFT IT TOO LATE! CAN'T STOP NOW...


GOTTA' TRY AND TAKE US BOTH...
...THROUGH!
CHACH!

WELL, HE'S ON HIS WAY. WE CAN ONLY PRAY HE MAKES IT...
...AND SEE IF WE CAN'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT GETTING OUT OF THIS CELL OURSELVES, BEFORE FLAME REALISES WHAT HAPPENED!


AT THAT MOMENT...
IMPACTOR—LISTEN TO ME! TRY AND REMEMBER WHAT YOU WERE... WHO YOU WERE!


UNH! I KNOW THERE'S A PART OF YOU STILL IN THERE. YOU'VE JUST GOT TO FIGHT TO FIND IT!

UNH — MISSED! BUT ONLY JUST!
I WON'T GIVE UP, IMPACTOR— I WON'T!
YOUR EXAMPLE GAVE ME THE COURAGE TO FIGHT BACK AGAINST THE WEAKNESS THAT PLAGUED ME.
SHOW ME YOU CAN FIGHT BACK AS WELL!
AAH!
FIGHT, IMPACTOR — FIGHT! I KNOW THERE'S A PART OF YOU STILL IN THERE, SOMEWHERE. I'M WILLING TO STAKE MY LIFE ON IT!
SPEAK TO ME, OLD FRIEND, SPEAK TO ME!
I...
...WHAT...WAS... I...DOING?...WHAT ...HAVE I BECOME?
I...MUST KNOW!
GOOD LUCK, IMPACTOR. I'D LOVE TO HELP YOU...
...BUT MY WORLD NEEDS SAVING, AND THIS TIME... I WON'T LET IT DOWN!
NEXT: MELTDOWN!

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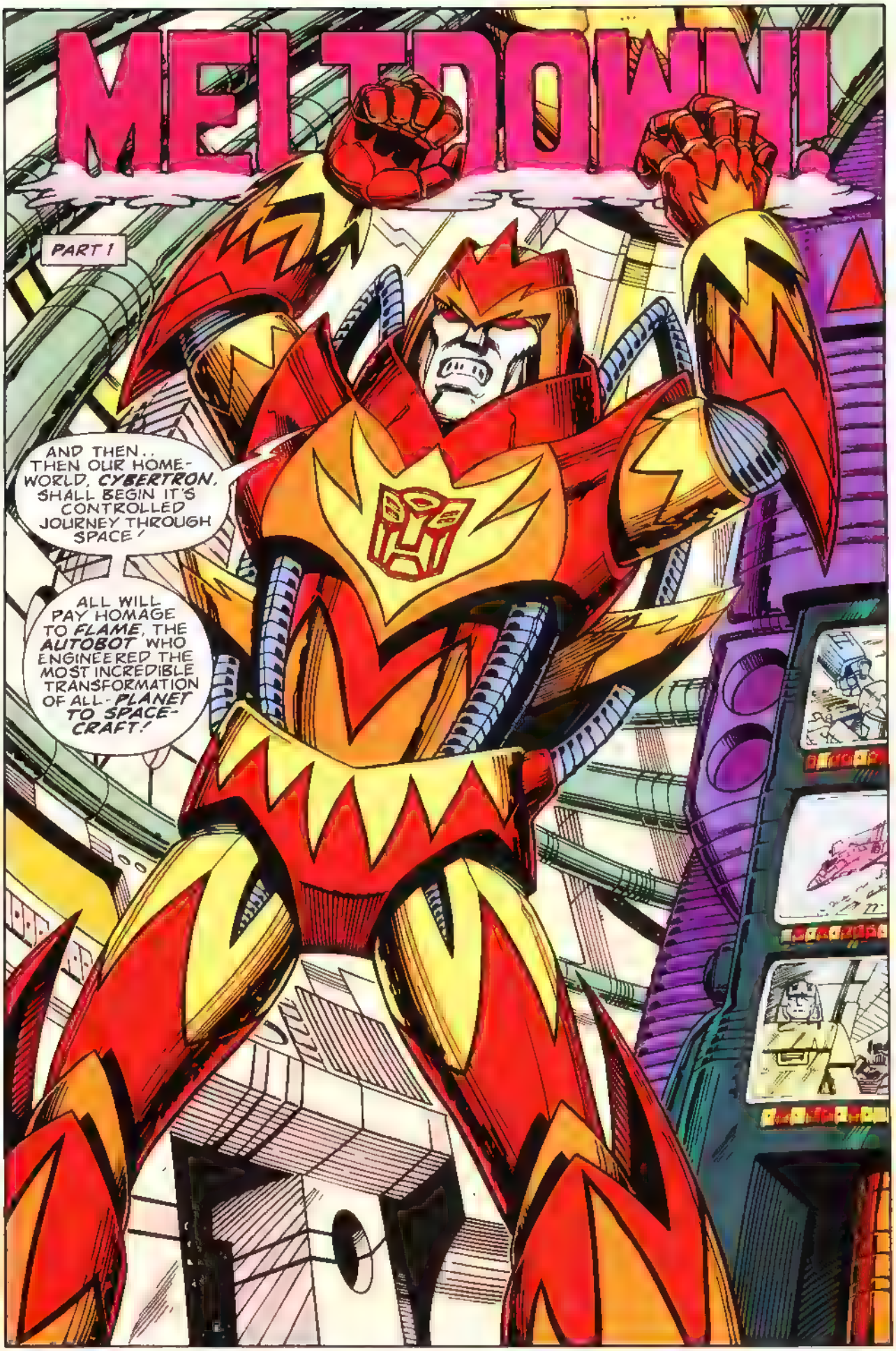
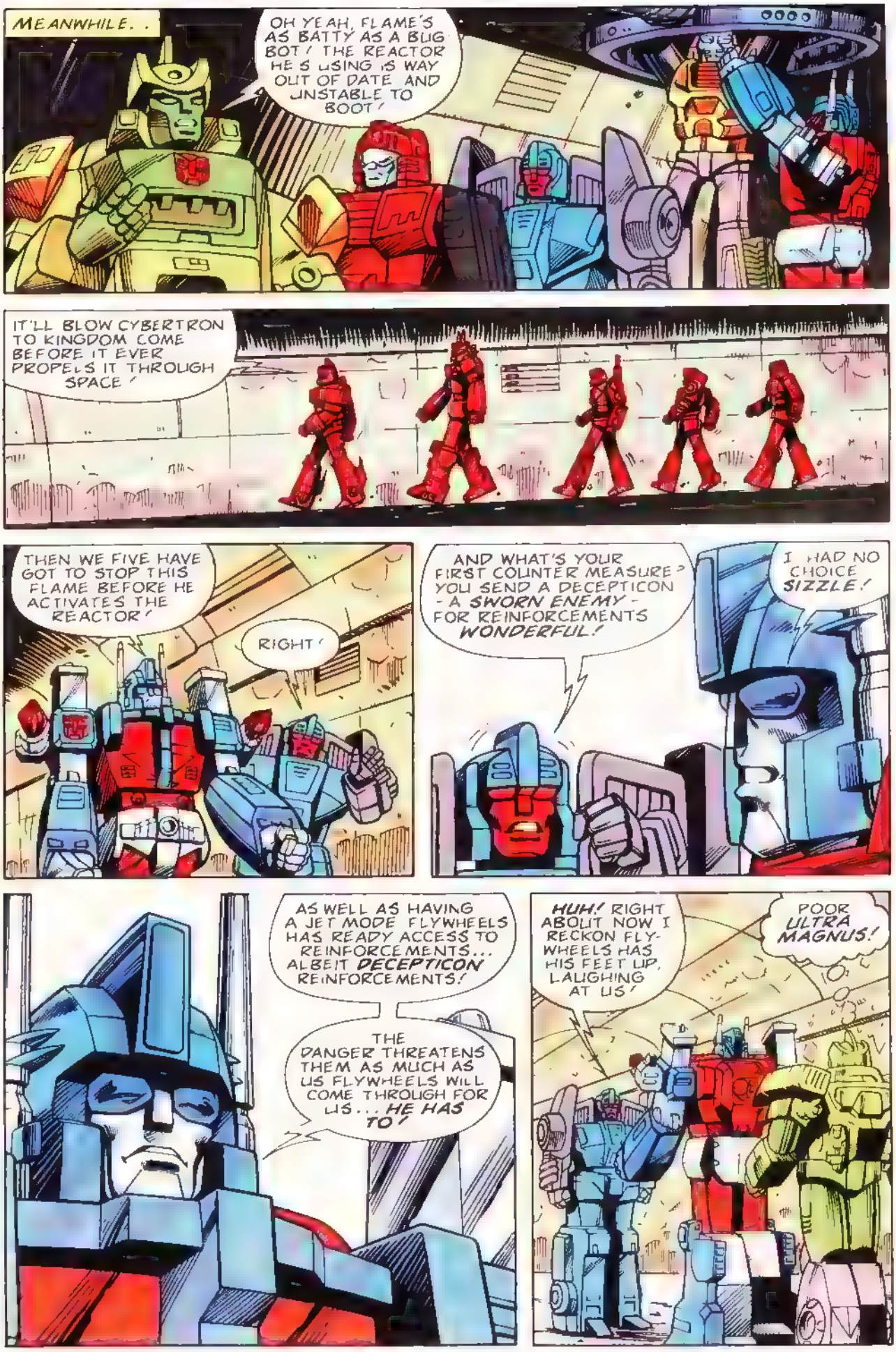
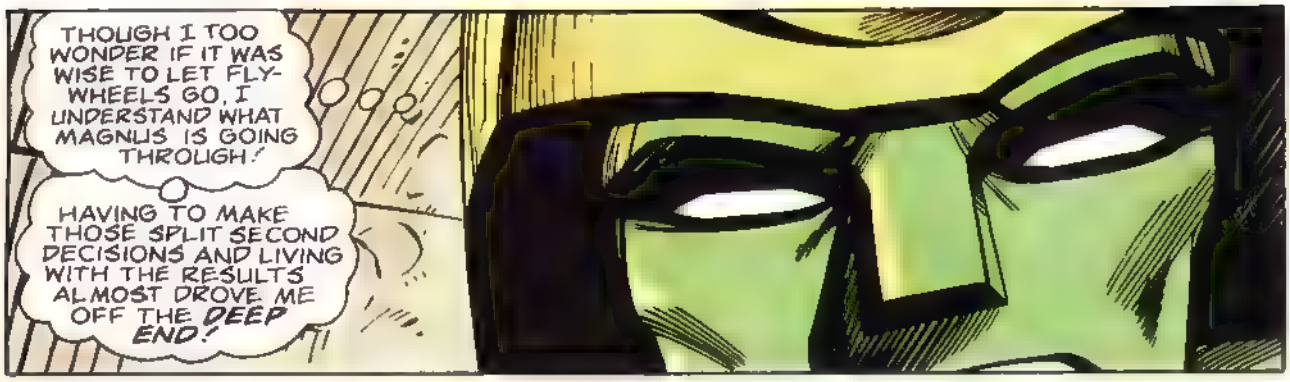
AUTOBOT WRECKER: SPRINGER. STATUS UPDATE.
FOLLOWING HIS ESCAPE FROM THE HOLDING CELL, SUBJECT MADE HIS WAY TO THE SURFACE.
AUTOBOTS: ULTRA MAGNUS, SIZZLE, FIZZLE AND GUZZLE. STATUS UPDATE.
SUBJECTS CURRENTLY PROCEEDING BELOW GROUND, HAVING BEEN BRIEFED BY SUBJECT, SPRINGER.
DECEPTICON: FLYWHEELS. STATUS UPDATE.
SUBJECT SEEKING REINFORCEMENTS. POTENTIAL THREAT MINIMAL.
AUTOBOT WRECKERS: TOPSPIN, SANDSTORM, TWIN TWIST, BROAD-SIDE, RACK N' RUIN. STATUS UPDATE.
SUBJECTS AT LIBERTY WITHIN MAIN COMPLEX. THREAT CONTAINED.
COMPUTER SIMULATION.
04:86
AUTOBOT: EMIRATE KAARON. STATUS UPDATE.
SUBJECT IS BEING ALLOWED TO PROCEED TO CONTROL CENTRAL.
REPAIRS TO MAIN REACTOR COMPLETE. MAIN ENGINES READY FOR FIRING. FOUR POINT EIGHT SIX BREEMS* AND COUNTING.
* ONE BREEM = APPROXIMATELY EIGHT POINT THREE FIVE EARTH MINUTES.

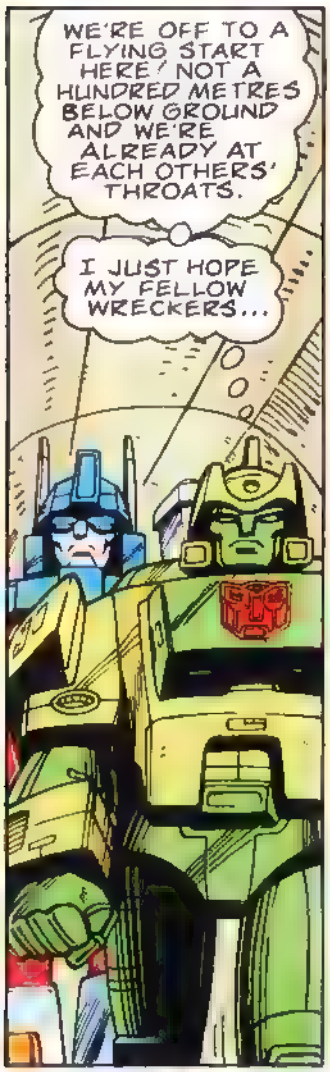
Script **SIMON FURMAN** ■ Art **ROBIN SMITH** ■ Letters **GLIB** ■ Colour **EUAN PETERS**

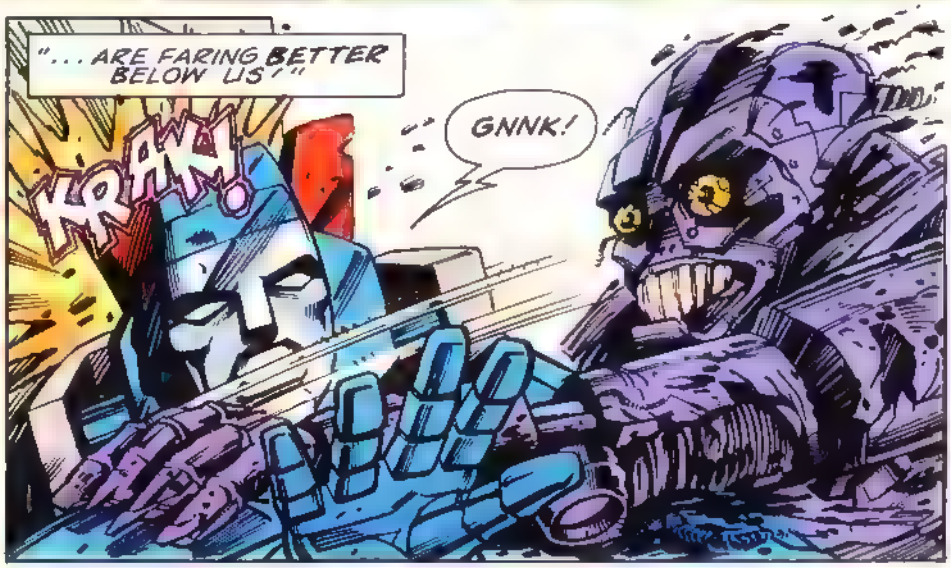

MELTDOWN!
PART 1
AND THEN.. THEN OUR HOME-WORLD, CYBERTRON, SHALL BEGIN IT'S CONTROLLED JOURNEY THROUGH SPACE!
ALL WILL PAY HOMAGE TO FLAME, THE AUTOBOT WHO ENGINEERED THE MOST INCREDIBLE TRANSFORMATION OF ALL- PLANET TO SPACE-CRAFT!

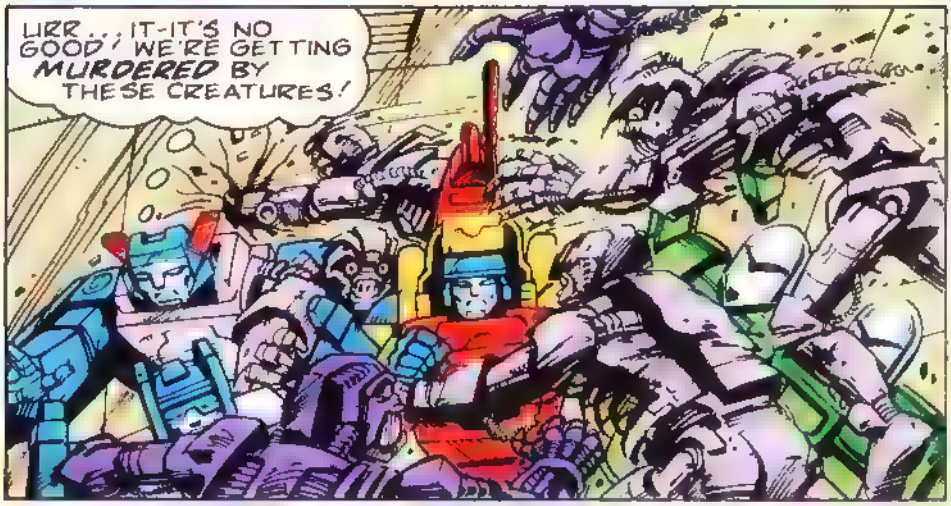
THEY CALLED THE DECEPTICON LEADER, MEGATRON INSANE WHEN HE BEGAN THIS PROJECT MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO
BUT I SAW THE SPARK OF GENIUS IN WHAT THE OTHERS CALLED INSANITY! AND NOW, AT LAST, HIS DREAM WILL BECOME A REALITY!
XAARON, THE WRECKERS – THEY'LL TRY AND STOP ME BUT THEY'LL ALL FAIL!
MY FUSION REACTOR IS PRIMED TO FIRE THE MAIN ENGINES IN A LITTLE OVER FOUR BREEMS!
KALIS, ABOVE US, WILL BE WIPED OUT, LEAVING THE WAY CLEAR FOR CYBERTRON'S NEW STELLAR THRUSTERS!
OUR WORLD WILL SAIL THE HEAVENS, WITH ME AT THE HELM!


MEANWHILE. .
OH YEAH, FLAME'S AS BATTY AS A BUG BOT! THE REACTOR HE'S USING IS WAY OUT OF DATE AND UNSTABLE TO BOOT!
IT'LL BLOW CYBERTRON TO KINGDOM COME BEFORE IT EVER PROPELS IT THROUGH SPACE!
THEN WE FIVE HAVE GOT TO STOP THIS FLAME BEFORE HE ACTIVATES THE REACTOR!
RIGHT!
AND WHAT'S YOUR FIRST COUNTER MEASURE? YOU SEND A DECEPTICON - A SWORN ENEMY - FOR REINFORCEMENTS WONDERFUL!
I HAD NO CHOICE SIZZLE!
AS WELL AS HAVING A JET MODE FLYWHEELS HAS READY ACCESS TO REINFORCEMENTS... ALBEIT DECEPTICON REINFORCEMENTS!
THE DANGER THREATENS THEM AS MUCH AS US FLYWHEELS WILL COME THROUGH FOR US... HE HAS TO!
HUH! RIGHT ABOUT NOW I RECKON FLYWHEELS HAS HIS FEET UP, LAUGHING AT US!
POOR ULTRA MAGNUS!

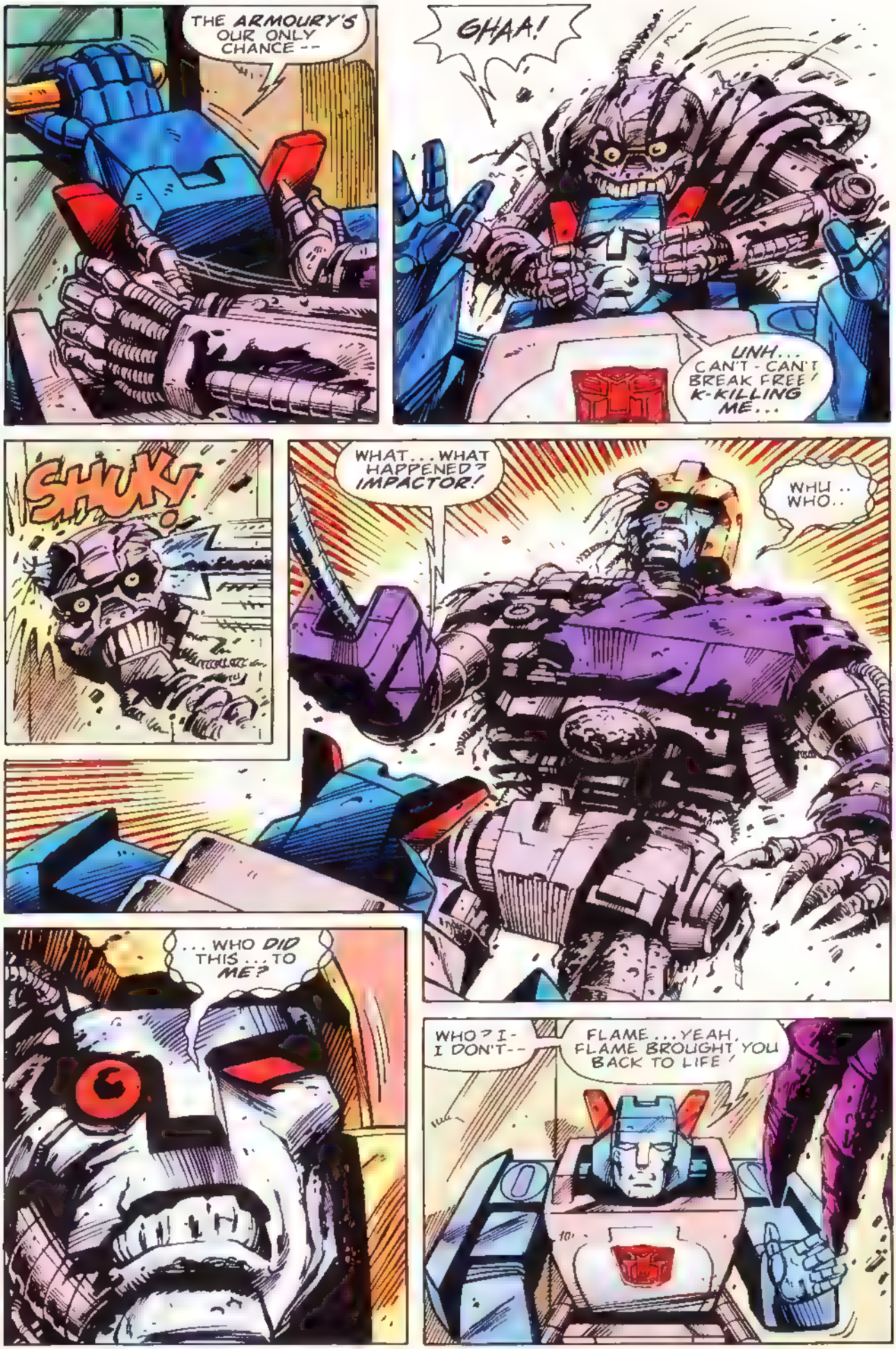

THOUGH I TOO WONDER IF IT WAS WISE TO LET FLY-WHEELS GO, I UNDERSTAND WHAT MAGNUS IS GOING THROUGH!
HAVING TO MAKE THOSE SPLIT SECOND DECISIONS AND LIVING WITH THE RESULTS ALMOST DROVE ME OFF THE DEEP END!


WE'RE OFF TO A FLYING START HERE! NOT A HUNDRED METRES BELOW GROUND AND WE'RE ALREADY AT EACH OTHERS' THROATS.
I JUST HOPE MY FELLOW WRECKERS...


"... ARE FARING BETTER BELOW US!"
KRAAM!
GNNK!


URR... IT-IT'S NO GOOD! WE'RE GETTING MURDERED BY THESE CREATURES!

WITHOUT OUR WEAPONS, WE JUST CAN'T STOP FLAME'S REANIMATED ABOMINATIONS!


THE ARMOURY'S OUR ONLY CHANCE --
GHAA!
UNH... CAN'T - CAN'T BREAK FREE! K-KILLING ME...
SHUK!
WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED? IMPACTOR!
WHU .. WHO..
... WHO DID THIS ... TO ME?
WHO? I- I DON'T--
FLAME... YEAH, FLAME BROUGHT YOU BACK TO LIFE!

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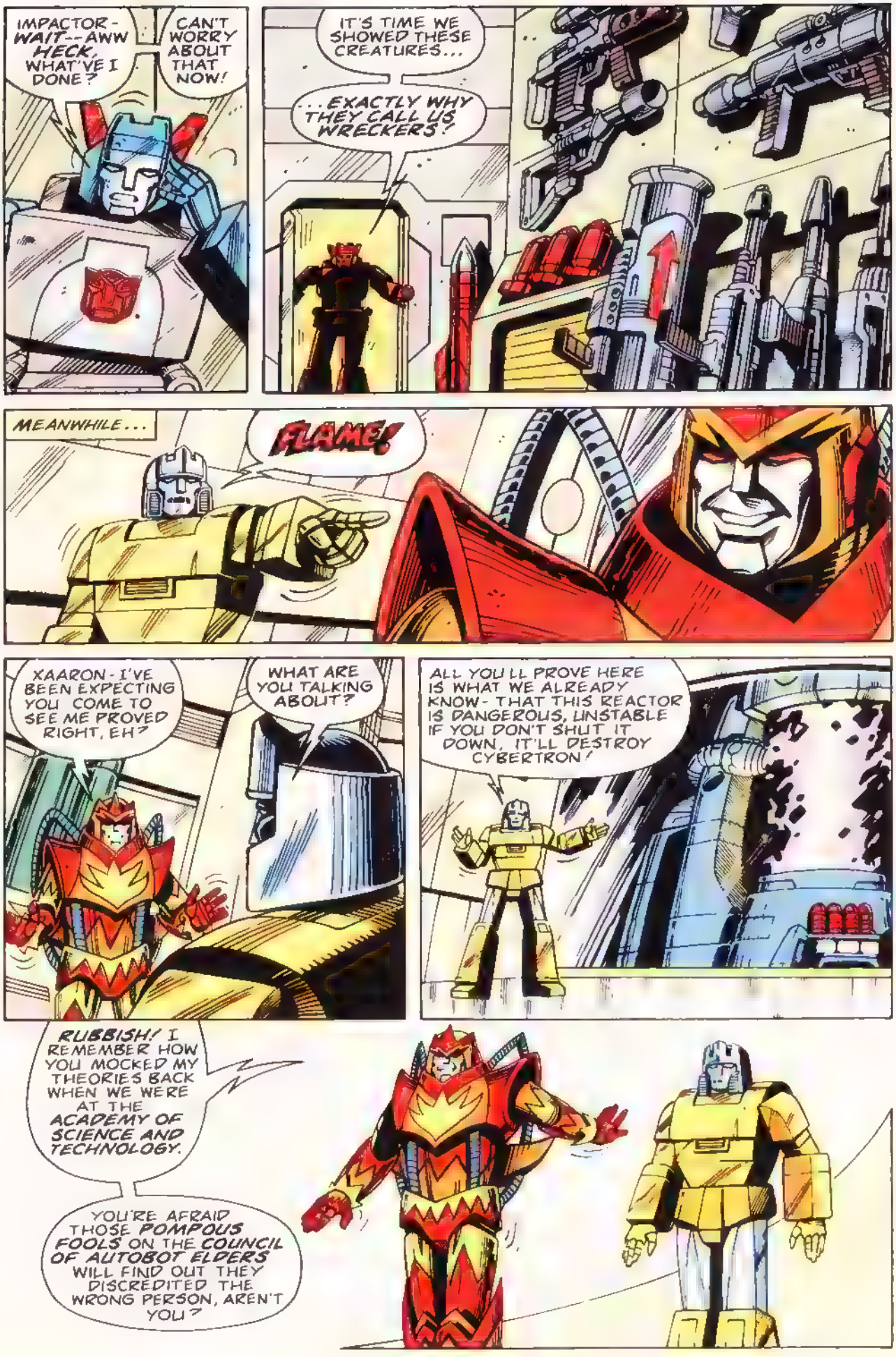
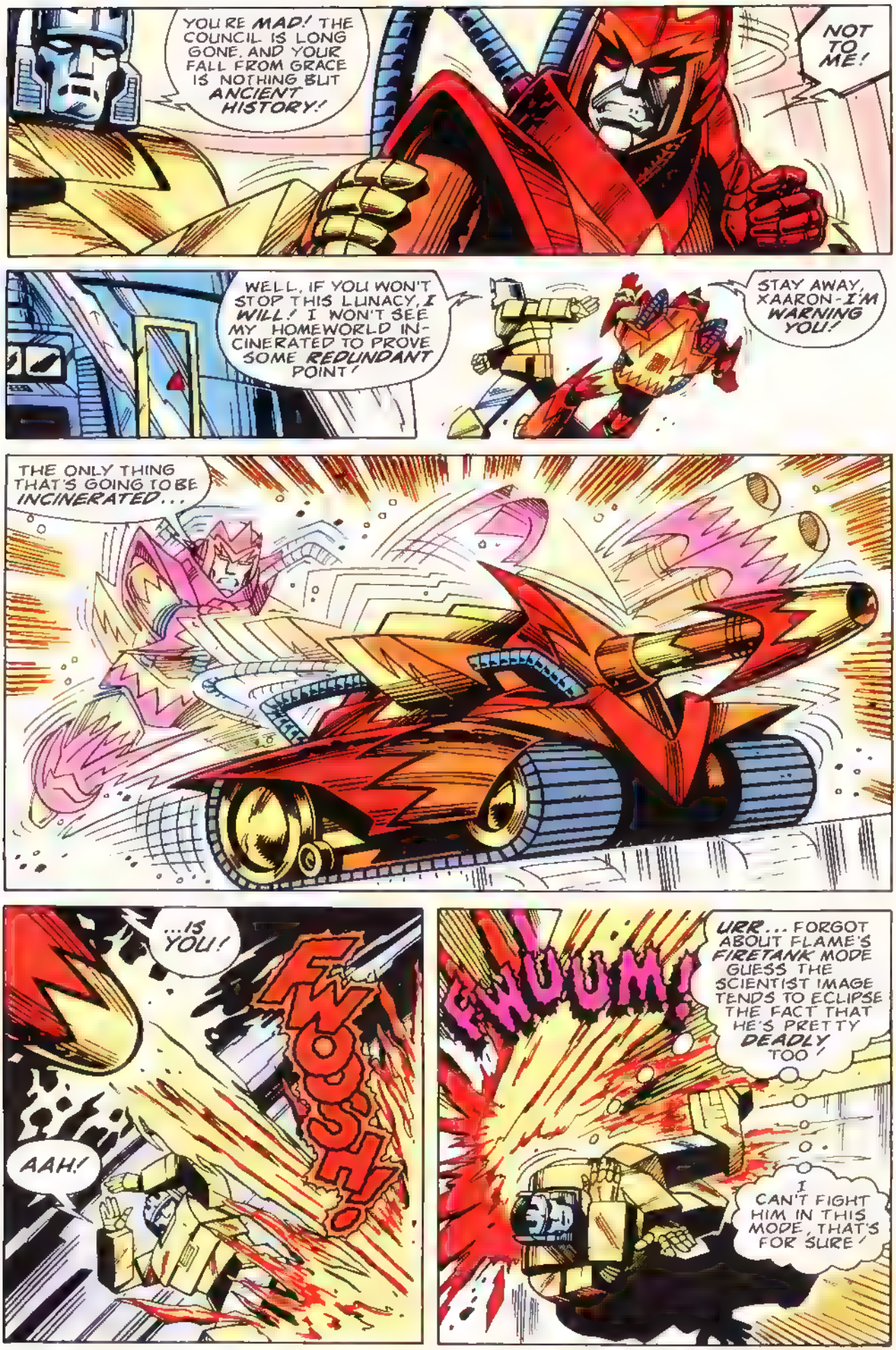
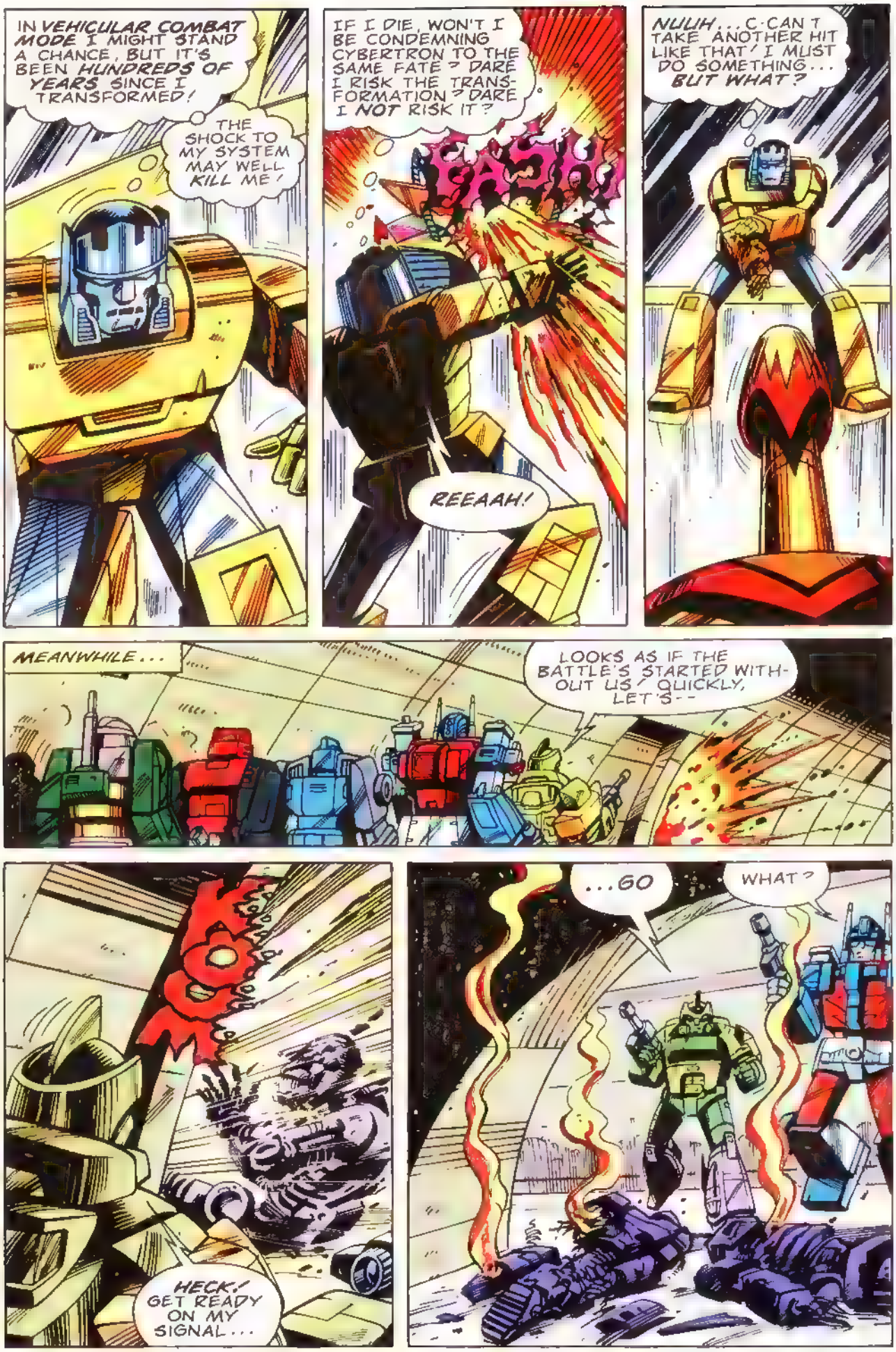
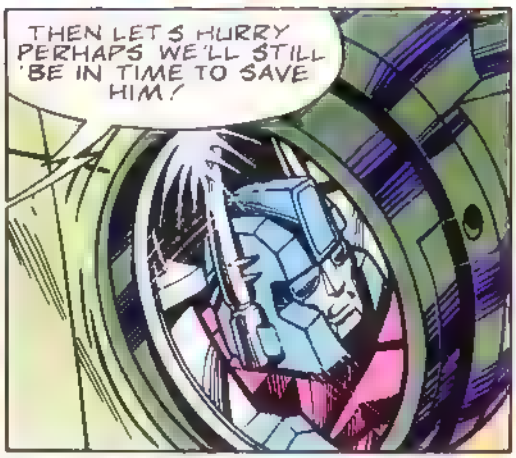

IMPACTOR - WAIT--AWW HECK, WHAT'VE I DONE?
CAN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW!
IT'S TIME WE SHOWED THESE CREATURES...
...EXACTLY WHY THEY CALL US WRECKERS!
MEANWHILE...
FLAME!
XAARON - I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU COME TO SEE ME PROVED RIGHT, EH?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
ALL YOU'LL PROVE HERE IS WHAT WE ALREADY KNOW - THAT THIS REACTOR IS DANGEROUS, UNSTABLE IF YOU DON'T SHUT IT DOWN, IT'LL DESTROY CYBERTRON!
RUBBISH! I REMEMBER HOW YOU MOCKED MY THEORIES BACK WHEN WE WERE AT THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY.
YOU'RE AFRAID THOSE POMPOUS FOOLS ON THE COUNCIL OF AUTOBOT ELDERS WILL FIND OUT THEY DISCREDITED THE WRONG PERSON, AREN'T YOU?


YOU'RE MAD! THE COUNCIL IS LONG GONE, AND YOUR FALL FROM GRACE IS NOTHING BUT ANCIENT HISTORY!
NOT TO ME!
WELL, IF YOU WON'T STOP THIS LUNACY, I WILL! I WON'T SEE MY HOMEWORLD INCINERATED TO PROVE SOME REDUNDANT POINT!
STAY AWAY, XAARON - I'M WARNING YOU!
THE ONLY THING THAT'S GOING TO BE INCINERATED...
...IS YOU!
FWOOSH!
AAH!
FWUUM!
URR... FORGOT ABOUT FLAME'S FIRETANK MODE GUESS THE SCIENTIST IMAGE TENDS TO ECLIPSE THE FACT THAT HE'S PRETTY DEADLY TOO!
I CAN'T FIGHT HIM IN THIS MODE, THAT'S FOR SURE!

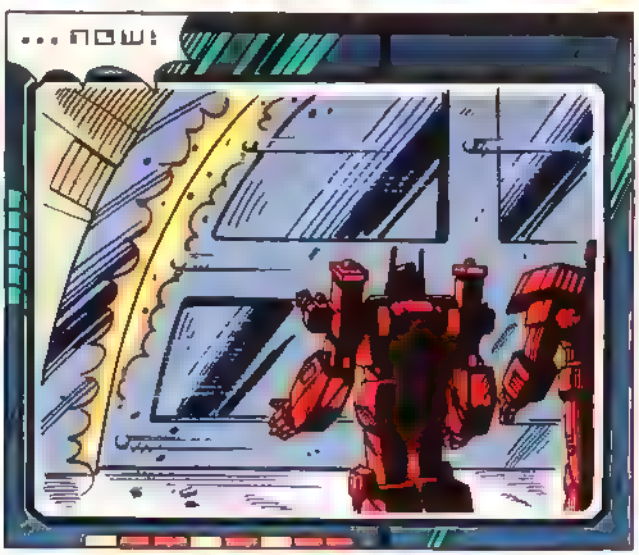

IN VEHICULAR COMBAT MODE I MIGHT STAND A CHANCE, BUT IT'S BEEN HUNDREDS OF YEARS SINCE I TRANSFORMED!
THE SHOCK TO MY SYSTEM MAY WELL KILL ME!
IF I DIE, WON'T I BE CONDEMNING CYBERTRON TO THE SAME FATE? DARE I RISK THE TRANSFORMATION? DARE I NOT RISK IT?
SASH!
REEAAH!
NUUH... C-CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER HIT LIKE THAT! I MUST DO SOMETHING... BUT WHAT?
MEANWHILE...
LOOKS AS IF THE BATTLE'S STARTED WITHOUT US! QUICKLY, LET'S--
KOOM
HECK! GET READY ON MY SIGNAL...
...GO
WHAT?

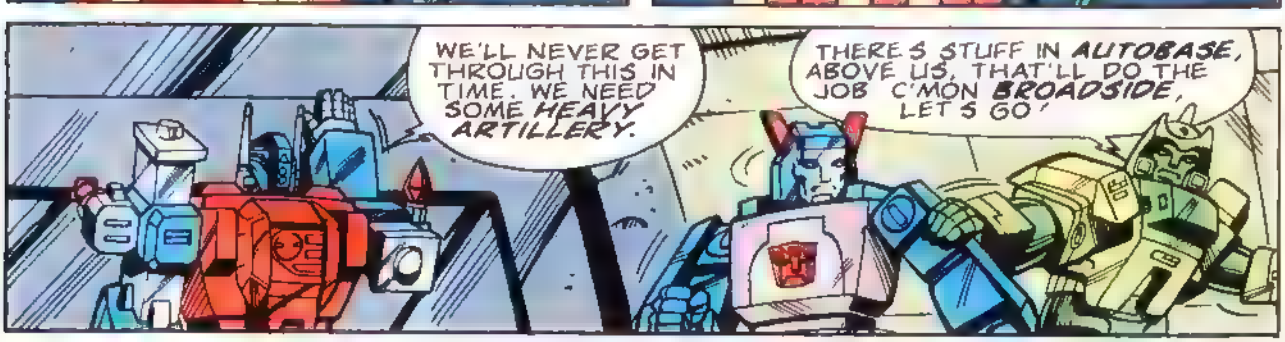
AH... COULDN'T YOU HAVE SAVED A FEW FOR US?

SOON... XAARON WENT TO TACKLE THIS FLAME ALONE?
YEAH HE FIGURED HE MAY STILL BE ABLE TO TALK SOME SENSE INTO HIM. SOMEHOW, I RECKON HE'S GONNA' FAIL!


THEN LET'S HURRY PERHAPS WE'LL STILL BE IN TIME TO SAVE HIM!

POTENTIAL THREAT HIGH. INSTIGATING DEFENSIVE MEASURES. BLAST DOOR CLOSING...


...NOW!


WE'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THIS IN TIME. WE NEED SOME HEAVY ARTILLERY.
THERE'S STUFF IN AUTOBASE, ABOVE US, THAT'LL DO THE JOB C'MON BROADSIDE, LET'S GO!

SECONDS LATER...
GOTTA' HURRY. THEY'RE RELYING ON US.
DON'T WORRY..
...NOTHING'S GONNA' STOP ME NOW-
KA-THAM!
EXCEPT MAYBE THAT!
NEXT: MAYHEM!

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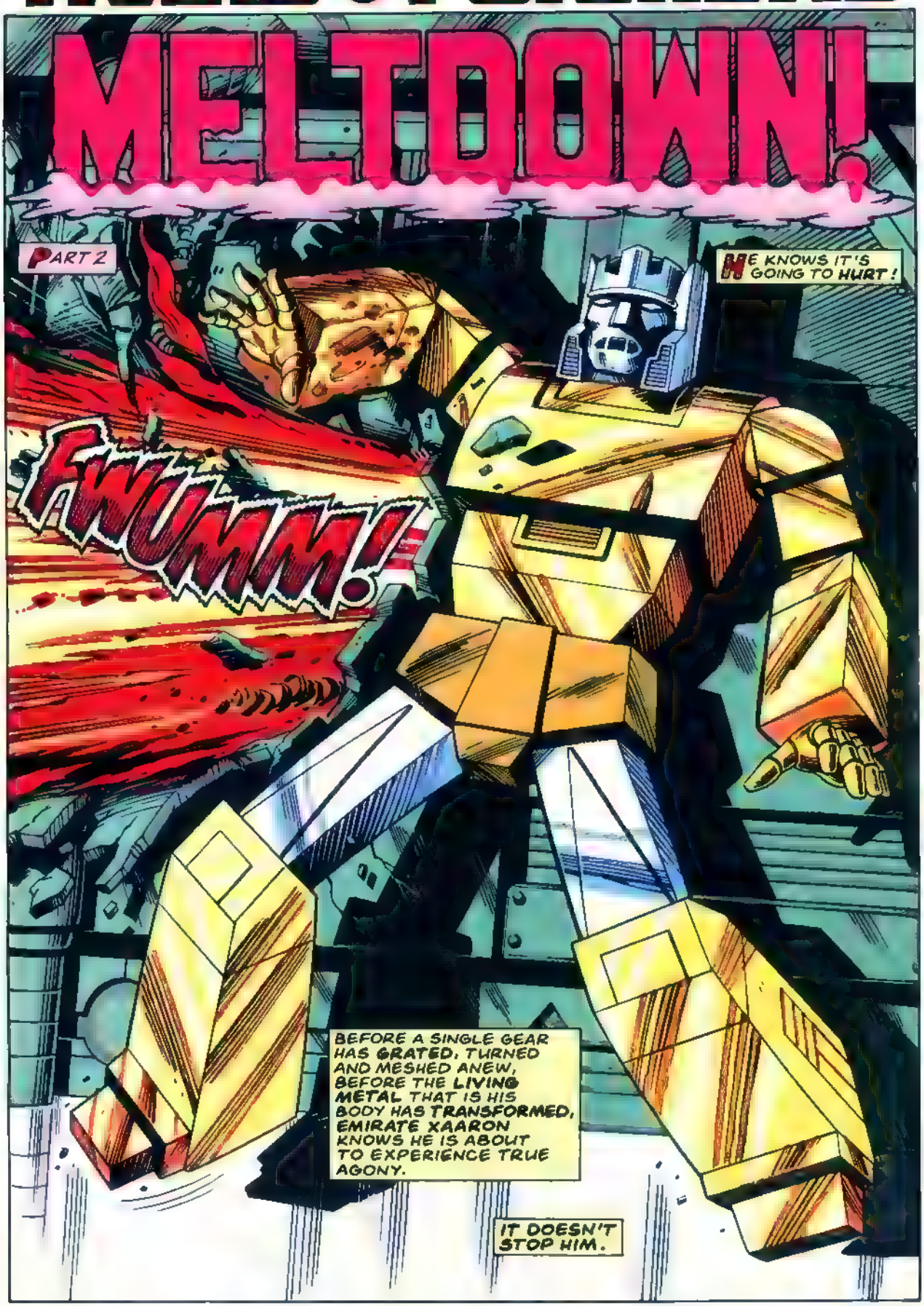
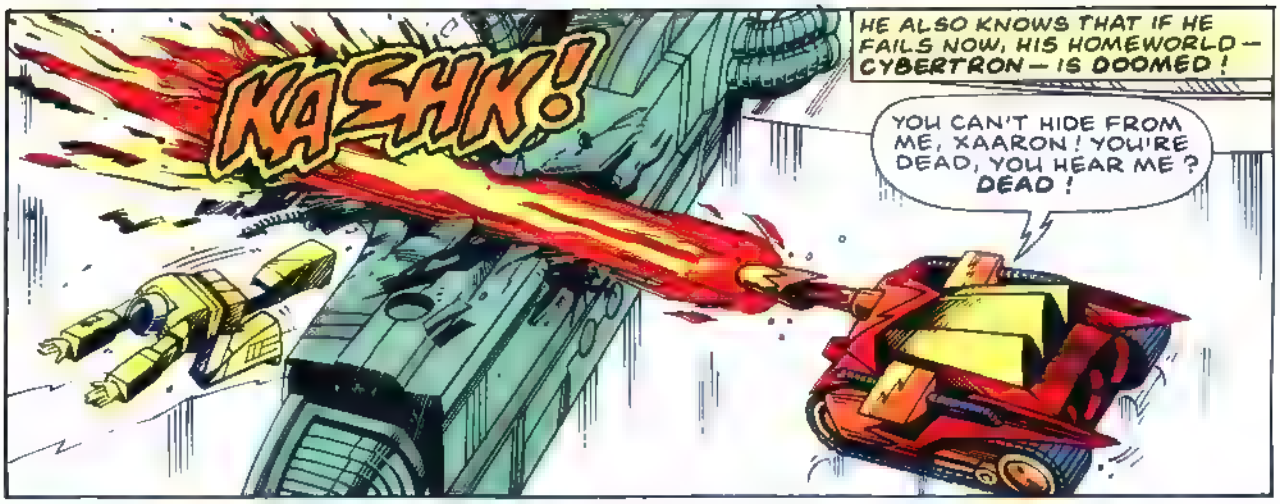
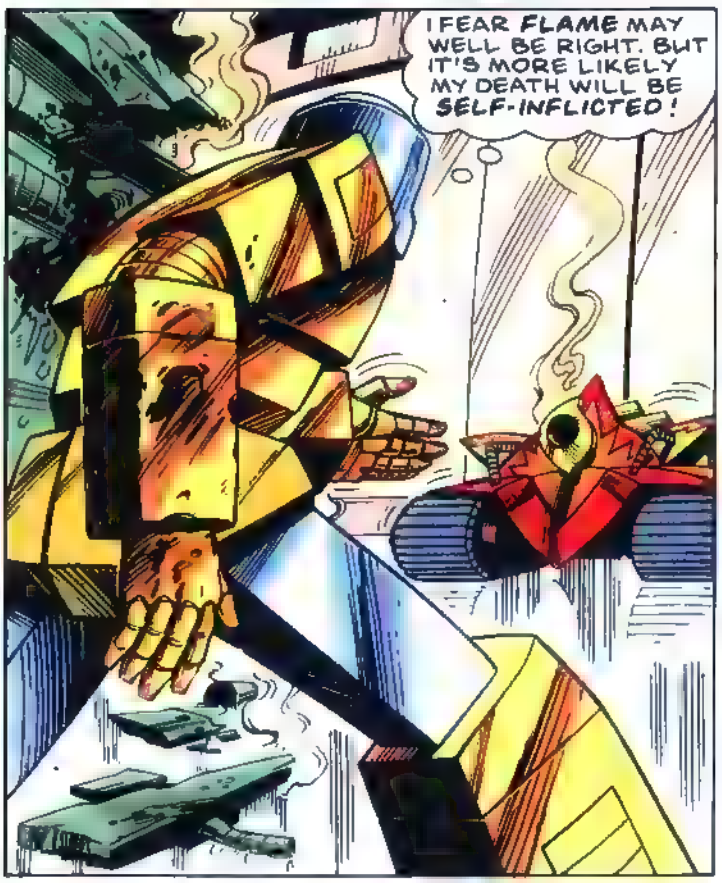
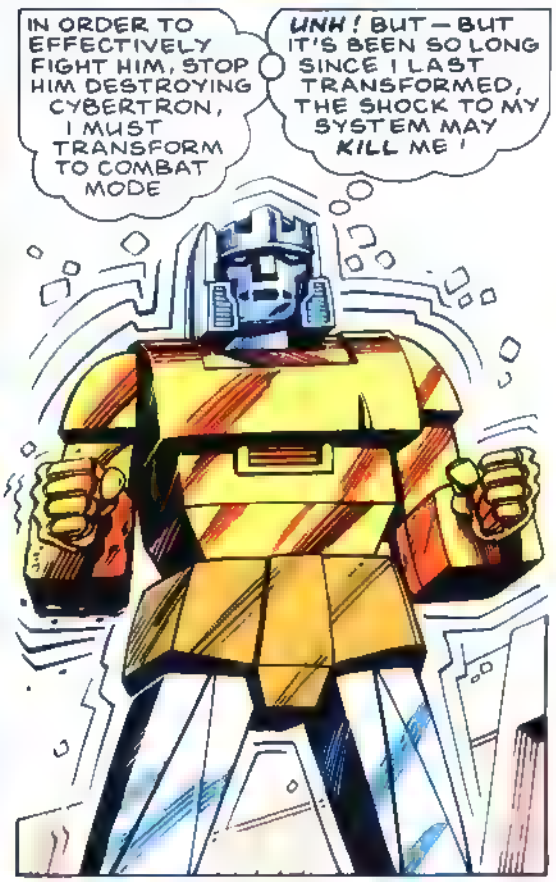
MELTDOWN!

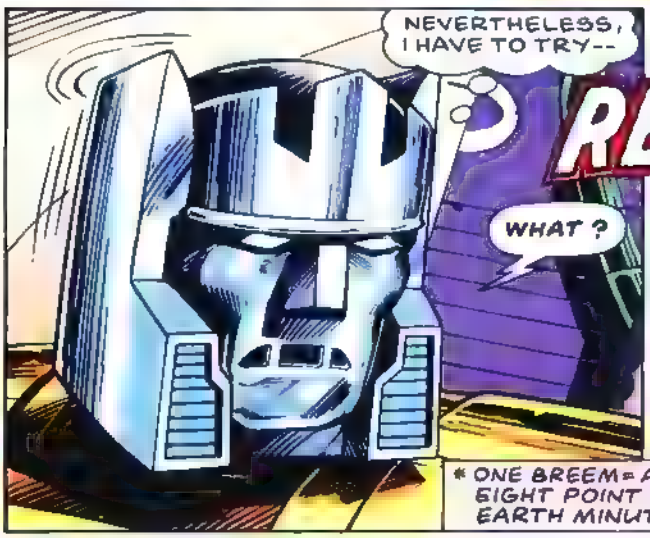

PART 2
HE KNOWS IT'S GOING TO HURT!
FWUMM!
BEFORE A SINGLE GEAR HAS GRATED, TURNED AND MESHED ANEW, BEFORE THE LIVING METAL THAT IS HIS BODY HAS TRANSFORMED, EMIRATE XAARON KNOWS HE IS ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE TRUE AGONY.
IT DOESN'T STOP HIM.

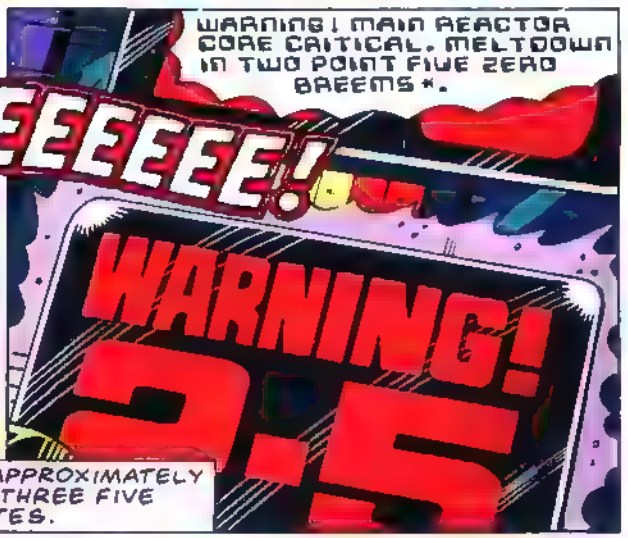
Script **SIMON FURMAN** Art **ROBIN SMITH** Letters **GLOP** Colour **EUAN PETERS**


KASHK!
HE ALSO KNOWS THAT IF HE FAILS NOW, HIS HOMEWORLD — CYBERTRON — IS DOOMED!
YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME, XAARON! YOU'RE DEAD, YOU HEAR ME? DEAD!




IN ORDER TO EFFECTIVELY FIGHT HIM, STOP HIM DESTROYING CYBERTRON, I MUST TRANSFORM TO COMBAT MODE
UNH! BUT — BUT IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I LAST TRANSFORMED, THE SHOCK TO MY SYSTEM MAY KILL ME!

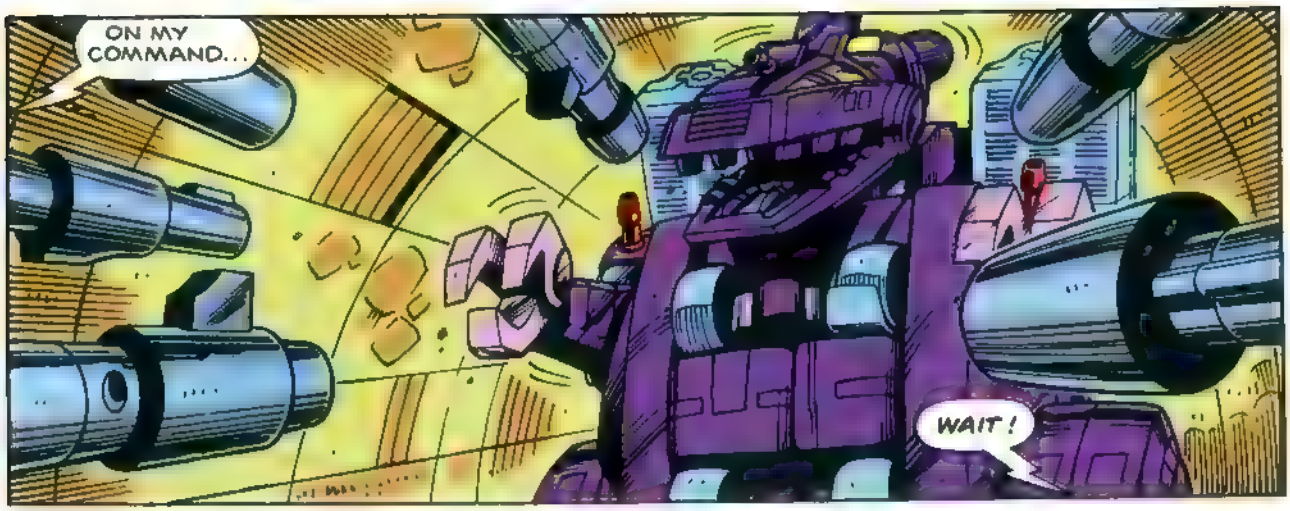




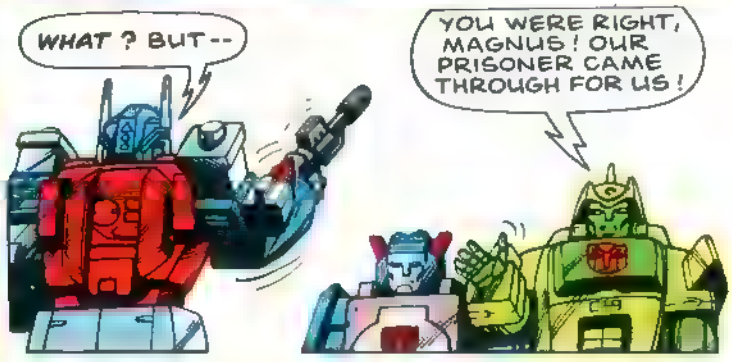
* ONE BREEM = APPROXIMATELY EIGHT POINT THREE FIVE EARTH MINUTES.

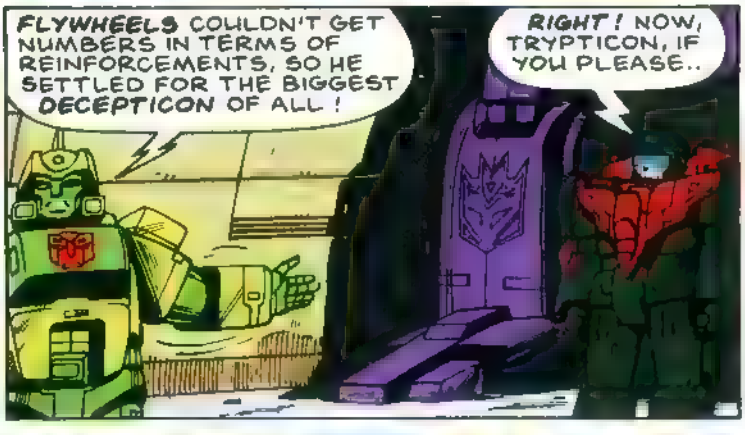
NO! IT—IT'S BEGUN! WHY DIDN'T YOU LISTEN TO ME, FLAME—WHY?
YOUR REACTOR WAS OLD, DANGEROUS—BUT YOU USED IT NONETHELESS!
YOU'VE SENTENCED OUR WORLD TO DEATH!
I...NO, NO—THIS CAN'T HAVE HAPPENED. IT—IT CAN'T!
THAM!
THE REACTOR WAS TO POWER THE ENGINES THAT WOULD PROPEL CYBERTRON THROUGH SPACE AND SET HER FREE!
IT'S... NOT... FAIR!
FLAME, LISTEN TO ME! WHERE'S THE SHUT-DOWN CONTROL? WE CAN LOWER THE REACTOR CORE, SEAL IT. WE CAN STILL SAVE--
THE DREAM! YES, MY DREAM CAN STILL BE SAVED!
THIS IS BUT A SMALL SETBACK! CYBERTRON SHALL STILL SAIL THE HEAVENS!

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE MAIN REACTOR CHAMBER...
CEASE FIRE, WRECKERS...
IT'S NO GOOD. THIS BLAST DOOR COULD HOLD OFF AN ARMY! FLAME'S SEALED HIMSELF IN THERE AND PUT UP A BIG "DO NOT DISTURB" SIGN!
WHERE'S SPRINGER WITH THAT HEAVY ARTILLERY?
HE AND BROADSIDE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE BRINGING STUFF DOWN FROM AUTOBASE, BUT--
ULTRA MAGNUS! WE'VE GOT COMPANY...
...AND IT'S BIG!
TRYPTICON!
HECK! THEN SPRINGER AND BROADSIDE ARE PROBABLY DEAD!
GET READY, AUTOBOTS...

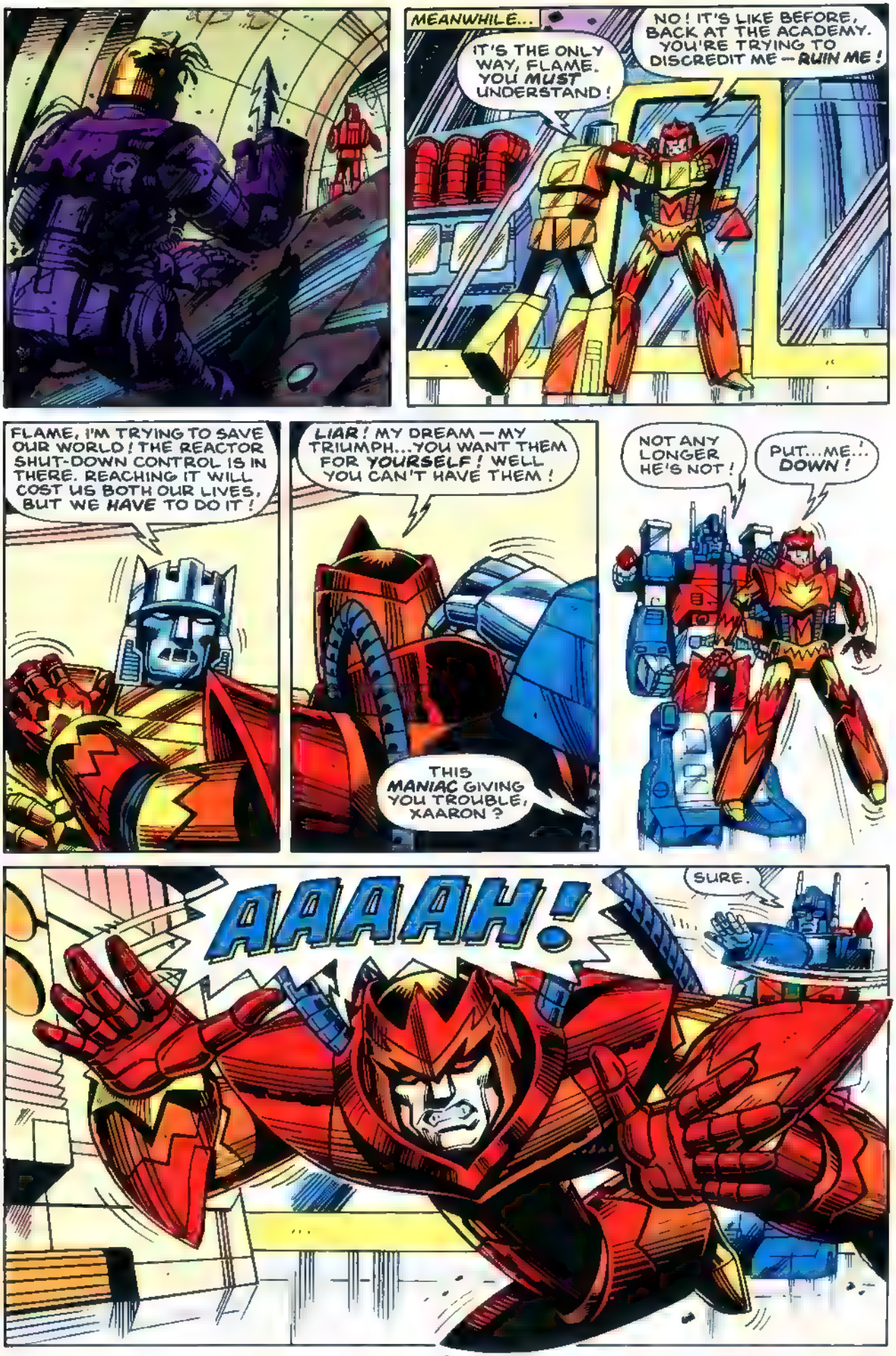

ON MY COMMAND...
WAIT !

SPRINGER !
HOLD YOUR FIRE TRYPTICON'S ON OUR SIDE... FOR THE MOMENT, ANYWAY.

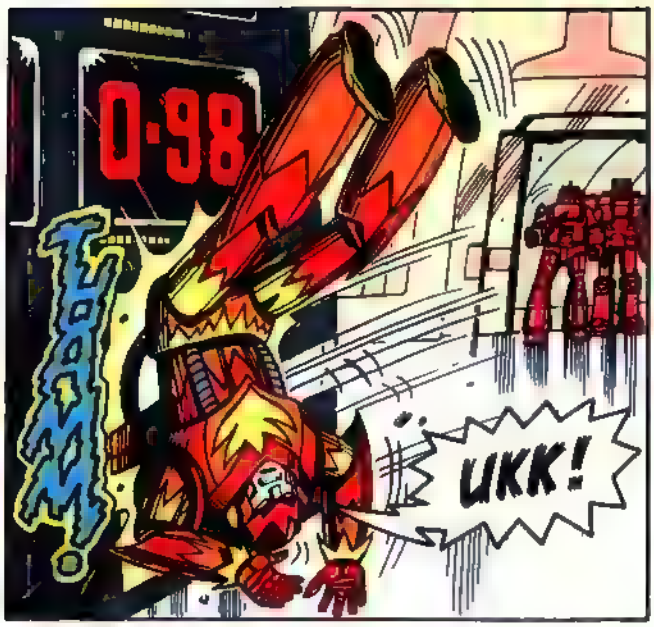

WHAT ? BUT--
YOU WERE RIGHT, MAGNUS ! OUR PRISONER CAME THROUGH FOR US !

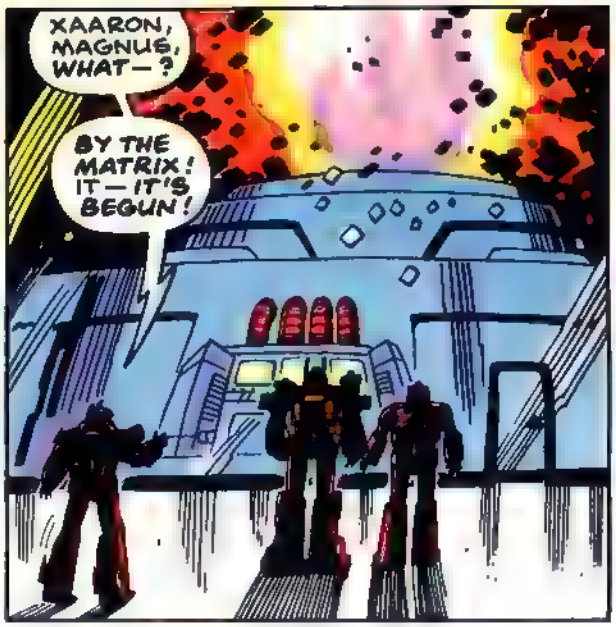

FLYWHEELS COULDN'T GET NUMBERS IN TERMS OF REINFORCEMENTS, SO HE SETTLED FOR THE BIGGEST DECEPTICON OF ALL !
RIGHT ! NOW, TRYPTICON, IF YOU PLEASE..

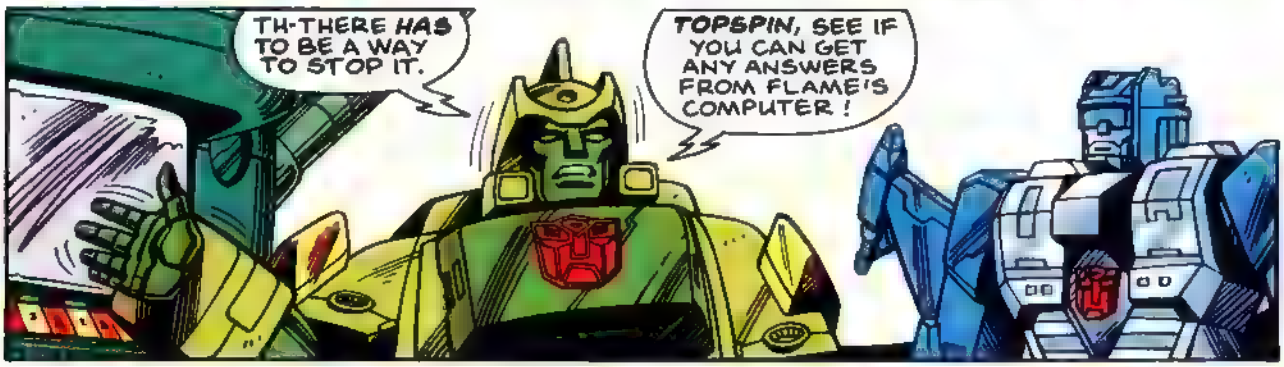
...GET THE DOOR !
KANCH!

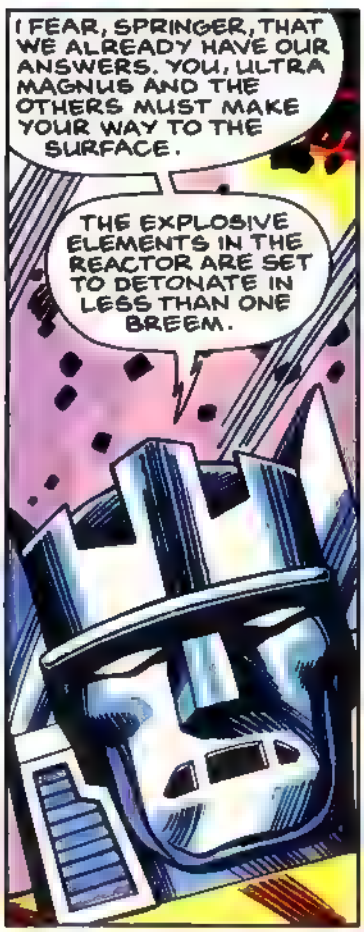

MEANWHILE...
IT'S THE ONLY WAY, FLAME. YOU MUST UNDERSTAND!
NO! IT'S LIKE BEFORE, BACK AT THE ACADEMY. YOU'RE TRYING TO DISCREDIT ME — RUIN ME!
FLAME, I'M TRYING TO SAVE OUR WORLD! THE REACTOR SHUT-DOWN CONTROL IS IN THERE. REACHING IT WILL COST US BOTH OUR LIVES, BUT WE HAVE TO DO IT!
LIAR! MY DREAM — MY TRIUMPH...YOU WANT THEM FOR YOURSELF! WELL YOU CAN'T HAVE THEM!
THIS MANIAC GIVING YOU TROUBLE, XAARON?
NOT ANY LONGER HE'S NOT!
PUT...ME...! DOWN!
AAAAH!
SURE.

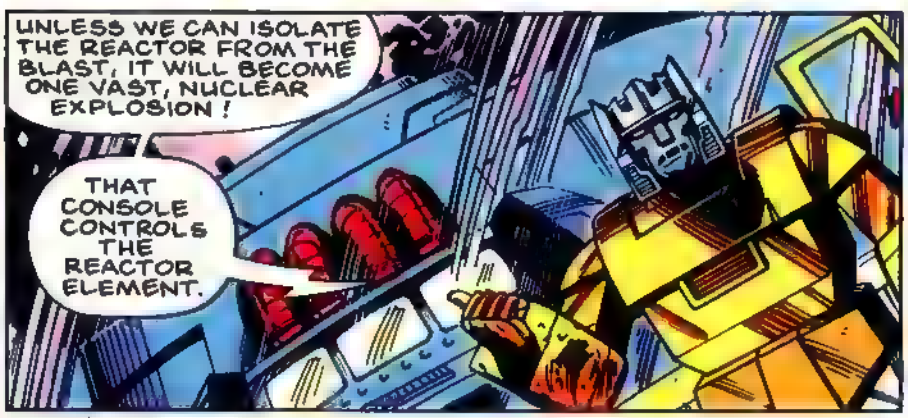
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

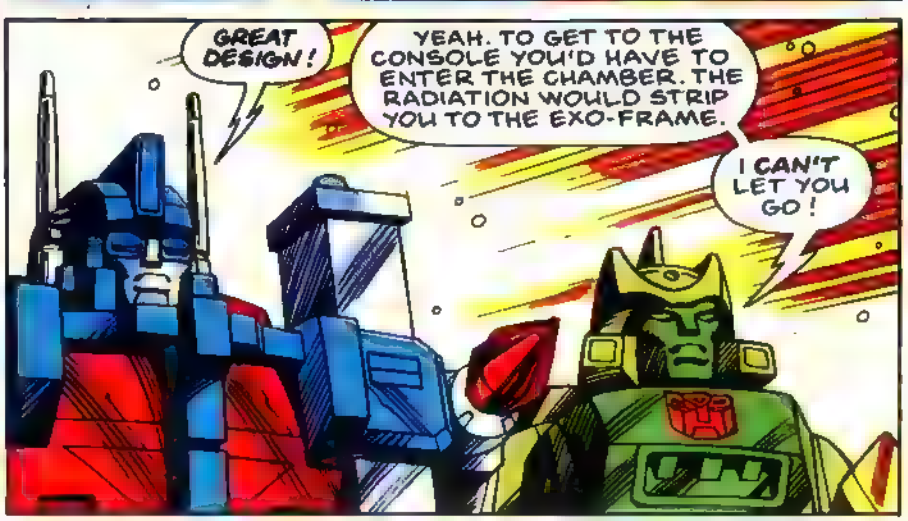

0-98
KRAKOOM!
UKK!

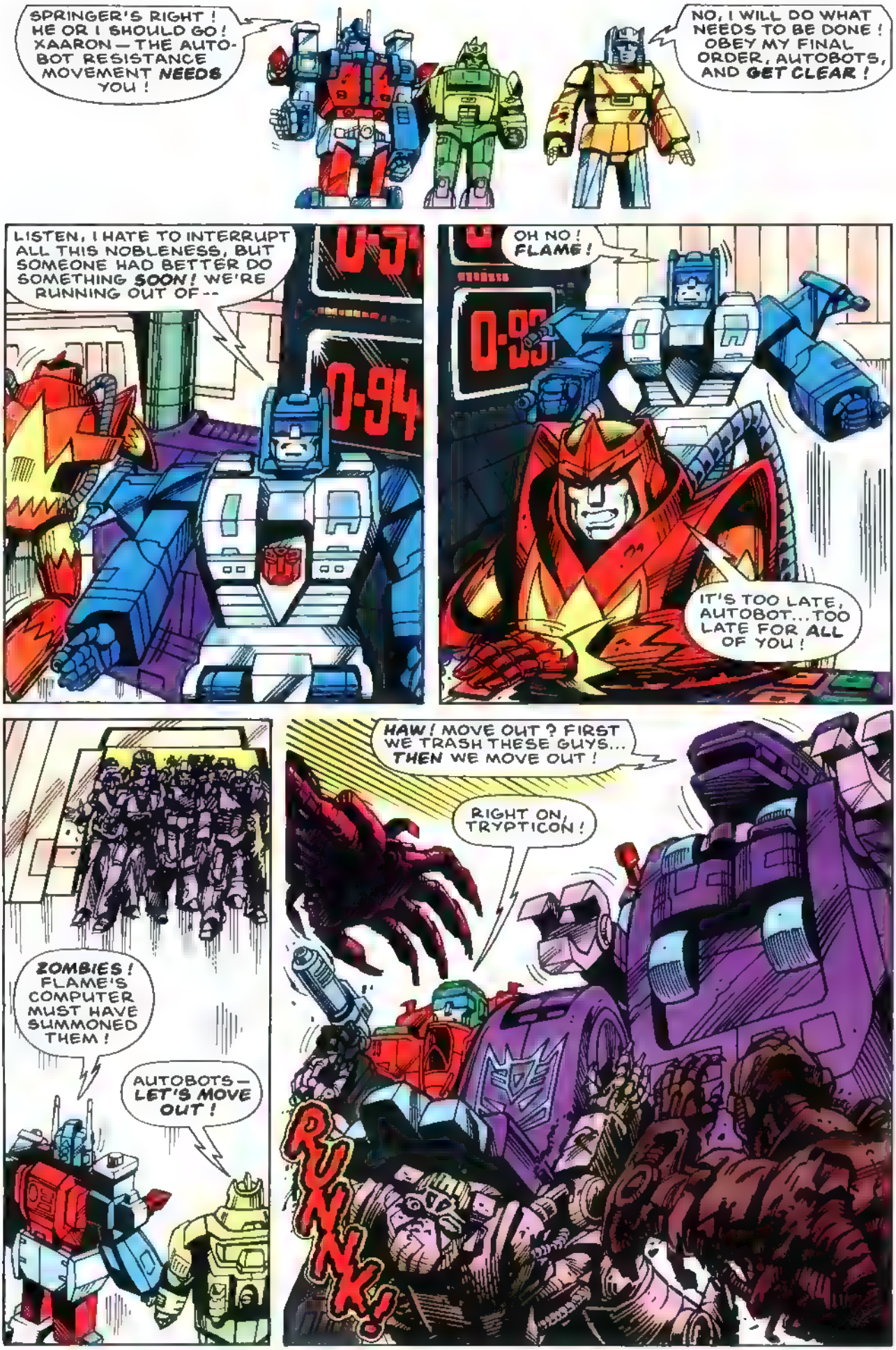

XAARON, MAGNUS, WHAT—?
BY THE MATRIX! IT—IT'S BEGUN!


TH-THERE HAS TO BE A WAY TO STOP IT.
TOPSPIN, SEE IF YOU CAN GET ANY ANSWERS FROM FLAME'S COMPUTER!


I FEAR, SPRINGER, THAT WE ALREADY HAVE OUR ANSWERS. YOU, ULTRA MAGNUS AND THE OTHERS MUST MAKE YOUR WAY TO THE SURFACE.
THE EXPLOSIVE ELEMENTS IN THE REACTOR ARE SET TO DETONATE IN LESS THAN ONE BREEM.

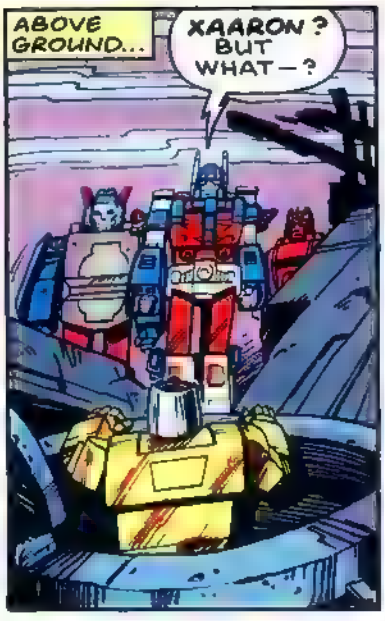

UNLESS WE CAN ISOLATE THE REACTOR FROM THE BLAST, IT WILL BECOME ONE VAST, NUCLEAR EXPLOSION!
THAT CONSOLE CONTROLS THE REACTOR ELEMENT.

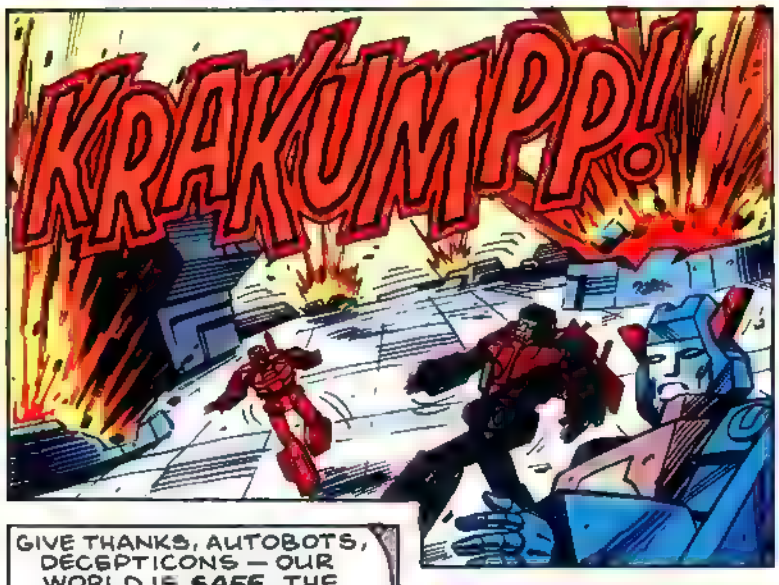

GREAT DESIGN!
YEAH. TO GET TO THE CONSOLE YOU'D HAVE TO ENTER THE CHAMBER. THE RADIATION WOULD STRIP YOU TO THE EXO-FRAME.
I CAN'T LET YOU GO!

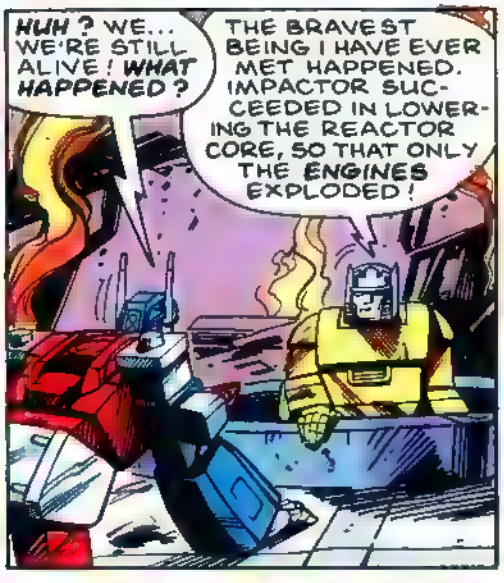

SPRINGER'S RIGHT! HE OR I SHOULD GO! XAARON—THE AUTOBOT RESISTANCE MOVEMENT NEEDS YOU!
NO, I WILL DO WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE! OBEY MY FINAL ORDER, AUTOBOTS, AND GET CLEAR!
LISTEN, I HATE TO INTERRUPT ALL THIS NOBLENESS, BUT SOMEONE HAD BETTER DO SOMETHING SOON! WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF--
0-94
OH NO! FLAME!
0-93
IT'S TOO LATE, AUTOBOT... TOO LATE FOR ALL OF YOU!
ZOMBIES! FLAME'S COMPUTER MUST HAVE SUMMONED THEM!
AUTOBOTS—LET'S MOVE OUT!
HAW! MOVE OUT? FIRST WE TRASH THESE GUYS... THEN WE MOVE OUT!
RIGHT ON, TRYPTICON!
RUNNK!

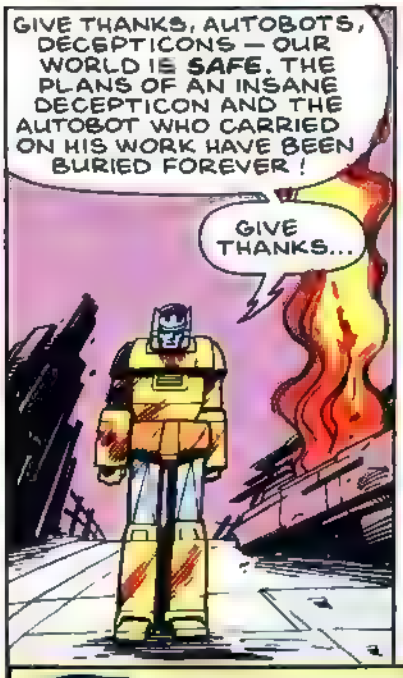
XAARON, I--
DON'T MAKE THIS ANY MORE DIFFICULT THAN IT ALREADY IS, SPRINGER. ACCEPT THAT I MUST DO THIS THING...
...IT IS MY DESTINY!
LET'S GO, AUTOBOTS... AND DECEPTICONS. MAKE YOUR WAY TO THE SURFACE AS FAST AS YOU CAN!
FAREWELL, XAARON YOU'LL BE REMEMBERED!
MOMENTS LATER...
NOW—SO THAT CYBERTRON MAY LIVE...
STOP!
I'LL KILL YOU, XAARON...I'LL KILL --

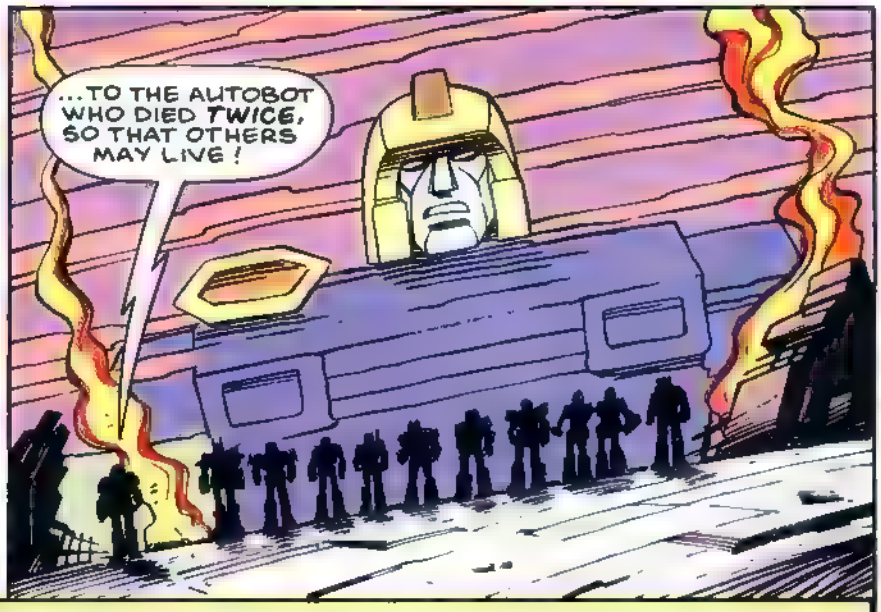
SHUK!
YEAAAH!
IMPACTOR! THEN... THEN YOU REMEMBER?
ENOUGH... TOO MUCH.
THEN YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I MUST DO.
NOT... YOU...
I...AM ALREADY DEAD. I HAVE NO PLACE...AMONG THE LIVING ANYMORE. GO... XAARON. SPARE ...SPARE ME NO PITY.
DYING... COMES EASILY TO ME!
IMPACTOR, I DON'T...
MATRIX BE WITH YOU, MY FRIEND... ALWAYS.
UNNH!
SHUMM!


ABOVE GROUND...
XAARON? BUT WHAT—?


KRAKUMPP!


HUH? WE... WE'RE STILL ALIVE! WHAT HAPPENED?
THE BRAVEST BEING I HAVE EVER MET HAPPENED. IMPACTOR SUCCEEDED IN LOWERING THE REACTOR CORE, SO THAT ONLY THE ENGINES EXPLODED!


GIVE THANKS, AUTOBOTS, DECEPTICONS — OUR WORLD IS SAFE. THE PLANS OF AN INSANE DECEPTICON AND THE AUTOBOT WHO CARRIED ON HIS WORK HAVE BEEN BURIED FOREVER!
GIVE THANKS...


...TO THE AUTOBOT WHO DIED TWICE, SO THAT OTHERS MAY LIVE!

NEXT: DEADLY GAMES!

MARVEL
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THE TRANSFORMERS™

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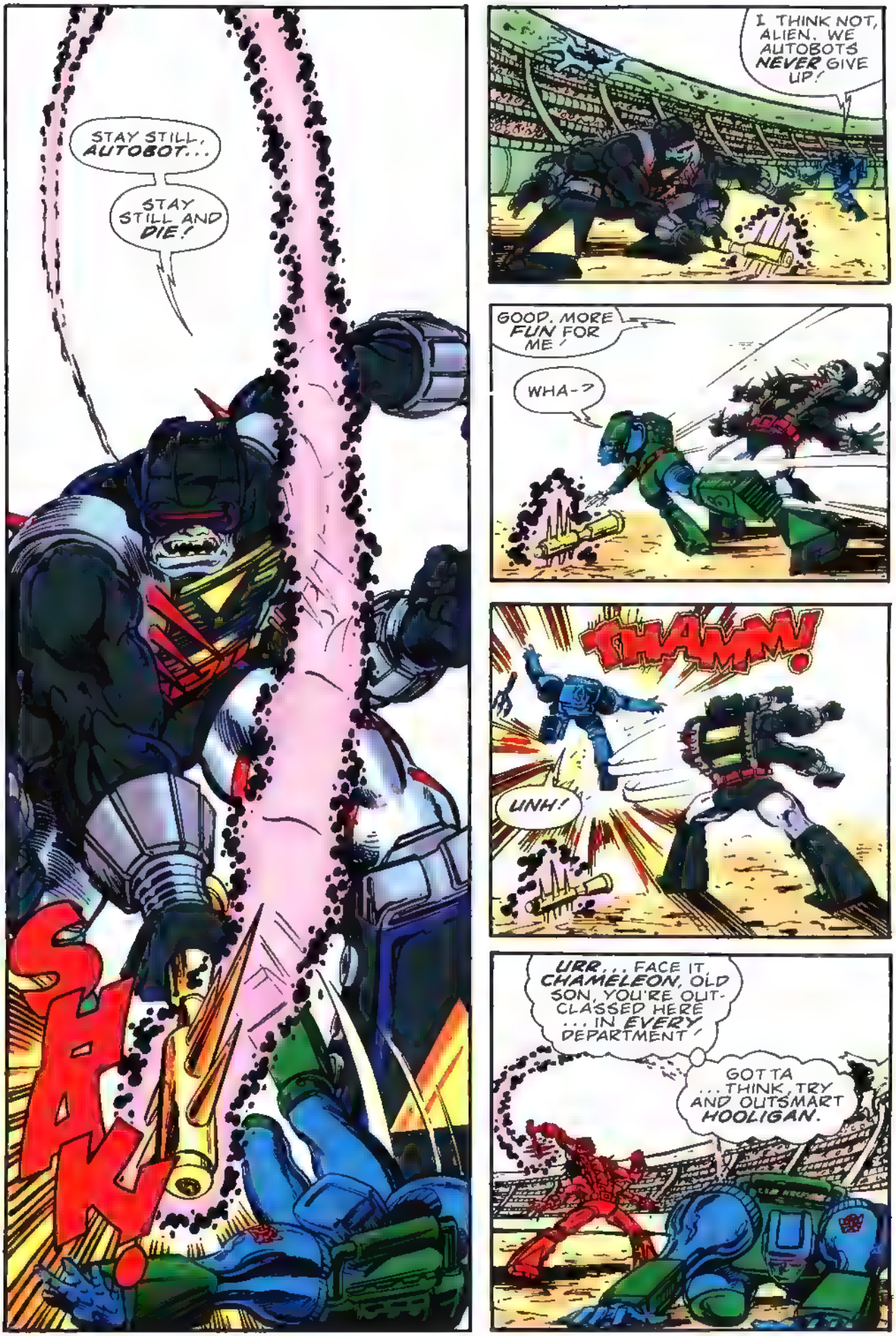
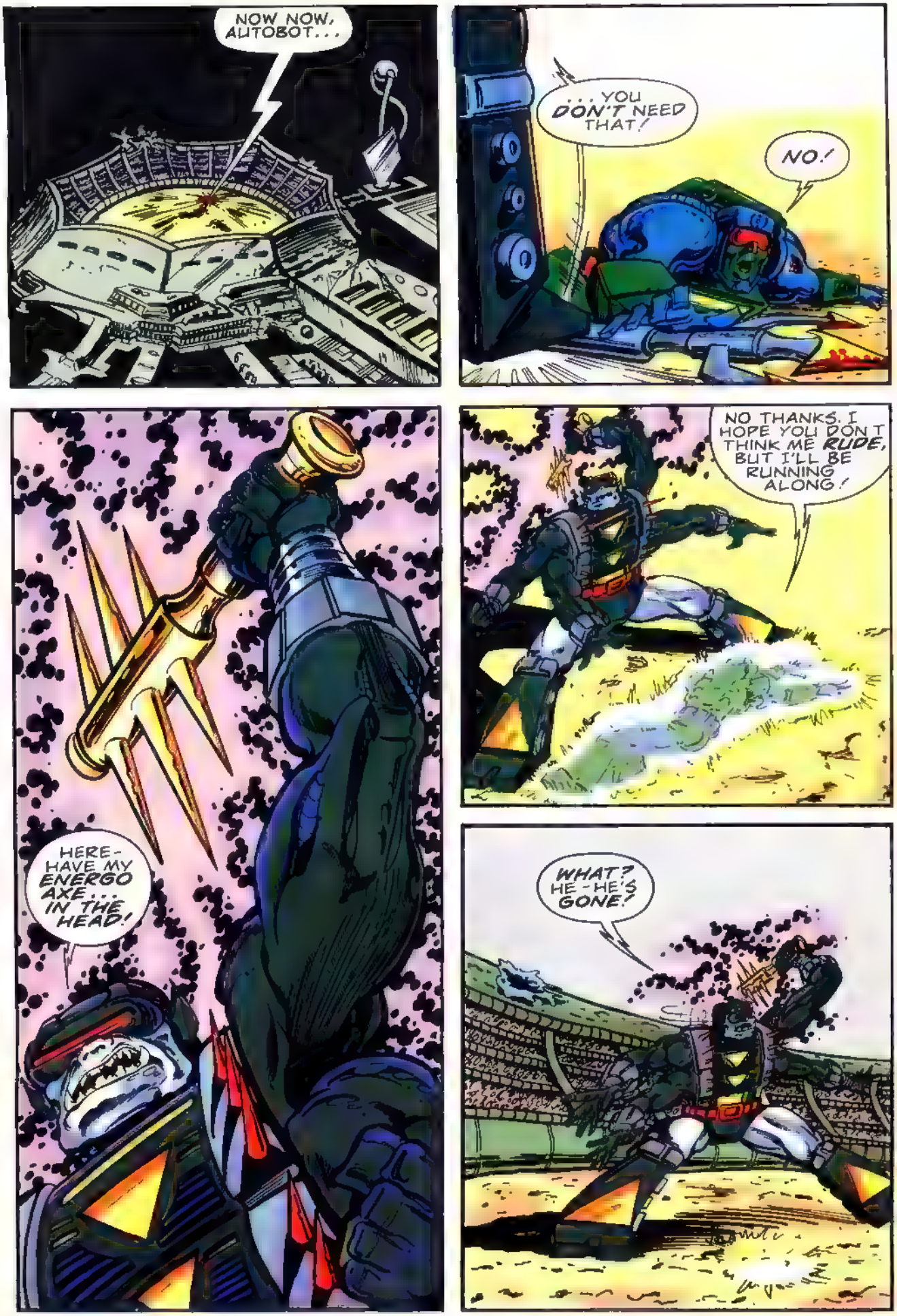
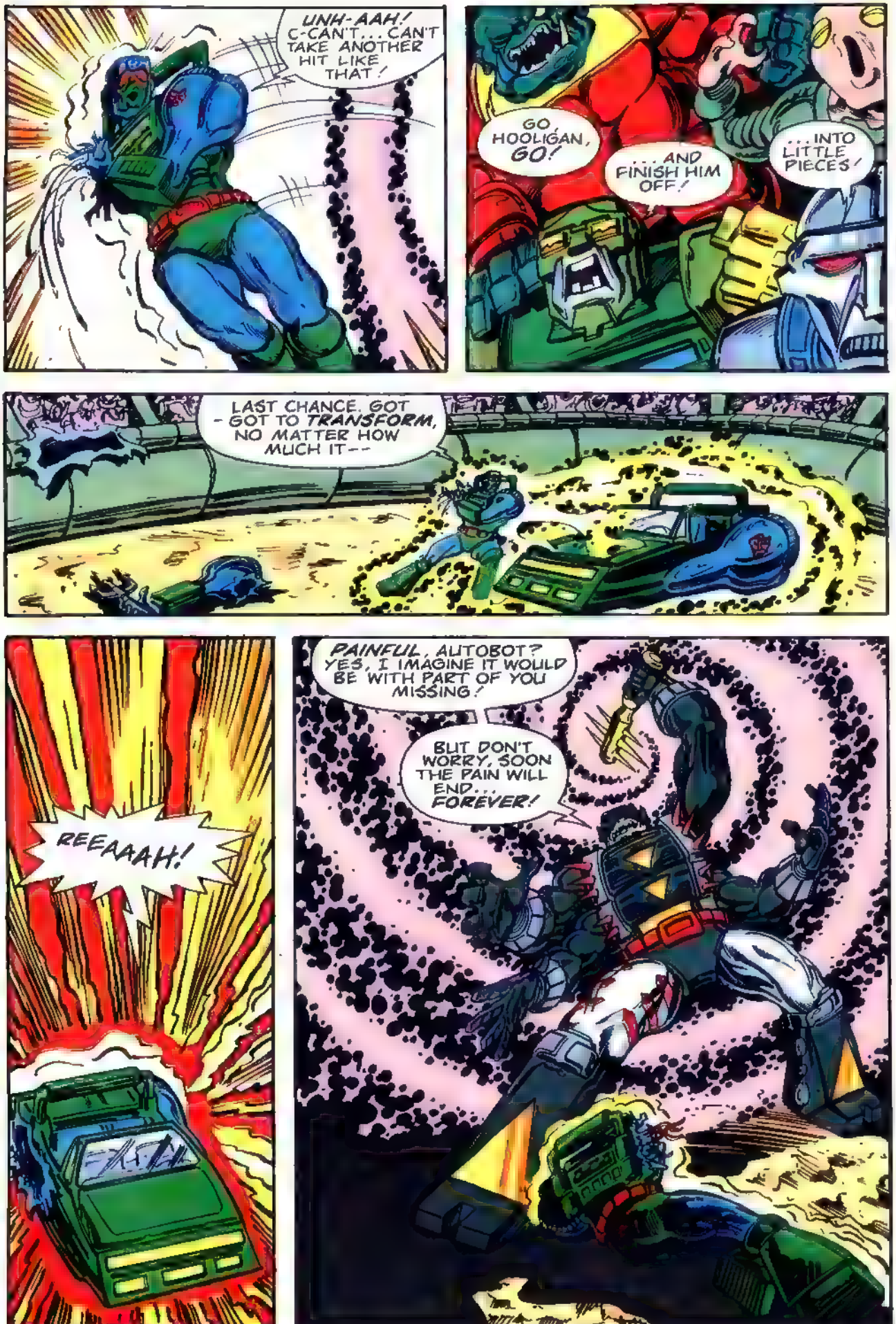
STATE GAMES THEY USED TO CALL THEM
NOBLE WARRIORS PITTED AGAINST ONE ANOTHER IN A SPORT OF KINGS HONOUR, VALOUR, COURAGE - ALL WERE DISPLAYED HERE AT THE JEKKA AMPHITHEATRE.
BUT THAT WAS AN AGE AGO, WHEN THE TRANSFORMERS' HOMEWORLD OF CYBERTRON WAS AT PEACE.
THESE DAYS THEY'RE JUST...
DEADLY GAMES!
PART 1

Script SIMON FURMAN ■ Art DAN REED ■ Letters GLIB ■ Colour EUAN PETERS


STAY STILL, AUTOBOT...
STAY STILL AND DIE!
SHK!
I THINK NOT, ALIEN. WE AUTOBOTS NEVER GIVE UP!
GOOD. MORE FUN FOR ME!
WHA-?
THAMM!
UNH!
URR... FACE IT, CHAMELEON, OLD SON, YOU'RE OUT-CLASSED HERE ... IN EVERY DEPARTMENT!
GOTTA ... THINK, TRY AND OUTSMART HOOLIGAN.


NOW NOW, AUTOBOT...
...YOU DON'T NEED THAT!
NO!
HERE- HAVE MY ENERGO AXE... IN THE HEAD!
NO THANKS. I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK ME RUDE, BUT I'LL BE RUNNING ALONG!
WHAT? HE-HE'S GONE!

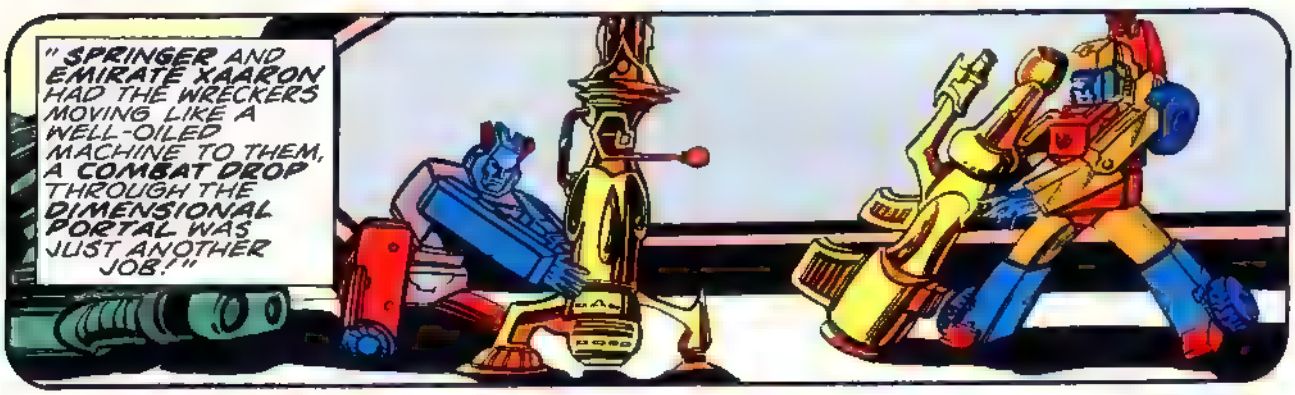
YOU CLOD-HOPPING MORON, HE HASN'T GONE ANYWHERE!
WHY DO YOU THINK THEY CALL HIM CHAMELEON?
GEEZ- WHAT A BOZO!
OH I GET IT HE CAN BLEND IN AGAINST ANY BACK-GROUND
SMART ... BUT USELESS. SWITCHING TO HEAT VISION.
AH, THERE YOU ARE!
GOT IT! NOW TO--
SKATCH!
TUNK!

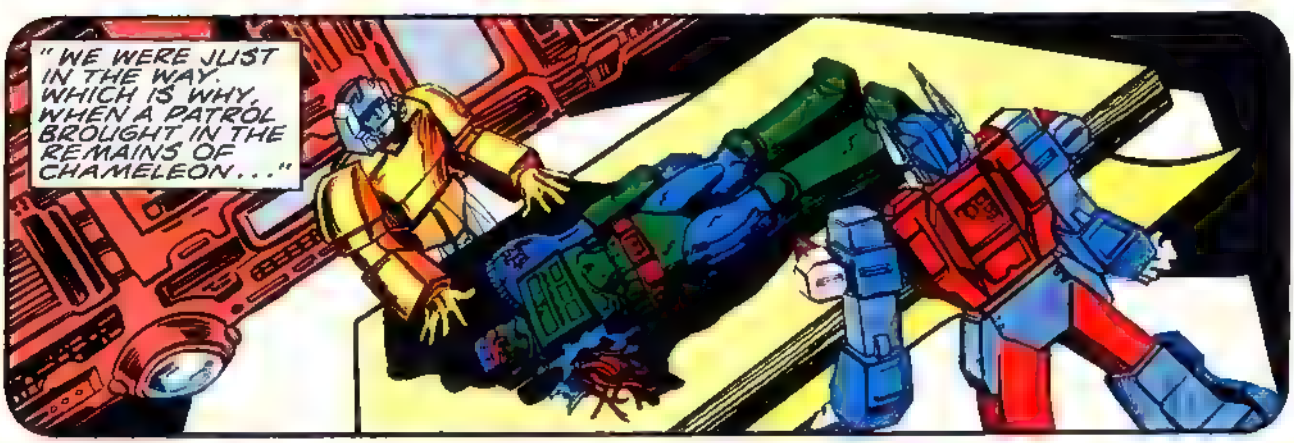

UNH-AAH! C-CAN'T... CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER HIT LIKE THAT!
GO HOOLIGAN, GO!
...AND FINISH HIM OFF!
...INTO LITTLE PIECES!
LAST CHANCE. GOT - GOT TO TRANSFORM, NO MATTER HOW MUCH IT--
REEAAAH!
PAINFUL, AUTOBOT? YES, I IMAGINE IT WOULD BE WITH PART OF YOU MISSING!
BUT DON'T WORRY, SOON THE PAIN WILL END... FOREVER!

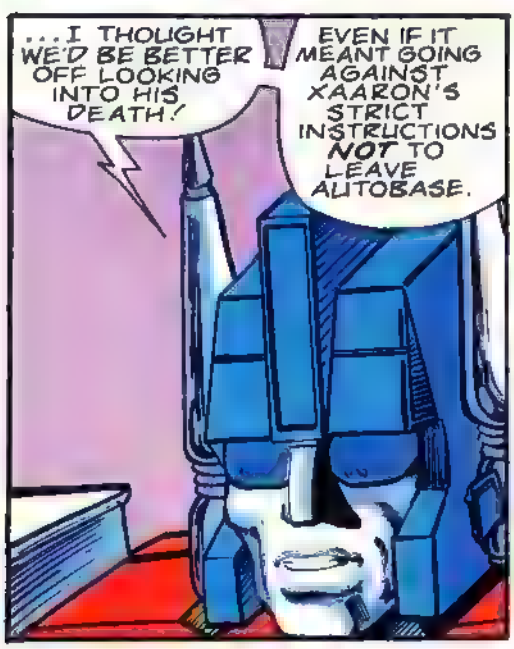
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

THE NEXT DAY...
WELL, I DON'T SEE ANY SIGN OF ALIEN ACTIVITY!
MAYBE NOT, FIZZLE, BUT CHAMELEON'S ORIGINAL BRIEF WAS DEFINITELY TO INVESTIGATE REPORTS OF OFF-WORLDERS RUNNING RIOT IN THIS QUADRANT OF TYREST!
ACCORDING TO HIS LAST LOG ENTRY, HE'D DISCOVERED SOME-SORT OF DEAL BETWEEN THE DECEPTICONS AND AN ALIEN.
AND ANY SORT OF DEAL BETWEEN OUR MORTAL ENEMIES AND POSSIBLE ALLIES IS BAD NEWS, EH, ULTRA MAGNUS?
RIGHT, SIZZLE.
ESPECIALLY AS THIS DEAL COST CHAMELEON HIS LIFE!
WE DON'T KNOW FOR SURE THE TWO ARE LINKED, GUZZLE. WE'VE FOUND NO EVIDENCE THAT SUGGESTS OUR FELLOW AUTOBOT MET HIS END HERE.
IN FACT, WE'VE FOUND NOTHING - PERIOD PERHAPS IT'S TIME WE WERE HEADING BACK TO AUTOBASE.

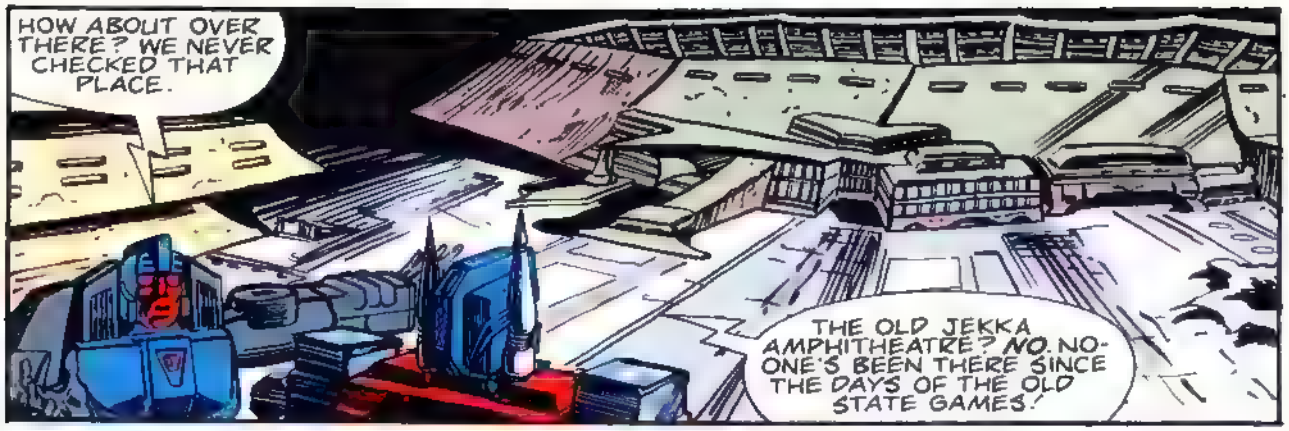
"PREPARATIONS FOR MY RETURN TO EARTH ALONGSIDE THE WRECKERS WERE ALREADY WELL UNDER WAY WHEN WE LEFT."

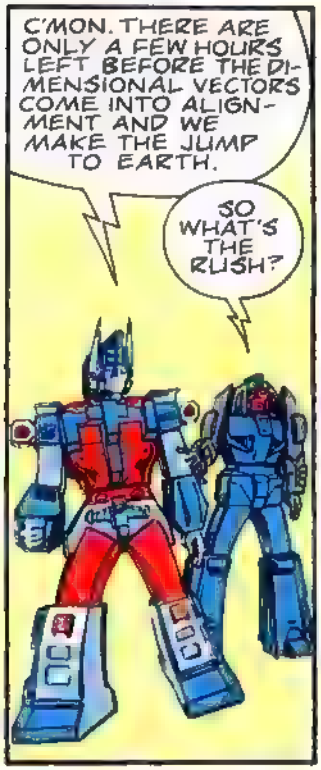

"SPRINGER AND EMIRATE XAARON HAD THE WRECKERS MOVING LIKE A WELL-OILED MACHINE TO THEM. A COMBAT DROP THROUGH THE DIMENSIONAL PORTAL WAS JUST ANOTHER JOB!"


"WE WERE JUST IN THE WAY. WHICH IS WHY, WHEN A PATROL BROUGHT IN THE REMAINS OF CHAMELEON..."

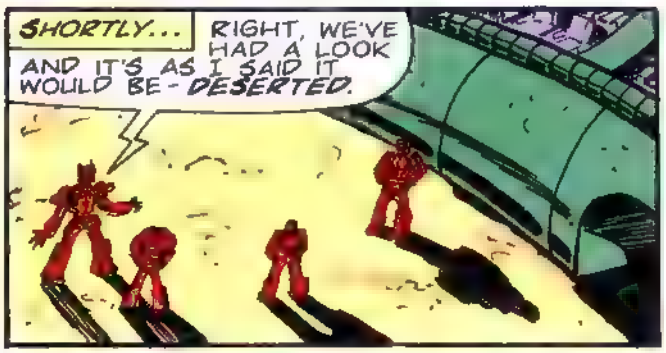

...I THOUGHT WE'D BE BETTER OFF LOOKING INTO HIS DEATH!
EVEN IF IT MEANT GOING AGAINST XAARON'S STRICT INSTRUCTIONS NOT TO LEAVE AUTOBASE.

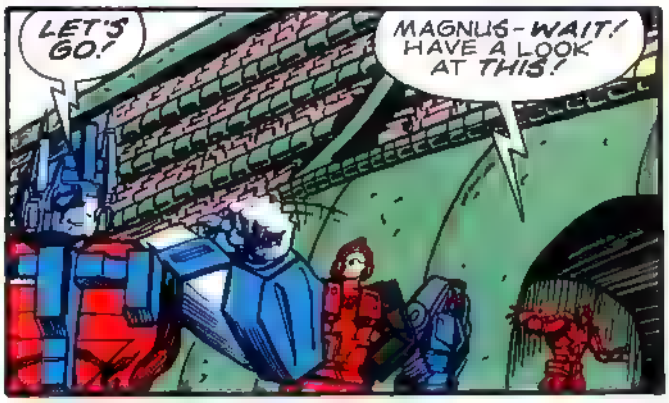
I KNOW THAT ATTACKING AND STOPPING GALVATRON ON EARTH IS OUR MAIN PRIORITY. BUT WHO SPEAKS FOR CHAMELEON?
HIS DEDICATION TO DUTY COST HIM HIS LIFE. THAT HAS TO BE WORTH SOME OF OUR TIME!
HEY!

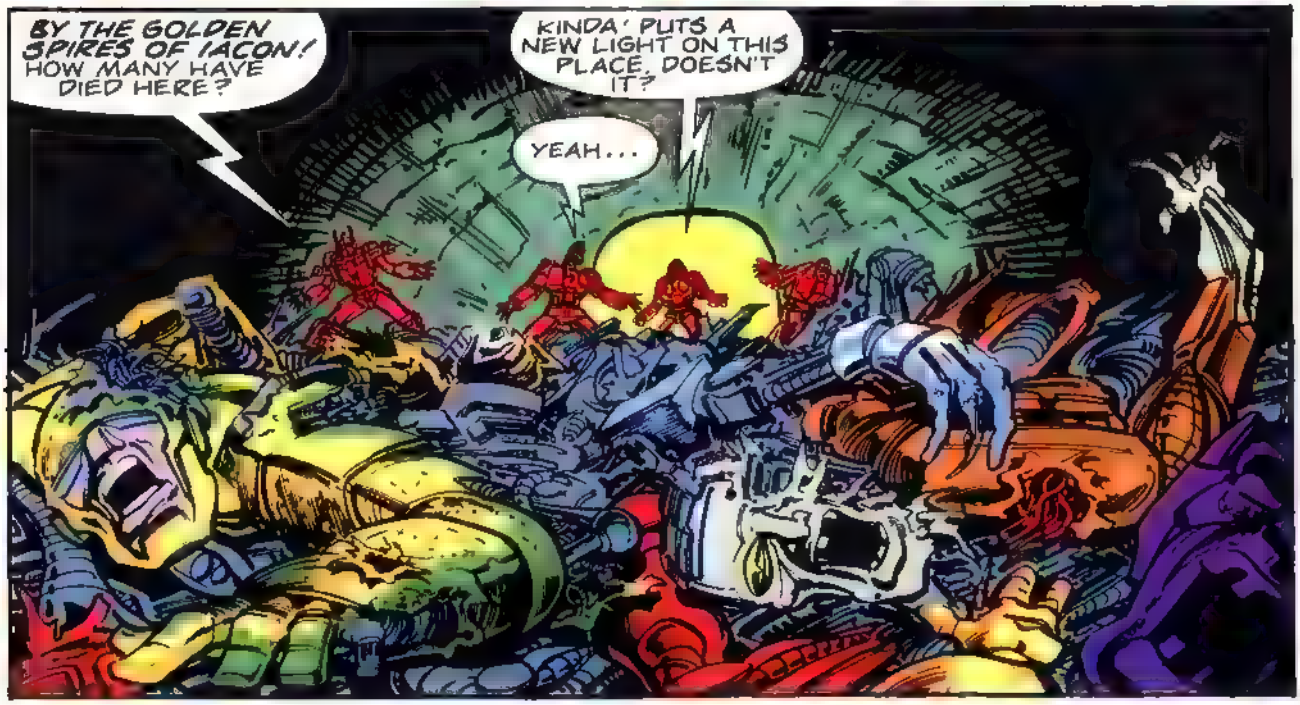

HOW ABOUT OVER THERE? WE NEVER CHECKED THAT PLACE.
THE OLD JEKKA AMPHITHEATRE? NO. NO-ONE'S BEEN THERE SINCE THE DAYS OF THE OLD STATE GAMES!

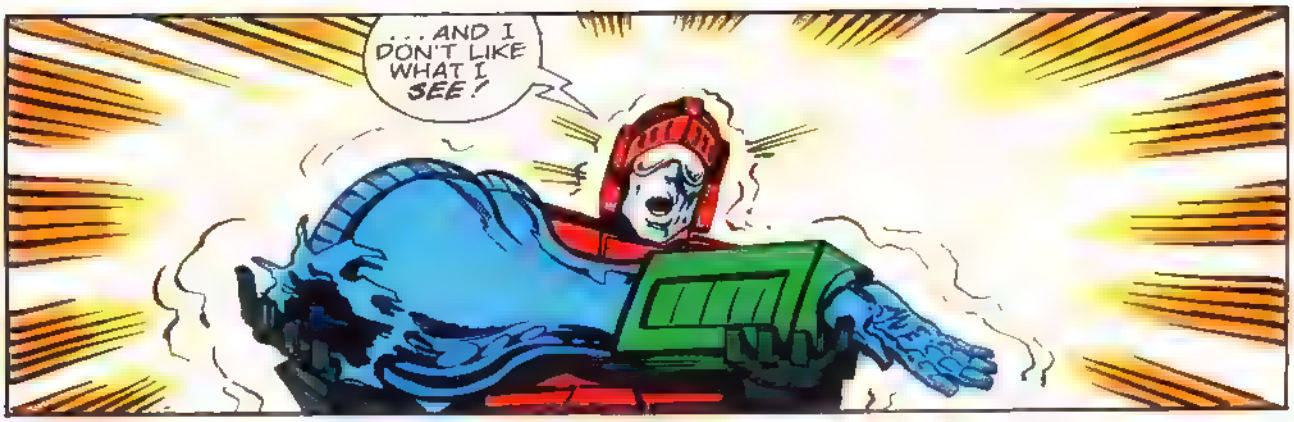

C'MON. THERE ARE ONLY A FEW HOURS LEFT BEFORE THE DI-MENSIONAL VECTORS COME INTO ALIGN-MENT AND WE MAKE THE JUMP TO EARTH.
SO WHAT'S THE RUSH?

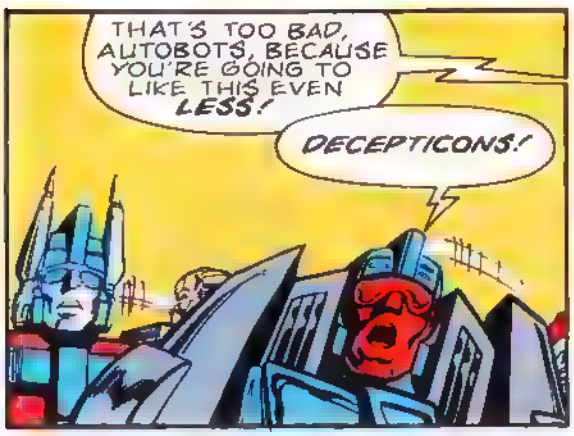
IT'LL ONLY TAKE A COUPLE OF MINUTES TO HAVE A LOOK-SEE. WE'LL BE BACK AT AUTO-BASE BEFORE XAARON EVEN REALISES WE'RE MISSING!

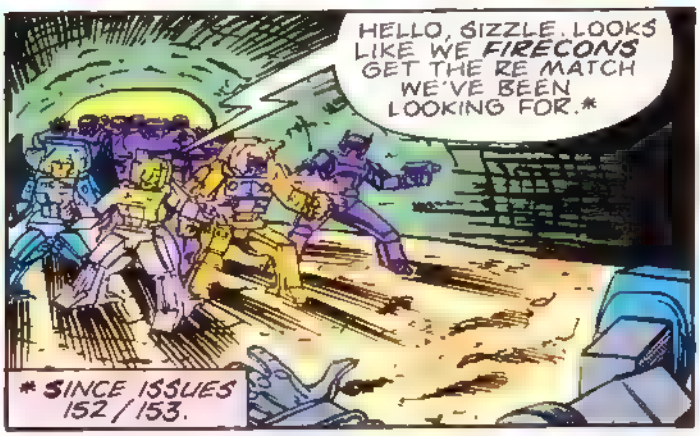

SHORTLY...
RIGHT, WE'VE HAD A LOOK AND IT'S AS I SAID IT WOULD BE - DESERTED.

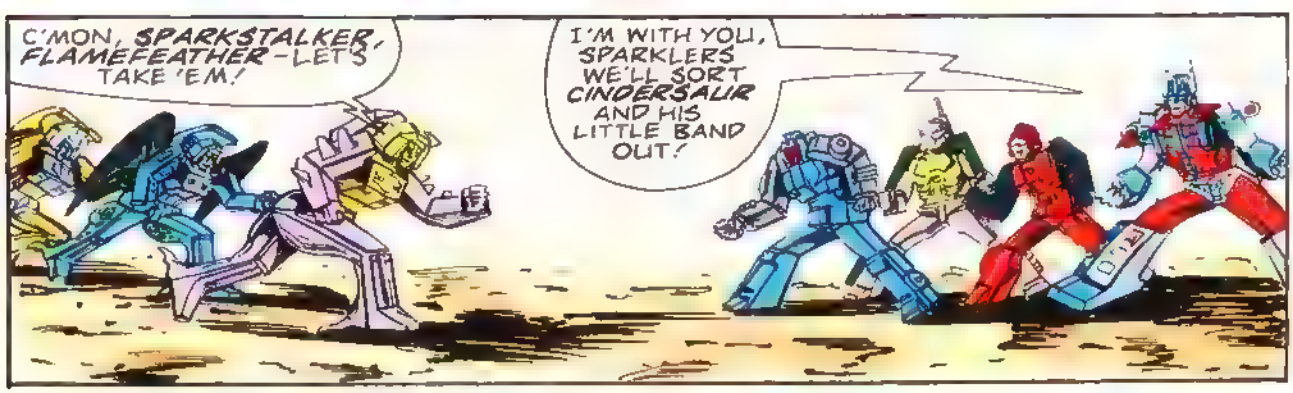

LET'S GO!
MAGNUS - WAIT! HAVE A LOOK AT THIS!


BY THE GOLDEN SPIRES OF IACON! HOW MANY HAVE DIED HERE?
KINDA' PUTS A NEW LIGHT ON THIS PLACE, DOESN'T IT?
YEAH...


. . . AND I DON'T LIKE WHAT I SEE!


THAT'S TOO BAD, AUTOBOTS, BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE THIS EVEN LESS!
DECEPTICONS!


HELLO, SIZZLE. LOOKS LIKE WE FIRECONS GET THE RE MATCH WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.*
* SINCE ISSUES 152 / 153.


C'MON, SPARKSTALKER, FLAMEFEATHER – LET'S TAKE 'EM!
I'M WITH YOU, SPARKLERS WE'LL SORT CINDERSAUR AND HIS LITTLE BAND OUT!

I'M AFRAID NOT, ULTRA MAGNUS!
WITH YOUR HELP, THE SPARKLER MINI-BOTS MAY EVEN TRIUMPH.

AND THAT I CANNOT ALLOW!
GHULK!
KATCH!

THEY WILL FALL...
RAK!
KROK!
AND YOU... YOU WILL FALL WITH THEM!
THE SPARKLERS HAVE BEEN SUBDUED, ZABRA, BUT THIS ONE MUST DIE!
NO!
LET'S NOT BE RASH YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO WASTE GOOD RAW MATERIALS./ ULTRA MAGNUS WILL BE THE STAR ATTRACTION...
...OF THE NEXT GAMES!
NEXT: GAME ON!

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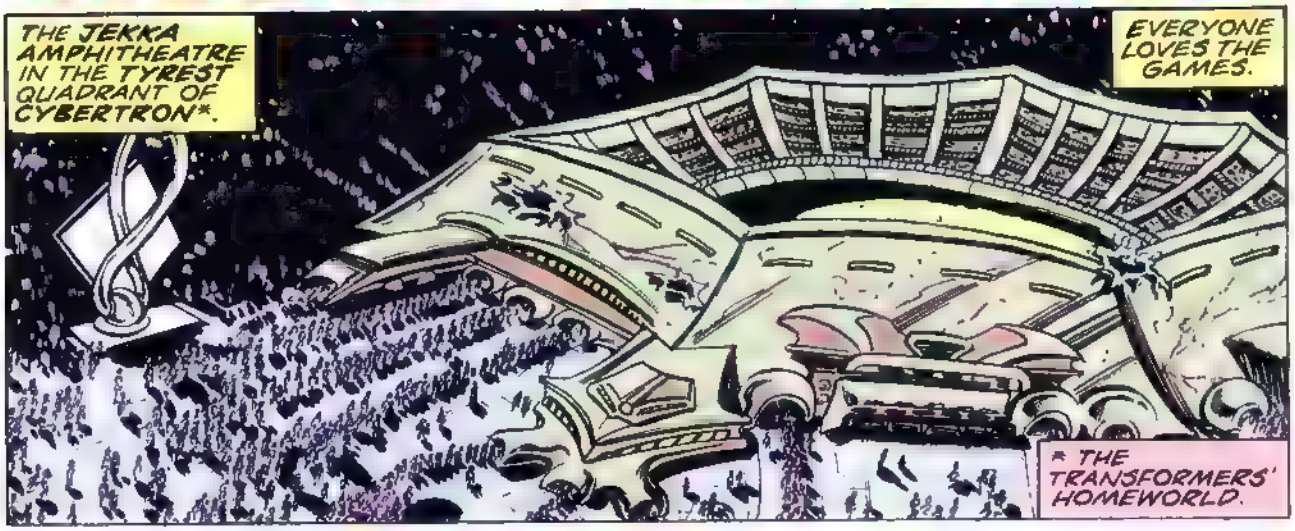
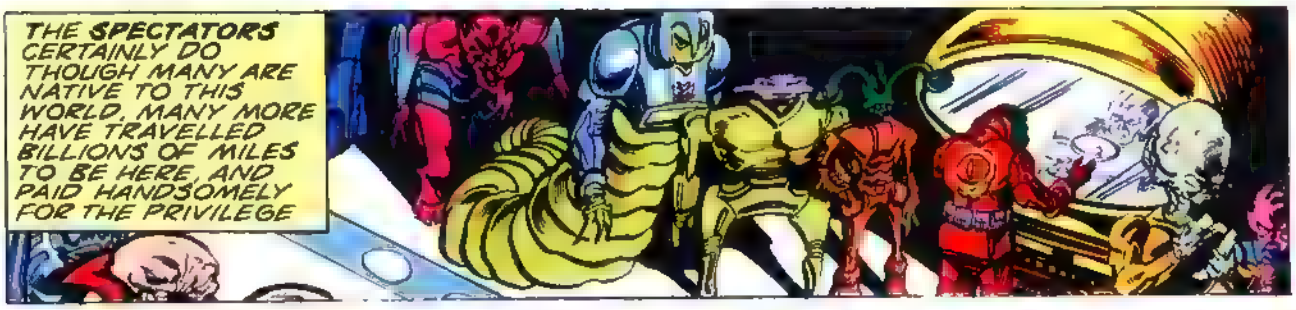
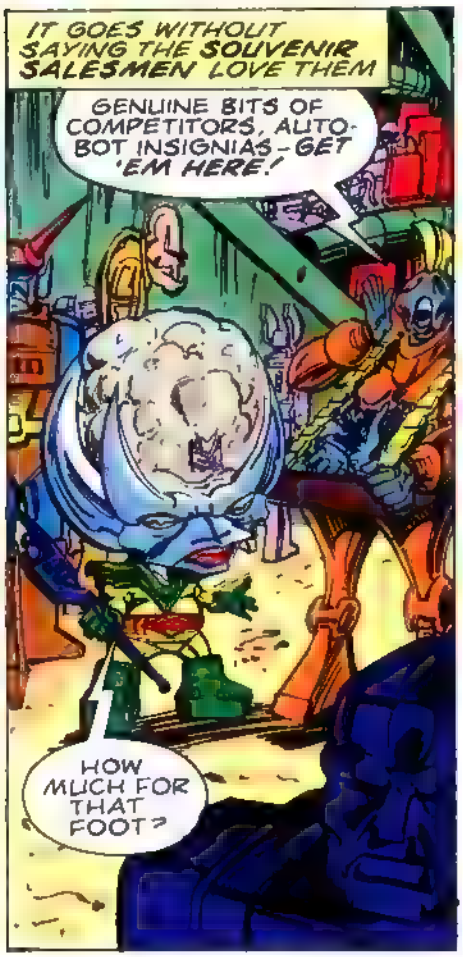
FROM THE PLANET MIL-WAL...

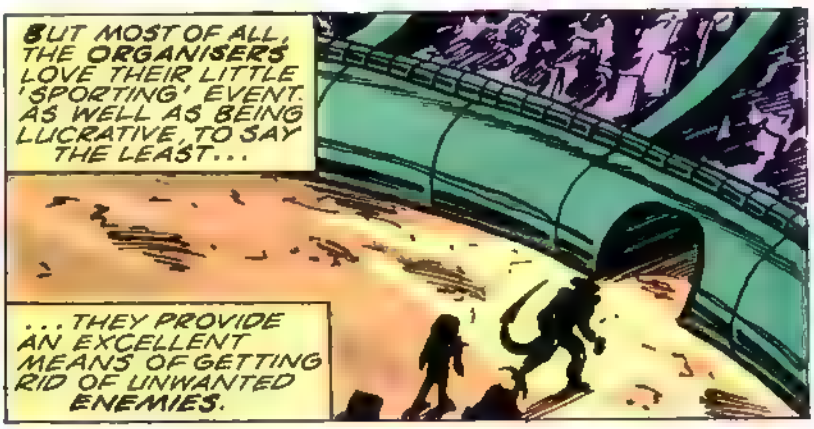
HOOLIGAN VS. ULTRA MAGNUS

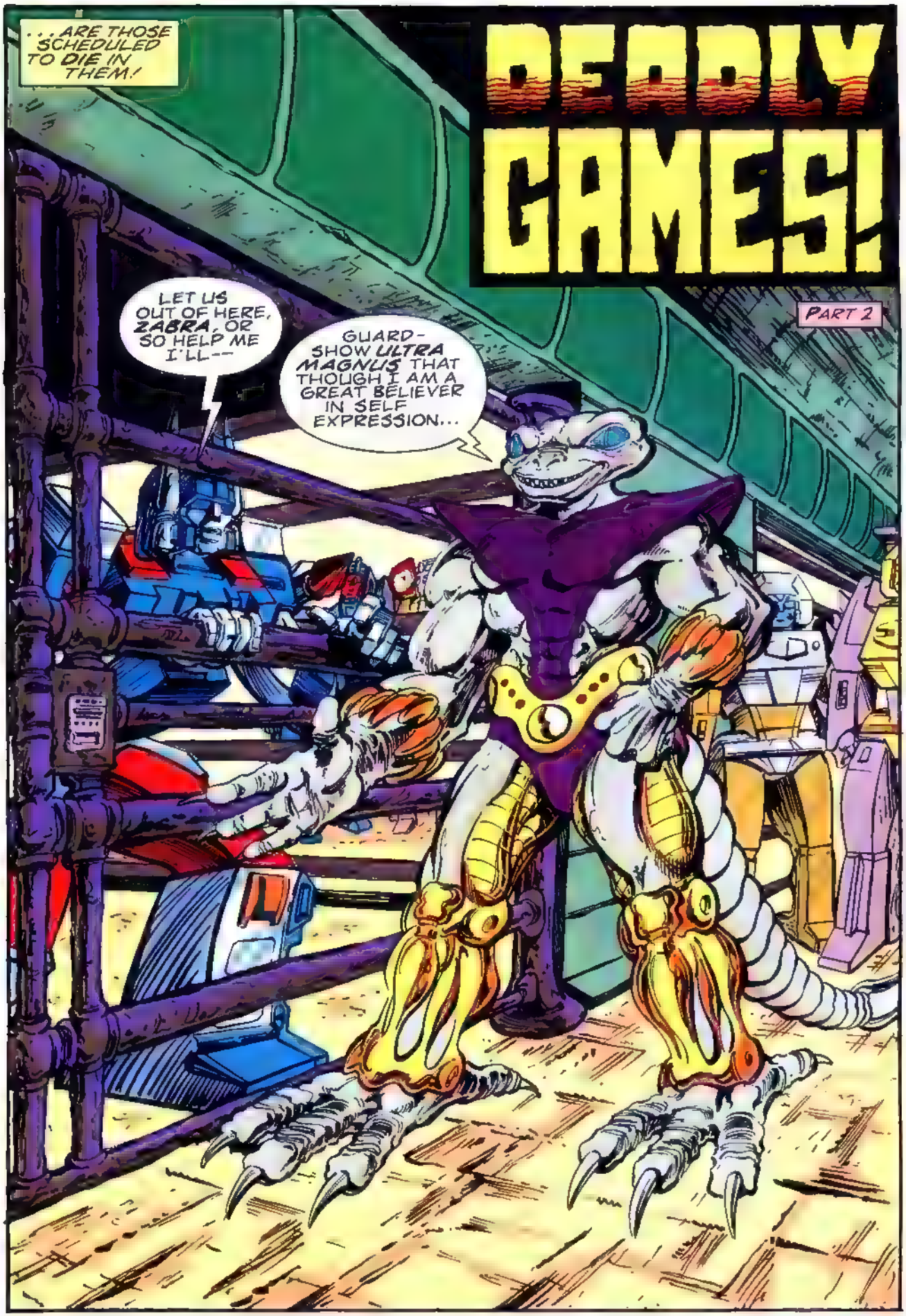
TRANSFORMERS™



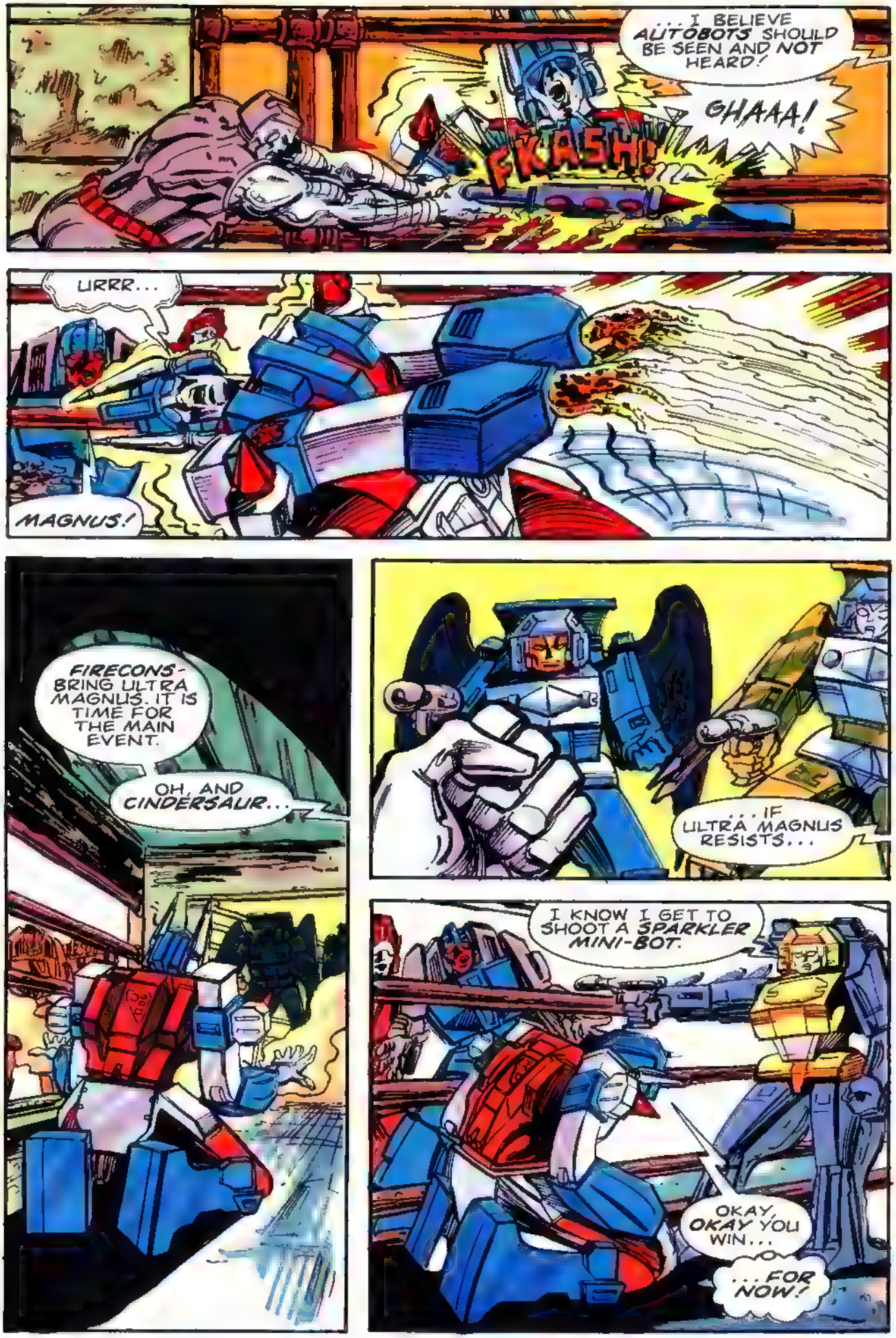

THE SPECTATORS CERTAINLY DO THOUGH MANY ARE NATIVE TO THIS WORLD. MANY MORE HAVE TRAVELLED BILLIONS OF MILES TO BE HERE, AND PAID HANDSOMELY FOR THE PRIVILEGE

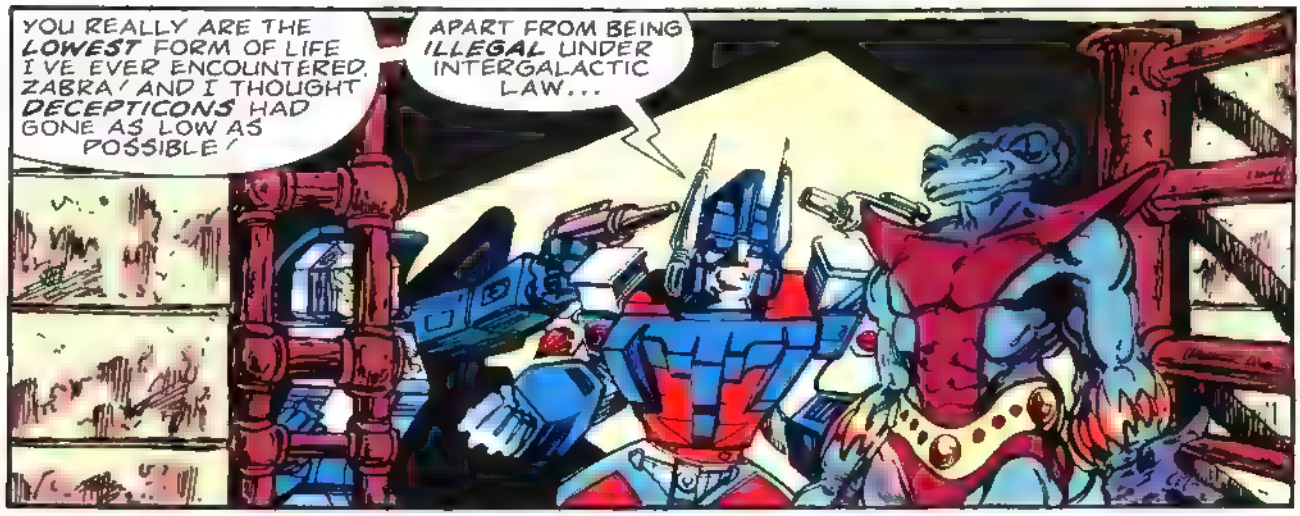

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING THE SOUVENIR SALESMEN LOVE THEM
GENUINE BITS OF COMPETITORS, AUTOBOT INSIGNIAS - GET 'EM HERE!
HOW MUCH FOR THAT FOOT?

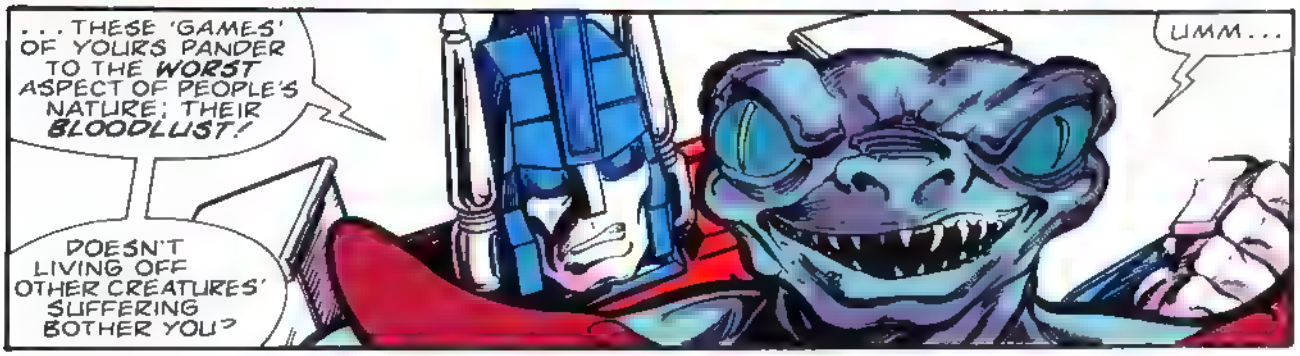

BUT MOST OF ALL, THE ORGANISERS LOVE THEIR LITTLE 'SPORTING' EVENT. AS WELL AS BEING LUCRATIVE, TO SAY THE LEAST...
...THEY PROVIDE AN EXCELLENT MEANS OF GETTING RID OF UNWANTED ENEMIES.


...ARE THOSE SCHEDULED TO DIE IN THEM!
DEADLY GAMES!
PART 2
LET US OUT OF HERE, ZABRA, OR SO HELP ME I'LL--
GUARD- SHOW ULTRA MAGNUS THAT THOUGH I AM A GREAT BELIEVER IN SELF EXPRESSION...

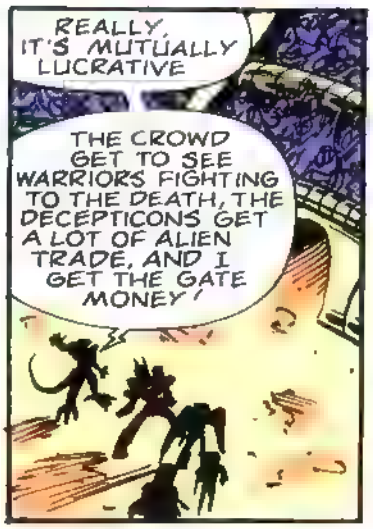
Script SIMON FURMAN ■ Art DAN REED ■ Letters GLIB ■ Colour EUAN PETERS

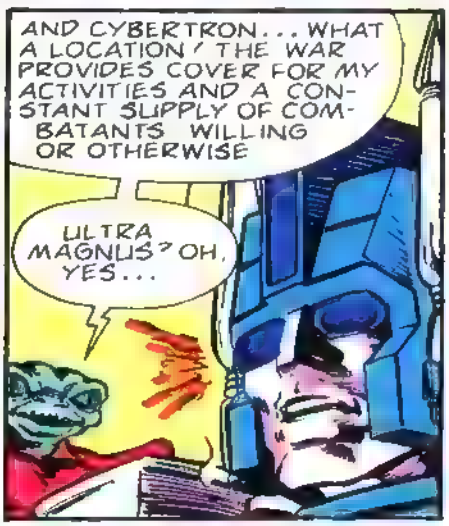

...I BELIEVE AUTOBOTS SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD!
GHAAA!
FKASH!
URRR...
MAGNUS!
FIRECONS - BRING ULTRA MAGNUS. IT IS TIME FOR THE MAIN EVENT.
OH, AND CINDERSAUR...
...IF ULTRA MAGNUS RESISTS...
I KNOW I GET TO SHOOT A SPARKLER MINI-BOT.
OKAY, OKAY YOU WIN...
...FOR NOW!

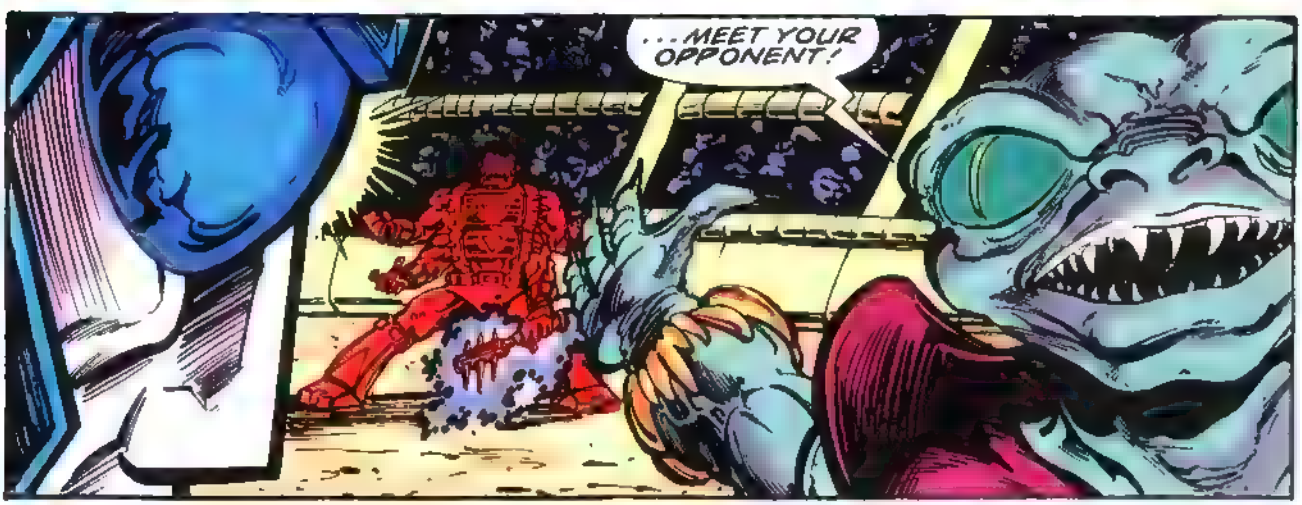

YOU REALLY ARE THE LOWEST FORM OF LIFE I'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED, ZABRA! AND I THOUGHT DECEPTICONS HAD GONE AS LOW AS POSSIBLE!
APART FROM BEING ILLEGAL UNDER INTERGALACTIC LAW...


...THESE 'GAMES' OF YOURS PANDER TO THE WORST ASPECT OF PEOPLE'S NATURE; THEIR BLOODLUST!
DOESN'T LIVING OFF OTHER CREATURES' SUFFERING BOTHER YOU?
UMM...

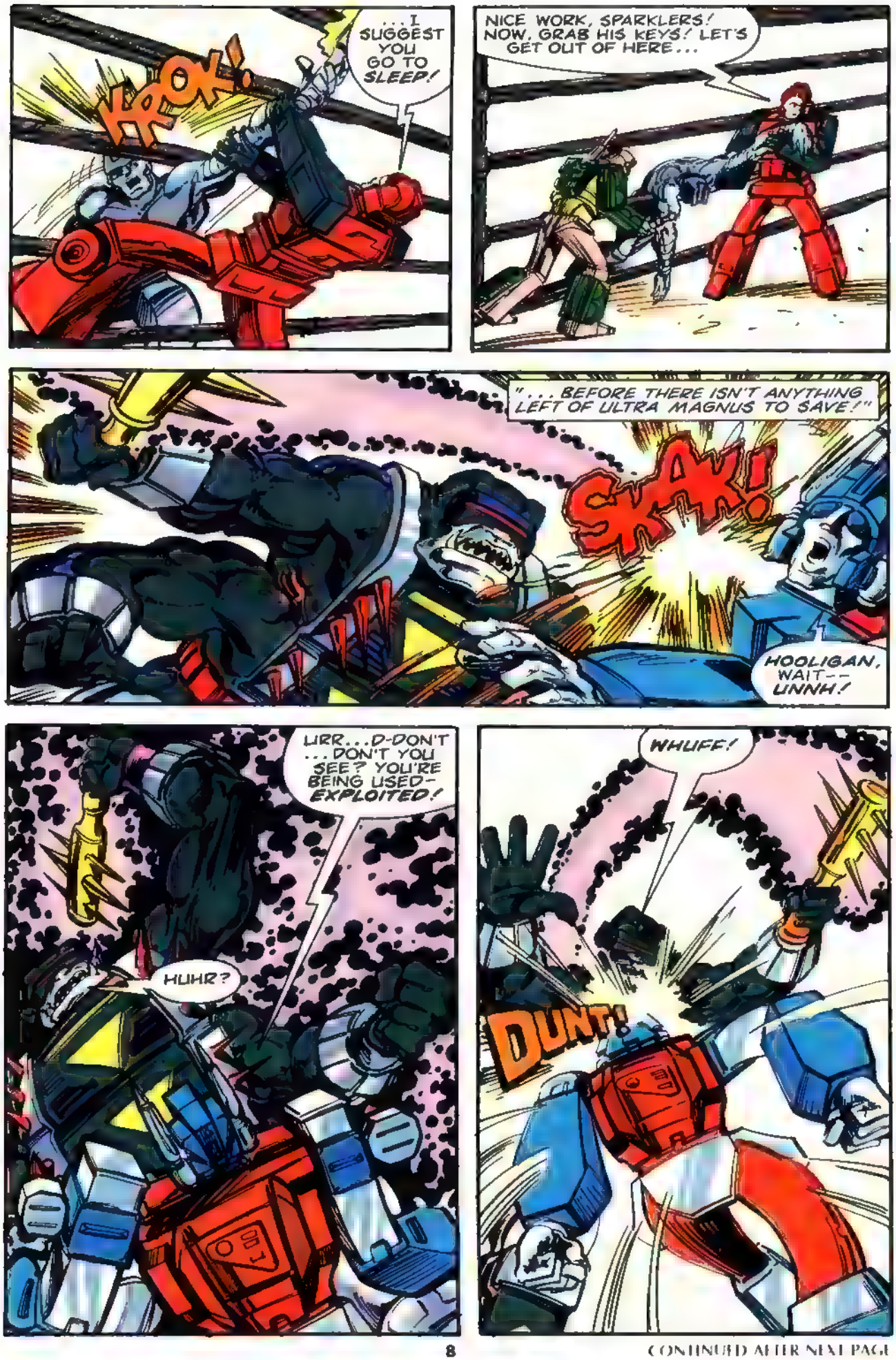
NO NOT IN THE LEAST! I AM MERELY THE SUPPLY END OF A SUPPLY AND DEMAND SITUATION


REALLY, IT'S MUTUALLY LUCRATIVE
THE CROWD GET TO SEE WARRIORS FIGHTING TO THE DEATH, THE DECEPTICONS GET A LOT OF ALIEN TRADE, AND I GET THE GATE MONEY!


AND CYBERTRON... WHAT A LOCATION! THE WAR PROVIDES COVER FOR MY ACTIVITIES AND A CONSTANT SUPPLY OF COMBATANTS WILLING OR OTHERWISE
ULTRA MAGNUS? OH, YES...

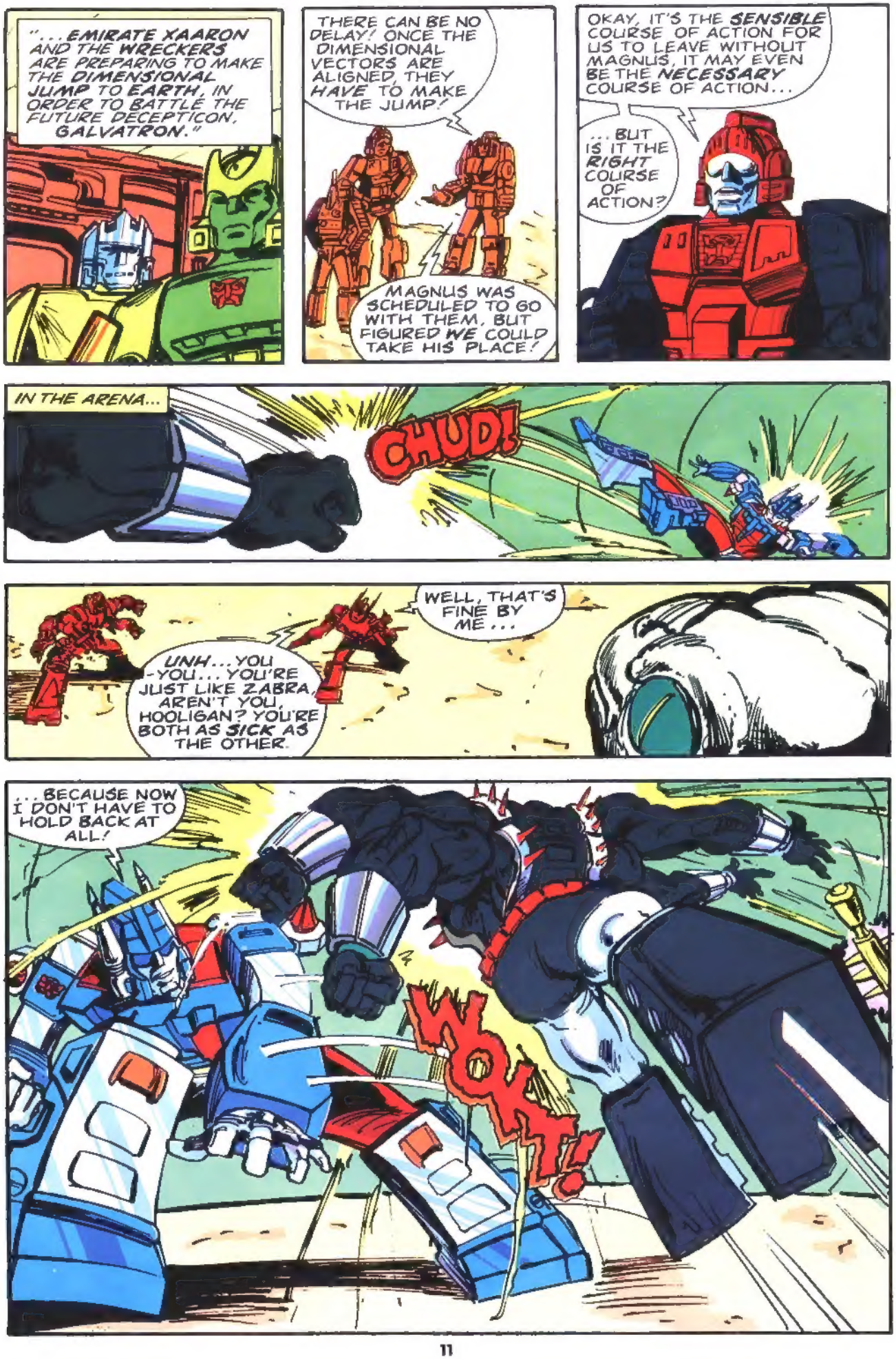

...MEET YOUR OPPONENT!

MEANWHILE...
HECK! ULTRA MAGNUS - THE AUTOBOTS' GREATEST WARRIOR - VERSUS HOOLIGAN, THE TOUGHEST MECHANOID THIS SIDE OF FUNGHURUS SIX.
AND DO I GET TO WATCH IT?
NO, I'VE GOT TO NURSEMAID THESE STUPID AUTOBOTS!
THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, GUZZLE! IF YOU HADN'T INSISTED WE CHECK THIS OUT, THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!
OH YEAH?
WELL, I SEEM TO REMEMBER IT WAS YOU, SIZZLE, WHO SUGGESTED WE LOOK IN THE JEKKA AMPHITHEATRE!
THUK!
HOI!
CLAM UP, AUTOBOTS! I DON'T HAVE TO MISS THE BIG FIGHT AND LISTEN TO YOU TWO SQUABBLING!
IN THAT CASE...
HUH?

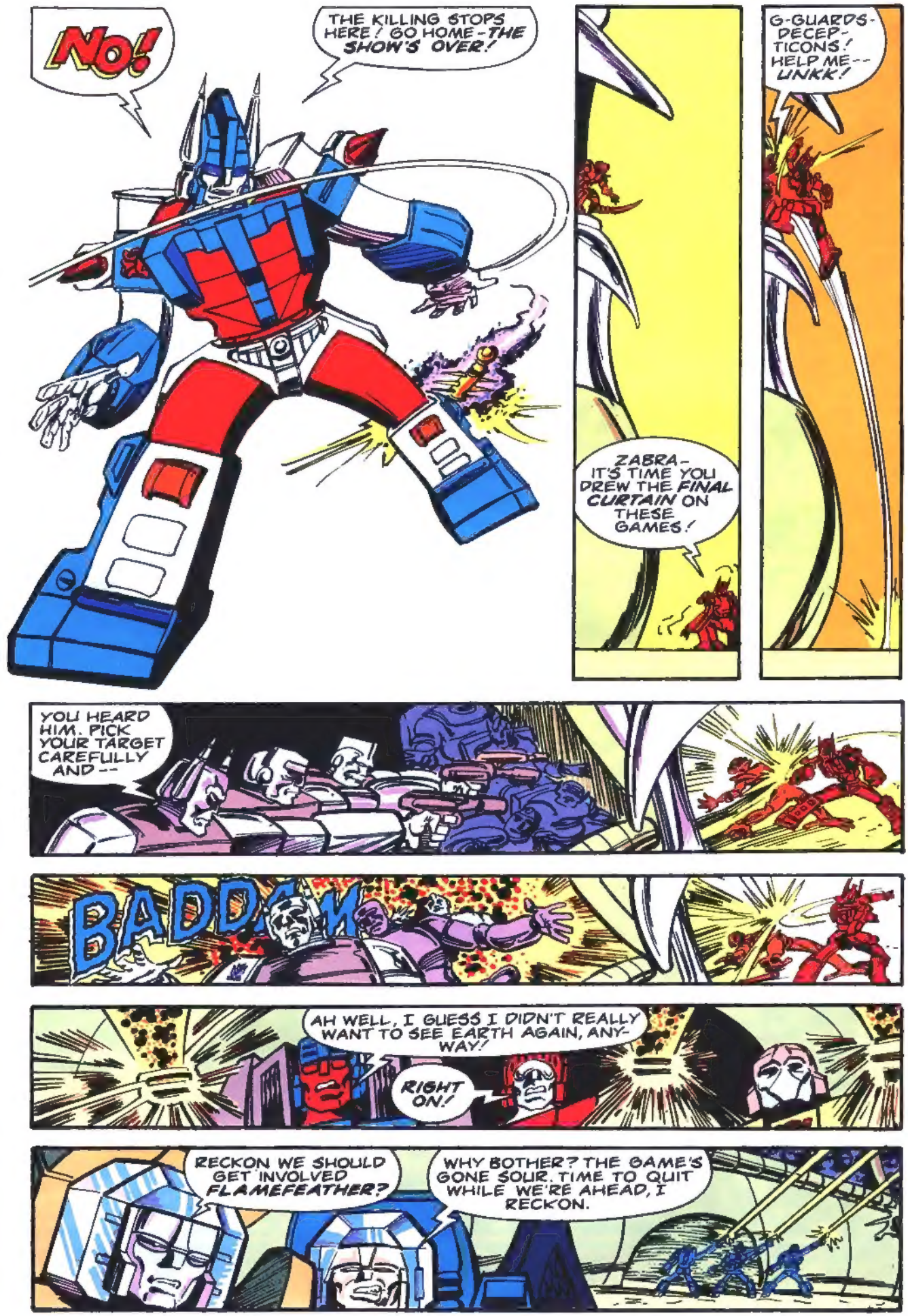

...I SUGGEST YOU GO TO SLEEP!
KA-OK!
NICE WORK, SPARKLERS! NOW, GRAB HIS KEYS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE...
"...BEFORE THERE ISN'T ANYTHING LEFT OF ULTRA MAGNUS TO SAVE!"
SKAK!
HOOLIGAN, WAIT-- UNNH!
URR...D-DON'T ...DON'T YOU SEE? YOU'RE BEING USED-- EXPLOITED!
HUHR?
WHUFF!
DUNT!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

YOU'RE AS MUCH A VICTIM AS ME! FORCED TO FIGHT FOR AMUSEMENT OF ZABRA AND THE CROWD!
BUT WE CAN FIGHT BACK... BY NOT FIGHTING! IF WE FIGHT, WE'RE PLAYING BY THEIR RULES!
WHAMMM!
WE DON'T HAVE TO FIGHT! CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?
AUTOBOT NOT UNDERSTAND...
I WANT TO FIGHT...
...I LIKE FIGHTING!
MEANWHILE...
SOUNDS LIKE THE FIGHT'S STARTED! LET'S GET MAGNUS AND--
WAIT, FIZZLE, THAT'S NOT THE WAY MAGNUS WANTED US TO PLAY THIS!
HE TOLD US TO GET CLEAR, TO USE HIS FIGHT AS A DISTRACTION!
TIME'S RUNNING OUT WE HAVE TO GET BACK TO AUTO-BASE. EVEN NOW...


"...EMIRATE XAARON AND THE WRECKERS ARE PREPARING TO MAKE THE DIMENSIONAL JUMP TO EARTH, IN ORDER TO BATTLE THE FUTURE DECEPTICON, GALVATRON."
THERE CAN BE NO DELAY! ONCE THE DIMENSIONAL VECTORS ARE ALIGNED, THEY HAVE TO MAKE THE JUMP!
MAGNUS WAS SCHEDULED TO GO WITH THEM, BUT FIGURED WE COULD TAKE HIS PLACE!
OKAY, IT'S THE SENSIBLE COURSE OF ACTION FOR US TO LEAVE WITHOUT MAGNUS, IT MAY EVEN BE THE NECESSARY COURSE OF ACTION...
...BUT IS IT THE RIGHT COURSE OF ACTION?
IN THE ARENA...
CHUD!
UNH...YOU-YOU...YOU'RE JUST LIKE ZABRA, AREN'T YOU, HOOLIGAN? YOU'RE BOTH AS SICK AS THE OTHER.
WELL, THAT'S FINE BY ME...
...BECAUSE NOW I DON'T HAVE TO HOLD BACK AT ALL!
WOK!!

YOU'RE NO VICTIM, YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER PART OF THIS MADNESS! YOU ENJOY INFLICTING PAIN, DON'T YOU? WELL...
...LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE BEING ON THE RECEIVING END!
KARAM!
HOW MANY HAVE YOU KILLED IN THE NAME OF THIS BARBARIC CONTEST, EH? HOW MANY SENSELESS DEATHS ARE DOWN TO YOU?
THE AUTOBOT WE CAME HERE TO FIND - CHAMELEON. I SUPPOSE YOU KILLED HIM TOO?
WELL, THIS IS FOR HIM... AND EVERY OTHER INNOCENT BEING YOU'VE SLAUGHTERED!
THAT'S IT, ULTRA MAGNUS, PICK UP HOOLIGAN'S AXE...KILL HIM!
AND IN DOING SO...
...TAKE THE FIRST IRREVOCABLE STEP TO BECOMING HIS SUCCESSOR...
"...MY NEW CHAMPION!"
FINISH HIM! KILL HIM!
RIP HIS HEAD OFF!


No!
THE KILLING STOPS HERE! GO HOME - THE SHOW'S OVER!
ZABRA - IT'S TIME YOU DREW THE FINAL CURTAIN ON THESE GAMES!
G-GUARDS - DECEP-TICONS! HELP ME -- UNKK!
YOU HEARD HIM. PICK YOUR TARGET CAREFULLY AND --
BADDAM
AH WELL, I GUESS I DIDN'T REALLY WANT TO SEE EARTH AGAIN, ANY-WAY!
RIGHT ON!
RECKON WE SHOULD GET INVOLVED FLAMEFEATHER?
WHY BOTHER? THE GAME'S GONE SOUR. TIME TO QUIT WHILE WE'RE AHEAD, I RECKON.

AT THAT MOMENT...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU LOT ARE WAITING FOR?
I TOLD YOU, THE SHOW'S OVER! I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO KILL ZABRA; I'M TAKING HIM INTO CUSTODY.
I'M SURE THERE ARE A FEW GALACTIC LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES JUST WAITING TO GET THEIR HANDS ON THIS PIECE OF SLIME!
PERHAPS YOU'LL ACTUALLY LEARN SOMETHING HERE TODAY!
KILLING'S NOT A SPORT, AND IT'S CERTAINLY NOT TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY.
WE KILL ONLY WHEN UNAVOIDABLE, AND EVEN THEN WE LOSE A LITTLE PIECE OF OURSELVES! UPHOLD LIFE, CHERISH IT. IT'S TOO SHORT TO THROW AWAY SENSELESSLY.
GO HOME, PEOPLE...
...AND THINK ABOUT WHAT I'VE SAID!
LATER...
GREAT SHOW!
YEAH. TELL YOU WHAT, I KNOW A GREAT MURDERPIT ON DERUT FOUR THAT WE JUST HAVE TO VISIT!
NEXT: WRECKING HAVOC!